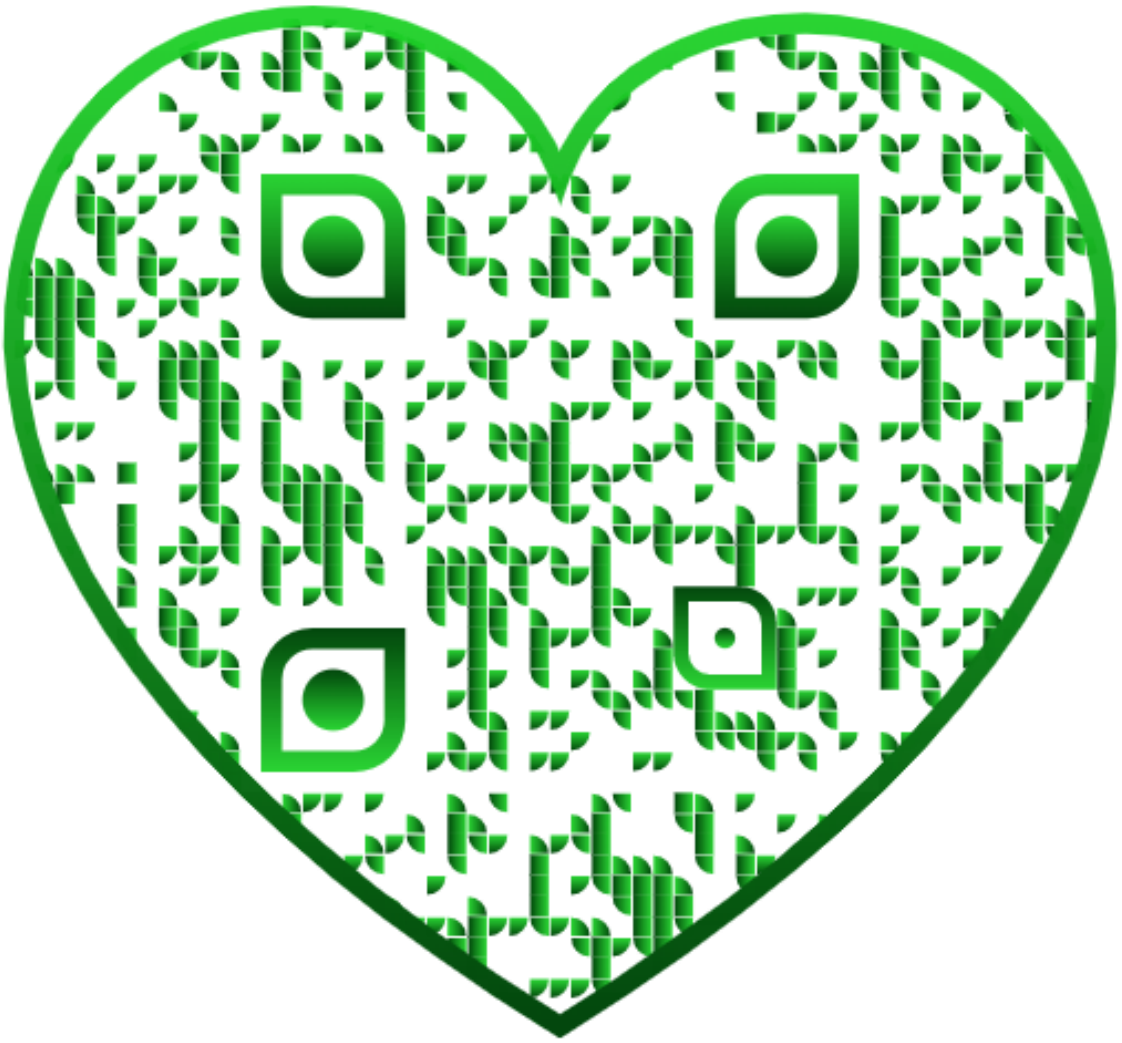
DOLORES CANNON

THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF A WORLD RENOWNED HYPNOTHERAPIST.

FIVE LIVES REMEMBERED



Five Lives Remembered

Dolores Cannon

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Introduction

Since 1979, I have been working diligently in the field of reincarnation, past-life therapy and past-life research. In the early days this was often scoffed at by those in the professional field. But in the last few years it has become a valuable tool in the treatment of health issues, phobias, allergies, family relationship problems, etc., that do not respond to conventional types of therapy. Many psychologists now use it, admitting that it doesn't matter if they or the client believe in past existences. The important thing is that it helps the client, and as such it is a worthwhile tool for exploring the subconscious mind. The roots of many problems have been found to stem from trauma in other lives. Often they are not caused by one past life, but a repeated pattern that has been established and is so strong that it carries over into the present lifetime.

This is the type of work I have been doing since 1979. However, many of those wanting to explore their past lives were not looking for answers to complications in this life. Many of them came to me out of curiosity. They simply wanted to see if they had indeed lived before. Often in cases where there was no real aim or goal, the subject would obtain past lives that were mundane and ordinary. Where there was a valid reason for exploring the unknown portions of their minds, the results and information could often be quite startling. The amazing thing is that most obtain information which suggests they have lived before. The deeper the level of hypnotic trance the more information that is released. I have discovered that the best subjects for reincarnation research are the somnambulistic subjects. These people can enter the deepest

possible level quite easily, and while there they literally become the past-life personality in every detail. During my years of therapy and research, I have encountered every possible example, but occasionally I would discover someone who lived in an interesting time period or was acquainted with an important person. Thus, I wrote my books about these fascinating cases. This has produced the Conversations With Nostradamus trilogy, Jesus and the Essenes, They Walked With Jesus, Between Death and Life, and A Soul Remembers Hiroshima. Then it expanded into my work with UFO/Extraterrestrial cases: Keepers of the Garden, The Legend of Starcrash, Legacy From the Stars, The Custodians, and finally the advanced metaphysical series: The Convoluted Universe. Along the way my work with hypnosis expanded as I devised my own specialized technique to help people heal through the use of their minds, and contact with their Higher Self. I am now teaching this method all over the world. I am still writing more books relating to my adventures beyond the portals of time and space.

Occasionally, during my radio and TV interviews and my lectures, the questions will be asked: "How did you ever get into this, anyway? What made you start doing hypnosis?" If time is plentiful, I try to explain the beginnings. If there is not sufficient time, I tell them it is a long story and it is told in the first book I ever wrote, Five Lives Remembered. People are confused, because they are aware of my other books, and they ask, "Why hasn't that one been published?" The answer is, "I tried!" Often books are ahead of their time, and that was the case with this one. When I wrote it there were no New Age bookstores, and the "normal" bookstores only had one shelf, or less, reserved for metaphysical books. It was a genre whose time had not yet come. I sent it out again and again, and only received rejection letters. One publishing house said, "Well, we might consider it if you had regressed a

famous movie star. Then maybe someone would be interested."

After years of trying and receiving nothing but heartbreak, I put the manuscript aside in my filing cabinet and went on with my work. That did not mean that I quit writing. On the contrary, when I began my regression therapy work in earnest, the information poured in from various clients, and I began to write other books, while Five Lives was forgotten. It eventually took nine years and much continued heartbreak and disappointment before I found my first publisher. By that time I had completed five more books. Along the way I experienced every possible disappointment that can happen to an author. Many times I wanted to scream, "I can't do this! It hurts too much!" Every time I reached the depths of despair, and thought I should just give up, throw the manuscript against the wall, and return to "normal" life, the thought would come, "All right. If you want to quit, what are you going to do with your life?" The answer would always come, "I don't want to do anything but write." So I would fight back the tears and begin a new book, not knowing if any of them would ever be published.

When I now lecture at writing conferences, I tell the aspiring writers, "So you have written a book, now what? That first book may never be published. You must continue to write. It may be the second or the fourth one that will be published. If you are a real writer, you cannot not write. It becomes such a compulsion, that you would rather write than eat. When it reaches that point, you know your mission." The energy behind it will have become so great that the books will materialize because it is a law of the universe.

As it turned out, it was my fourth, fifth and sixth books that were first published (the Nostradamus trilogy), and the others then followed. I now know that that dark period of my life was my

testing time. I was being given a chance to back out if I wanted to. A chance to have a normal life if that was what I chose. I now know that once a person makes a commitment, then there is no turning back, or the person will never find happiness. This is why I tell people to never give up on their dream. My testing time passed, the commitment was made, and now my books are translated into at least twenty languages. They have become living things. They have created a life of their own. This would never have happened if I had given up.

Over the forty years since my beginning in this field, my children and my readers have asked, "Why don't you publish that first book? You know there is an interest, because people are always asking about your beginnings." So much has happened since I wrote that book in 1980, that I thought it would seem a simple and naive story, especially compared to the strides and advancements I have made since. So the manuscript languished in my filing cabinet until the beginning of 2009. I found it again when I was remodeling my house, and cleaning out my old files. As I held it in my hand, it seemed to speak to me, "It is time!" I gave it to my daughter, Julia, and asked her to read it and tell me what she thought. "Is it too old? Is it out-of-date? Is it too simple and naive?"

Her answer, after she read it, was, "No, Mom, it is a bridge book. It is a time capsule, a piece of history. People need to know how you got started, that it has not been an easy journey." So here it is, the introduction of the process that launched me on this unusual career.

Yes, it is simple and naive because that is the way I and my husband were when we discovered past life regression. We literally stumbled across it while he was performing routine hypnosis in

1968. There is no way I could tell the story and omit the wonder and awe that we felt at the time. We were uncovering and listening to concepts that were totally unknown to us. There was only a small amount of popular literature about reincarnation at the time, and little or nothing about hypnotic past life regression. Metaphysics was an unknown word, and the term "New Age" had not yet been coined. The thought of conversing with people after they had died and before they were born. were startling concepts. We had no preparation, so the story is told in the simple and naive fashion in which it came forth. This is the story of my beginning, although it focuses more upon my husband than me. This is often the way things occur, through chance occurrences and meetings that alter our lives and our ways of thinking for all time. I often wonder what path I would have chosen for this stage of my life, if it hadn't been for our adventure into reincarnation in 1968. It opened a door that can never be closed, and I am grateful for that. The amazing thing is that in my further research over the years, none of the insights presented in this book were ever contradicted. At the time they were fresh, startling and unusual, but during the intervening years they have been merely reinforced by the validation of numerous (thousands) cases repeating the same information in different words.

Welcome to our entry into the world of the unknown.

Chapter 1

Setting the Stage

This book is the story of a hypnotic experiment into the phenomenon of reincarnation. It occurred in 1968 and was conducted by a group of ordinary people. It was an adventure that was to have a profound effect upon their lives and their thinking for all time. I thought it would do a great deal of good to share what we discovered with others. Others, who like ourselves at the time, were groping for some answers that would make sense out of a chaotic world which, on the surface, seems to have no real answers. What we found has helped some people and startled others. What we found changed our outlook on life and death forever. We can no longer fear death because it is no longer the terrible unknown.

I said it was an adventure involving ordinary people. But who really is ordinary? Every creature is created by God and put on this confused, muddled planet and has some unique characteristic that sets them apart from all others. Certainly there was much about Johnny Cannon that was not ordinary.

If our story is to have the credibility it deserves, you need to know something about the people involved, and how the whole thing came about. But how can you capsulize a person's life into a few short paragraphs? I will have to try.

Johnny Cannon was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1931 and

entered the U.S. Navy as a young man of 17. Even at that tender age, he had a special quality of warmth and friendly concern for others that inspired trust and affection in almost everyone he met. His dark coloring, a legacy from the strain of American Indian blood in his ancestry, gave a striking contrast to his surprisingly bright blue eyes. No picture of Johnny Cannon would be complete without the inevitable cup of coffee in one hand and pipe in the other.

Johnny and I were married in 1951 while he was stationed in St. Louis, Missouri. During his 21 years in the Navy we both saw a great deal of the world. I went with him as much as possible, producing four children along the way. As an Air Controlman, his job was to monitor the radarscope and talk to the pilots of planes landing and taking off, at both airfields and on aircraft carriers.

We were stationed at Sangley Point in the Philippine Islands in 1960 when he became interested in hypnotism. In those days before we were involved in the Vietnam War, and before President Marcos took over the country, it was a wonderful happy place; what the Navy calls a "good-duty base." There was much leisure time, occasional side trips to many unforgettable places, and a houseful of servants. It was a two-year vacation. In retrospect, those were some of the happiest days of our lives.

There happened to be another man stationed there who was a professional hypnotist, having been trained at the New York Institute of Hypnology. With so much free time, the man decided to give lessons in hypnotism, and Johnny thought taking the course would be a fun thing to do. But it became a long, involved process, spanning about six months. Many of the other students lost interest and dropped out. The instructor was concentrating not only on technique, but on all other facets of hypnotism and the

subconscious mind. Thus, when one had completed the course he would be aware of the dangers that could result, and how to avoid the pitfalls. The main concern was protecting the subject, and not trying to use the method for entertainment. Johnny finished the course and turned out to be very adept at hypnotism, although he had little or no occasion to use it for several years. Other things got in the way, like the Vietnam War.

We had returned to the States and were involved in trying to take care of four small children without the help of the servants we had grown accustomed to. Then unexpectedly in 1963 Johnny received orders to report to the U.S.S. Midway, an aircraft carrier, which was in port at San Francisco preparing to leave for the Pacific. The orders came so suddenly that we had only two days to dispose of our house, pack our belongings, and leave. I was not yet fully recovered from the stillbirth of a baby girl a month before, and this was a double shock. When Johnny arrived in San Francisco, the ship had already left port and he had to be flown out to it. It was on its way to Vietnam.

Thus began three years of loneliness and seemingly endless waiting, as I tried to raise four children on a limited income without a father. It is a story familiar to all who have been in the service. The carrier was the first to arrive off Vietnam as the war accelerated, and the first to drop the bombs. The ship received a citation for shooting down the first MIG jet of the war.

After what seemed an eternity, Johnny was home again and we were stationed at a jet training base in Beeville, Texas. In that hot, arid place, we set about trying to make up for those lost years, and their effects on the children. This is where our adventure began in 1968.

Oddly enough, it started with the big cigarette scare. Many methods of "kicking the habit" were tried, and one that proved to be very effective was hypnosis. It didn't take long for people to discover that Johnny could hypnotize, and he began to be very much in demand. There were many who wanted to stop smoking, to lose weight, gain weight, break habits, or learn to relax. We encountered all the normal cases that hypnotism is used for. There was one man who had orders to go to Vietnam and was so upset he couldn't sleep. Johnny tried to help them all. Some offered to pay for his time, but he always refused. I was present at all of his sessions, and it was fascinating to watch him work. Things went along smoothly for several months and then we met Anita Martin (pseudonym).

Anita was a Navy wife, in her 30s, with three children. We had met her socially and she and I were active in the Navy Wives' Club, but we had never been close friends. Anita was of German descent, blonde and fair, a friendly type of person, and Catholic by faith. She had been going to the Base doctor for treatment of kidney problems and high blood pressure, both of which were aggravated by overweight. She couldn't seem to lose weight, and the doctor was having trouble lowering her blood pressure. All of this, combined with several personal problems, had transformed her into a nervous eater. She asked us if we thought hypnosis could help her to relax, relieve the tension, and keep her from eating so much.

Ordinarily, Johnny would not handle anything of a medical nature because he knew he was not qualified in that respect. But the doctor knew us, and when Anita discussed with him what she wanted to do, he agreed that it could do no harm and might even help. He would be monitoring the results.

When we went to Anita's house for the first time, Johnny was surprised that she went into trance so quickly. He conducted several tests, but she turned out to be one of those unusual persons who can go immediately into a deep trance. She said later that she had always thought she would have no trouble being hypnotized; thus she had no mental reservations. This type of subject is called a somnambulist.

Johnny worked with her for many weeks, giving her suggestions about relaxing. He gave her suggestions that, if tempted to overeat, she would have a mental picture of the girl she wanted to look like, and this would stop her from going to the refrigerator. It all seemed to be working because the doctor reported that for the first time her blood pressure was coming down, and her kidneys were improving. Her weight also dropped by a significant amount. Eventually, while Johnny worked with her, her health reached the point of being very near normal.

In his attempts to check the validity of her trance, Johnny often regressed her to childhood. On such occasions, we were both deeply impressed by the completeness of her regression. She would become very articulate, talking and talking, going into elaborate detail and requiring little or no prodding. Unlike most hypnotic subjects who require a good deal of questioning to bring out their reactions, she seemed to literally become the child she had been, both in speech and mannerisms.

One day she remarked that she had heard of alleged regressions into past lives, and wondered if there was anything to the idea of reincarnation. We had heard of such things, too, although in the 60s there were not as many reports as there are today. The idea was still new and startling. The only books we had read at that time which dealt with reincarnation and hypnotic regressions into past

lives were Morey Bernstein's Search for Bridey Murphy, and The Enigma of Reincarnation by Brad Steiger. Jess Stern's Search for the Girl with the Blue Eyes came out after we had finished our experiment. The many other books on this subject were not to appear until the 1970s. Thus, it was extremely difficult to find anything in book form in 1968 to use as a guideline.

We told her we thought the subject very intriguing, but had not found anyone before who would be willing to try such an experiment. She was curious to see what, if anything, would happen; but we would all be groping in the dark. It would be a first attempt for all of us. Johnny had no instructions on how to proceed or what results to expect. We were moving into the total unknown.

We had an excellent tape recorder, a big, cumbersome thing that used large 8" reels of tape. It was considered to be a portable, but it was difficult to transport. Thus, this phase of the work was all conducted at our house.

When the day came for the experiment, we all were excited and filled with anticipation. Johnny said it was important that he not put any suggestions into Anita's mind, so he was going to be extremely careful of what he said. We had no idea what to expect.

That was the way it began, as a curiosity, a one-time thing to experience and discuss later. Little did we realize the Pandora's Box

we would open up. The tape recorder was ready as Anita settled into the recliner and went easily and quickly into a deep trance, as she had so many times before. Johnny took her slowly back through the years of her childhood. Almost too slowly, deliberately, as if he was afraid to make the jump beyond the knowable and the familiar.

First, we saw her as a little girl of ten, talking about a new, frizzy home permanent her mother had given her, and about a new word: "apostrophe," she had learned that day at school.

Next, she was a little girl of six, who had unwrapped some of her presents under the Christmas tree before she was supposed to, and was now worried about how to wrap them again. Then, as a little girl of two playing in the bathtub. Next a baby of one month.

“I see a baby in a white crib," she said. "Is that me?"

Drawing a deep breath, Johnny said, "I'm going to count to five, and when I reach five, you will be back before you were born. One, two, three, four, five. What do you see?”

"It's all black!”

"Do you know where you are?" he asked. Anita said she did not.

He continued, "As I count to ten, we'll travel even farther back... What do you see now?"

"I'm in a car," she replied.

What? This was a big emotional letdown. We had thought if she were to go back into a past life, it would certainly be long before the day of the automobile. But a car? That sounded too modern. Surely we had failed!

"It's a big, black, shiny car," she exclaimed. "A Packard, and I just bought it."

"You did? What town are we in?"

“We're in Illinois. We're in Chicago.”

“I see. And what year is this?”

Anita shifted around in the chair and literally became someone else. "You don't know what year it is?” She laughed, "Well, Silly, it's 1922!"

We had succeeded after all! We knew she was born into this present life in 1936. So, apparently she had regressed into another life, although a fairly recent one. Johnny and I stared dumbfounded at each other. He smirked slightly as he hurriedly tried to think of what to do next. Now that the door was opened, how was he to proceed? Over the following months, we were to invent our own technique and method of procedure as we blazed a trail into uncharted territory.

Chapter 2

The Curtain Rises

I will not try to offer any explanation for what follows, for who are we to know? I will offer no theories about reincarnation. There are many books now on the market that can do that so much better. What I will present to you in the following chapters is a phenomenon, and I will tell its effect upon all those involved.

We started out as skeptics, but now we believe. Through our experiment, we believe that death is not the end, but merely the beginning. Our findings strongly imply that we continue through time and space experiencing many existences, forever immortal. We believe because this adventure happened to us. We cannot expect others to react in the same way. But many who have heard the tape recordings have said it did something to them deep inside. That what they heard was wonderful and awe-inspiring. Many of these people are no longer afraid of life, death or the hereafter. If it can accomplish that for only a few, then it is worth the telling.

Between the spring and autumn of 1968, we held regular sessions in which Anita relived a number of apparent reincarnations. I tried through writing many letters and a great deal of other research to verify some of her statements. But even though her last life ended in 1927, a fairly recent time, it was a difficult if not impossible task. Sometimes I was thrilled by the results, but all too often I was frustrated. Where I was able to verify something, it is included in the narrative. Maybe, someone somewhere knows more than we

do, and could provide more proof than I could ever hope to. But, as Johnny said, “There are those people who will naturally assume that the whole thing is a hoax because those people don't know us. To them, no amount of proof will be sufficient, and to those who believe, no proof is needed. We know, because we were there.”

During the sessions, there was much checking and cross-checking as reflected in Johnny's questions, to see if Anita would return to the same locations and refer to the same people each time. There were also attempts to confuse her; none were successful. She knew who and where she was at all times. Thus, the bits and pieces emerged on many tapes. Some were like the pieces of a puzzle; they explained something that had been recorded earlier. So for the sake of clarity, and ease in following the stories, I have grouped the information about the various lives and devoted a separate chapter to each. It is important to remember that they did not occur in this orderly a fashion, yet they make perfect sense when joined. I have added nothing except our comments. A person would have to listen to the tapes to really feel the emotions, and hear the different dialects and voice changes, but I will try to interpret as best I can.

So let the curtain rise on our adventure.

As introduced in Chapter I, the first personality that we encountered on this journey backward in time, was a woman living in Chicago in the 1920s. The tone of her voice and the mannerisms were suggestive of a totally different type of person than the one who sat in a deep trance before us. The following is part of that first session so the reader can meet that entertaining character as we did. Other parts of the first session will be incorporated into the following chapters as I put her colorful life in chronological order.

The letters "J" and "A" will stand for Johnny and Anita, and from time to time I will omit the counting and other routine remarks during regression to make for smoother reading.

A: I'm in a big black shiny car. I just bought it! A Packard!

J:Isn't that nice, to own a big, black car.

A:(Her voice became sexy) I've got a lot of nice things.

J:What year is this?

A:(Laugh) You don't know what year it is? Well, Silly, it's 1922. Everybody knows that.

J:Well, I lose track of time so easily. How old are you?

A:I don't tell just everybody.

J:Yes, I know; but you can tell me.

A:Well, I'm almost 50 ... but I look much younger.

J:You sure do. What town are we in?

A:Chicago.

J:And what's your name?

A:Everybody calls me June, but that's just a nickname because he didn't want everybody to know my real name.

J:Who didn't want everybody to know?

A: My boyfriend. I don't think he wants his wife to know.

This remark was a little surprising, very out of character for Anita. What type of person did we have here?

J:What is your real name?

A:Carolyn Lambert.

J:And you just bought this new car.

A:Well, really he bought it for me and he's going to teach me to drive, but right now I have a driver.

J:You must have a lot of money?

A:My boyfriend does. He gives me anything I ask for.

J:He sounds like a pretty good boyfriend. What's his name?

A:You won't tell?

J:No, I won't tell a soul.

A:Well, his name is Al, and he has an Italian name that's hard for me to say. But I call him Cutie. It makes him laugh, and he gives me more money.

J:Where does Al live?

A: He's got a big brick house and he lives with his wife and 3 sons.

J:Have you ever been married?

A:Once, when I was so young. I didn’t know what I was doing. I was about 16, I think.

J:Did you grow up there in Chicago?

A:No, on a farm not far from Springfield.

J: When did you go to Chicago?

A: When I met Al.

J: Did you divorce your husband?

A: No, I just left him. He's dumb.

J: What kind of work was he doing?

A: (Distastefully) Farmer.

J:Did you have any children?

A: No. I don't like children. They tie you down.

Anita is of German ancestry and has very blonde hair with fair complexion. Johnny's next question was, “What color is your hair?”

A:Brunette. I've got a little bit of gray now, but I don't let it show. Al likes me to look young.

J:How old is Al?

A:He won't tell, but I think he's older than I am. When we go places, people tell him I'm beautiful, and he likes that.

J:Oh? What kind of places do you go to?

A:We go to all kinds of places, places you're not even supposed to go to.

J:Have you been to any really big parties lately?

A:Well, we went to this big party at the Mayor's house.

J:The Mayor's?

A:That's what they told me. He's got a great big house out in the country. Everybody was there; lots of people. Al knows everybody.

J: (Apparently recalling that this would have been during Prohibition.) What did you have to drink at the party?

A: They didn't tell me what it was, but boy, it tasted awful. It was the funniest tasting stuff.

J:Do you think it was what they call “bathroom gin”? (Apparently he meant “bathtub” gin.)

A:(Big laugh) Well, Al said somebody must have peed in it, so it might be! (Laugh)

J:Yes. You have to run a lot of stuff down from out of Canada.

A:Do ya? Al knows about that.

J:What kind of business is Al in? Does he have a little something going on the side?

A:I think so. He doesn't tell me, cause he says if I know anything, they can make me tell it. So he doesn't tell me very much cause he doesn't want anything to happen to me.

J:Well, now I'm going to count to five, and as I count you will go back to when you were in Springfield. Sixteen years old, this is the day you're getting married. What kind of day is it?

The shift was immediate.

A:Winter. It's real cold. I can't hardly keep warm. There's a big fire. Boy, that wind’s howling. You just can't keep warm.

Her voice had changed from the sexy woman to a younger countrified girl.

J:Where are you?

A:In the living room.

J:What time are you getting married?

A: Just after lunch.

J:And how long do we have to wait now?

A: Just waiting for the preacher. I think he's comin' out from town. Horse is slow, getting old, I guess.

J:And the man you're marrying, what's his name?

A:Carl. Carl Steiner.

J:So you'll be Mrs. Carol Steiner?

A:(Disgustedly) Not for long, I hope.

J.(Obviously surprised) Oh, you didn't want to get ... Why are you getting married?

A:Daddy said I had to. Can't be an old maid. My daddy said he was a good catch. Carl's rich; gotta lotta land.

J:Right around Springfield?

A:Yeah, not far out.

J:Did you go to high school?

A:Naw, I didn't go to school.

J:Not at all?

A: Well, I went to one or two grades, but my daddy said girls don't have to learn a damn thing. All you gotta do is have babies and cook.

J:And what year is this that you're getting married?

A.Aw, it's about 1909, 1907. Don't make no difference anyhow. I'm not going to stay married any longer than I can help it!

J:Have you been working in town?

A:No, I work on the damn farm. (Disgusted) Work, work, work, cook, farm, help take care of the kids.

J:Do you have a lot of brothers and sisters?

A:Boy, a lot of 'em. Seven brothers and four sisters.

J:With all those brothers, they ought to do the farm work.

A: Well, some of 'em's little. They ain't got much growin' yet. They try to help. I think they're lazy.

J:Let's see, your name's Lambert? What nationality are you?

A: Well, I think it's English.

J:And what's your father's name?

A:Paw's name? Edward.

J:And your mother's name?

A:Mary.

J:Have they always lived out there on the farm?

A:Well, I was born here, but I think they came from someplace else, a long time ago. I was born in this house.

J:How many rooms are in your house?

A:Three.

J:Isn't that crowded with so many of you?

A:Oh, we got an attic and loft. Boy, that wind's howling! 1 hope that man don't show up.

J:The preacher or Carl?

A:Neither one of 'em.

J:Carl's not here yet?

A:Oh, I think he's talking to daddy out in the barn. (Sadly) He's giving him money for me. I know he is.

J:You mean he's buying you?

A:I think he is. One thing is sure, I sure wouldn't marry him if it weren't for daddy.

J:Is your daddy a real strict man?

A: Well, you just better do what he says.

J:Where's your mother? Is she ready ?

A:Yeah, she's ready. She keeps telling me, "Don't cry. Everybody has to get married. That’s what you're supposed to do."

J:Oh, she's happy to see you get married?

A:I don't think she's happy. I don't think she's anything.

At this point Anita was moved forward to the time when Carol was 22 years old, and asked what she was doing.

A:Getting ready to run away from the damn old farm.

J:Has Carl still got all his money?

A:Must have. He didn't give me any of it.

J:He didn't? Does he have it buried out behind the barn somewhere?

A:(She didn't think that was funny.) If I knew where it was, I'd have it!

J:Let's see. You've been married about six years now?

A:Almost. Soon to be six years, this fall, this winter.

J:Do you have any children?

A:(Disgusted) I don't let that man touch me.

J:What have you been doing, just farming?

A:I have to do some of the work. Got some hired hands, but they don't do it all. I have to cook for 'em.

J:Where do you plan on going when you run away?

A:(Proudly) I'm going to a big town. I'm going to Chicago.

J:Are you going by yourself?

A:Nope. I'm going with Al.

J:Where did you meet Al?

A: At a store in Springfield. A general store.

J: While you were in there doing your shopping?

A: Looking mostly.

J:What was Al doing?

A:(Chuckle) Looking at me. Then he just walked right up and said I was pretty and asked my name.

J: Sounds like Al really likes you. He's going to take you up to Chicago?

A: Yeah. I'm going to have a ball.

When Anita awakened later, she said she had an impression of the scene here. It was like the remnants of a dream that a person has upon awakening, when one can still remember bits and pieces before they fade away. She said she had long black hair and was barefoot. She saw this man standing there, dark and handsome, a little short, wearing a pin-striped suit and spats. He was the type of man sure to make quite an impression on this simple country girl. Apparently, the attraction was mutual.

J: How soon are you going to run away?

A: I'm going tonight when it gets dark.

J: Is Al coming out to the farm to pick you up?

A: Yeah, he's going to meet me at the gate.

J:Does he have a car?

A:Yeah. Not very many people got cars now, either. That's how I knew right away he had money. He dresses fancy. He'll get here pretty soon. It's awful dark.

J: Wonder what Carl's doing?

A: Asleep in his room.

J: He'll be surprised when he wakes up and you're not around, won't he?

A: (Short laugh) Damned old fool.

J:Got all your clothes ready?

A: (Sarcastically) Yeah, both dresses. Ha!

J:Is that all Carl bought you is two dresses?

A:(Angrily) He didn't buy 'em. I made 'em.

J:Oh. Can you sew well?

A:Not very, but it's better than going bare. That man don't spend nothing. (Long pause) I can hardly wait!

J:Well, pretty soon you'll be up in Chicago having a big time.

A:Yeah. (Pause. A little sadly.) I know he's married. I don't care. He told me he was married, can't marry me, cause he's already married.

J:How long have you known him?

A:I just met him the other day. We just knew right away, that all we wanted to do was run away. (Pause, then she became so excited she almost came out of the chair.) Here he comes! (She waved her arm wildly in the air.) Here I am! Here I am!

J:Does he have his headlights on?

A:Yeah, the lanterns.

J:Do you know what kind of car your Al has?

A:(Proudly) It's a Stanley Steamer. He wouldn't have anything but the best.

J:He probably paid a lot of money for that car.

A:He's got it, and he'll spend it.

At that time, none of us had the foggiest idea what a Stanley Steamer was. Upon doing research, the pictures show that the old car did indeed have lanterns as well as headlights. Because they were powered by steam, they were quiet, and it would have been easy to drive up to the farm without creating a great deal of noise.

J:Well, are you on your way now?

A:Yeah, it's quite a ways to go. I know we got to go north. We'll stop a couple of nights. He's going to do some business on the way. He's got to see some people.

J:Where?

A:I don't know. I'm waiting in a rooming house. A very tiny town, Upton or Updike, something like that, a tiny little place. A funny place to do business. We're going to spend the night here. He told me just to wait for him and keep my mouth shut. Don't tell anybody anything.

J:Then you'll go on to Chicago tomorrow?

A:Soon as we can get there. Al said he's going to teach me all kinds of things, talk pretty, walk nice. I'm even going to have a

corset!

J:(Surprised) A corset? Do you need a corset?

A:I didn't think so, cause I'm real thin, but all fine ladies wear corsets under their clothes. I'm going to have everything.

J:Do you think Al will take good care of you?

A:I'm his girl. I'll never want for anything.

At this point, after a pause, she seemed to jump ahead in time without being told to do so. After a little confusion, we were able to establish where she was.

A:I don't have to cook. I don't have to do anything. I've got niggers all over this house. We live in a big house. He can't stay with me all the time, but he's here most of the time.

J:Oh? How big a house do you have?

A:Eighteen rooms.

J:What's your address?

A:It's on a road. It's out of town a little ways. Very private, so nobody sees who comes and goes. That's the only thing I don't like. I liked it when we lived in town. Then I could just walk downtown anytime I wanted to. But Al says it's better not to be seen too much.

J:Where did you live in town?

A: When we lived in the hotel, the Gibson House. It was right downtown.

Later when I did research, I found that the Chicago City Directory

for 1917 listed the Hotel Gibson, 665 West 63rd St.

A: But we go to private parties now; can't go downtown all the time.

J: Private parties out at the different homes?

A:And I throw some swinging ones here too, boy!

J:What year is it now?

A: Well, I think it's 1925.

J:And you bought this house ...

A:(Interrupted) We didn't buy the house. He built it for me!

J:Oh, he did? While you were living in the hotel?

A:That's why I stayed in the hotel, while he built the house.

J:Did you watch it as it was being built?

A:I used to go out and look at it. He told me there wasn't anything too good for me. We even put in marble bathrooms inside, too, boy! It's the prettiest one on Lake Road.

J:Can you see the lake from your house?

A:Yeah, from the terrace you can. We eat out there a lot. It's all glassed in. We can even eat out there in the wintertime.

J:The terrace is overlooking the lake?

A:It's a little ways away, but you can see it plain.

J:How old are you now, Carol?

A:I don't like to tell people how old I am. I'm trying awful hard to

stay young. Cause I don't want Al to ditch me for somebody else.

J:Oh, I don't think Al would ditch you. Has he been running around?

A:He doesn't say so, but I think so. He doesn't come as many nights as he used to. He's still good to me, gives me a lot of things. Beautiful clothes. I can go in any store and buy anything I want. They know me.

J:And he pays for them?

A:I guess he does. I just go tell them what I want. Sometimes I just call them up and tell them what to bring. I take my pick, and what I don't want they take back. This is living. This is living! It wasn't like this on the farm, I'll tell you that.

J:No, I guess not. Did Carl ever come around looking for you?

A:I don't think so. Al and I thought he was too dumb anyway. He was old. He just wanted me to work for him, and to look at, to touch me and to look at me. He was awful old ... 60, 65, baldheaded old man.

J: Then he might have died by now.

A: Aw, he probably did.

J:Do you think any of your folks ever got up there to the city?

A:Ha! It was a big day for them to go to Springfield shopping. Ha! They wouldn't believe it if they could see me. My poor mother worked herself to death. But, boy, I sure haven't. I'm taking care of myself.

The rest of this session will be included in various spots in the

following chapters. After Anita was awakened, she was very surprised at the story she had told. Over a cup of coffee in the kitchen, we discussed the details as she stared blankly at us. This was the first time we discovered that the somnambulist type of subject goes so deeply into trance that they have no memory upon awakening. To them, it is similar to taking a short nap. She had no conscious knowledge of literally becoming another personality. We were afraid she might be embarrassed or even insulted because June/Carol was so alien to her own character. But she said she did not feel that way. She could understand the motives behind Carol's actions that made her behave as she did. Carol had been a confused and unhappy girl living on that farm. No wonder she had run off with Al at the first opportunity. Anita felt sorry for her and did not judge her.

Something else bothered her though: the time period. She had absolutely no interest in the twenties era and knew very little about it. What bothered her was the violence of that time period when the gangs were rampant in Chicago. Anita had a terrible aversion to violence in any form. This unexplained fear had pursued her all her life, yet it seemed to have no basis. Because of this unreasonable uneasiness, she would only watch situation comedies on TV. The popular TV show "Untouchables" was still being shown on the home screens at this time in 1968. It dealt with the era she had regressed to, but this was precisely the type of show she would not watch. She said if any members of her family watched these programs, she always found something else to do in the kitchen. Was her aversion to violence caused by something from a previous lifetime? She had not been exposed to any undue violence in this life and was a very quiet and unassuming person. This possibility would bear investigating in future sessions, now that we had broken through to the past.

Also, Anita had never been to Chicago. She was born and reared in Missouri.

That night when Anita got home, she took out all the books she had in the house, even those she had packed away. She was looking for something she might have read that could have triggered a life or fantasy in that time period. She could find nothing. She said that if we were to do any research into the time period, she wanted no part of it. She didn't want to put anything into her mind that could influence the next sessions. Although she was confused, she was also curious and wished to continue.

Chapter 3

The Comparison Tape

At the next session, Johnny wanted to see if Anita would indeed return to the same personality we had met the week before. If she did return, he would ask questions about the time period and try to confuse her to see if she would remain consistent in her answers. Also, the years on the first tape did not match. Carol could not have been 16 in 1907 if she was almost 50 in 1922. So in this session we would attempt to clarify the time element. I was to learn years later that this is a common problem in dealing with regressions. The subjects are often confused about time as we know it, especially the first time they are regressed. It has been suggested by other writers that we may be dealing with a part of the brain that does not recognize time.

We thought it would also be interesting if we could find some information that could be verified and documented. After all, June/ Carol's life had only happened 40 years before. Surely, there were records from such a recent time. But we were in for some surprises.

Anita settled into her chair ready for the second taping, and we were eager to see if June/Carol would put in another appearance.

Anita was regressed through her present life again, then told to go to 1926.

J: What do you see now?

A: I'm in my yard.

J: And where do you live?

A:I live in this red brick house. It has white on it, shutters, and terrace. And everything is red and white.

J:What town is this?

A:It's in Chicago.

J:And what is your name?

A: Just one or two people know my real name. Everybody calls me June.

J:June? That's pretty.

A:Pretty as a summer day. June's in the summer. That's when we picked that name, in June. It was a pretty day, I'm a pretty girl, so we picked June.

J:What's your last name?

A:I don't have a last name any more. Just June.

It seemed as if the same personality had returned.

J:Tell me your real name.

A:Carol Steiner.

J:And you live here in this red brick house with white shutters. What's the address?

A:It doesn't have a number; it's on Lake Road. It's beautiful. There are trees there. You can see the lake from the terrace.

J:How long have you lived in Chicago?

A:I came here in ah let me see, it's been a long time now. I've been here about 15 years, I think, or 16 years maybe 16 years this fall.

J:That is a long time. You moved to Chicago from somewhere else?

A:I came from the farm.

J:Where was the farm in Chicago? (He was trying to confuse her.)

A:Oh, no. Chicago's a big city.

J:Oh, it is? Where was the farm?

A:Near Springfield.

J:Is that in Illinois?

A:Yes.

J:Well, I was thinking there's a Springfield in Missouri, too. It seems as though I've heard that somewhere.

A:(Laugh) I've never heard of it. I've never heard of it in my life.

J:Did you ever hear of Missouri?

A: Well, someone told me it was right next to Illinois, but I never got to see it.

Actually, in this present life, Anita grew up in the state of Missouri.

J:What do you do all the time? Do you work?

A:Oh, no! I have this house and I entertain a lot. I have flowers I take care of.

J:Do you have many parties at your house?

A:Oh, yes, I have a lot of parties. And I just go places, and keep busy, if I try.

J:Who comes to your parties?

A:Friends of Al's. His business friends.

J:Who's Al?

A:Al lives here with me.

J:Is that Al Steiner? (He was playing a trick again.)

A:(Laughing) No, his name's not Steiner.

J:What is his name?

A:It's an Italian name. I'm not supposed to tell anybody.

J:Al's last name is not Capone, is it?

Johnny was thinking of the famous Chicago gangster from the 1920s era. June quickly went on the defensive.

A:Don't ever call him by his last name. He told me not to worry about anything, just keep my mouth shut. Don't ask any questions and do what he tells me and I'll be okay.

J:Oh, it's all right. You can tell me.

A: Well, (hesitating) S you won't tell?

J:No, I won't tell.

A:It's Gagiliano (phonetic).

J:Gugiliano. Am I saying that right?

A:GA Gagiliano. That's a funny name, isn't it? I could hardly say it at first. You have to be a wop, he told me, but (giggle) I'm not.

J:Is Al a good looking man?

A:He's very handsome.

J:How old is Al?

A:He never tells me. If I ask him, he laughs and says he's old enough.

J:And how old are you?

A: Well, I think I'm about Al's age. (She was becoming upset.) I'm not very old, I don't think but I look older, and it seems like (her voice was pained) ... Do I have to tell you?

J:Well, if it bothers you, you don't have to.

A:I don't want Al to know for sure.

J:Oh, well, I won't tell Al. This is just between you and me.

A:Well, I'm very close to 40. I don't want to get any older, but I guess I have to. (This sounded like an obvious lie, but for obvious reasons.) I lie about that. I never tell him when my birthday is.

J:Let them stop back there about 29?

A:Yes, I think I'll always be 27 forever.

J:Let's see, would you rather that I call you June or Carol?

A:You better call me June. Al would get mad if he heard you call me Carol.

J:Okay, June.

He tried to move on to another subject and find something that could be verified.

J:Do you go to the movies?

A:No, I mustn't go out in day time very much.

J:How about in the evening? Do you go out to the theater, or maybe a show?

A: We go to see shows in vaudeville. I like that best. I got to see Al Jolson last month.

J:What theater was that?

A:The Palace.

This checked out. The Palace Theater was and is located at 159 W. Randolph Street in Chicago.

J:Does it cost much to get into a show like that?

A:I don't know what it costs. I just ask Al if I can go, and he takes me if he possibly can. Sometimes, he gets real busy, but I usually get what I want.

J:Do they have any moving picture shows around Chicago?

A:I've heard they've got two or three now. I went to some once. People jerk around; they don't look right on the film. (Laugh) They just don't move smooth like people do.

J:Do they talk on the film?

A:Oh, that's new, just the past few years they talk now. There used to be words up there, but now they talk.

J:Have you been to one of those movies?

A:Yes, I went. It was new and I wanted to see what it was like.

J:Let's see... do you have a phonograph in your room?

A:Sure, I've got all the records.

J:What's your favorite?

A:I like the talking ones.

J:The talking ones? What do they talk about?

A:You know, the one about the two nigger boys and they talk on the record, and say, "How much's the price of butter?" And he tells him, and he says, "Lawd, I can't afford that. Just send me axle grease." (This was said with an affected Negro accent.)

J:(Big laugh) Hey, that sounds as if it's straight out of vaudeville.

A:Yeah, that's what they are. And Jolson's made some records. I've got his.

J:Do you like Al Jolson?

A:Yeah, until he ... I don't really like that black stuff on his face. I don't know why a white man wants to look like that. When he leaves that off, he's pretty good looking.

J:Do you have a radio?

A:Yes, I have one. I listen to music on it.

J:What station do you like best?

A:I don't know the name of the station. I set it at 65, and it all comes in. (Here, Anita raised her hand and made the motions of

turning a large dial.) There's different ones, but you turn a little thing. Six five is the best.

This also checked out. Chicago radio station WMAQ, which was established in 1922, is located at 67 megahertz on the dial.

J:Do they have music all the time?

A:Most of the time.

J:What kind of music do you like the best?

A:I like to Charleston. It's new and it's lots of fun.

J:What's that?

A:It's a cute little dance. Snappy. Happy music. I dance a lot. When I start to dance, they all stand back and watch. I'm pretty good, all right!

J:What dances do you know how to do?

A:Oh, I can do the Charleston, and ... I can do the Hoochy -Cooch, where you go way down. It's more fun than things like the Fox Trot. The Waltz that's so slow. I like fast music.

J:Did you ever hear of a dance called the Black Bottom?

A:Yeah, that's the one I told you about. I call it, just doing the Hoochy-Cooch dance. You go way down to the floor, and you wiggle all the way down and all the way up.

I didn't know if she was right or not, but that description sure would fit the name Black Bottom.

J:How does the Charleston go? Can you hum me some?

A:(She hummed the traditional melody that the Charleston is normally danced to.) ... and you can dance to Charley Boy, Charley My Boy. That's a good one to dance to. You stand in one spot and you put one foot in front and the other foot back... one foot in front and the other foot back. You can do all kinds of stuff to it. I'm just learning it, but I'm doing pretty good at it. I'm going to learn it better.

J:I don't think I ever saw that.

A:You didn't? Don't you ever go out?

J:Sure, once in a while.

A:And they never had it at any of the parties you were at?

J:No. Well, you said it was new.

A: Well, everybody's heard about it! It's the latest thing! (Exasperated) Are you sure you haven't heard it?

J:Maybe I heard it and just didn't know what it was.

A:Man! You're not livin'!

J:(Big laugh. You could tell he was only teasing her.) So you like to dance. Do you sing, too?

A:No! Al kids me. He says I don't even talk very pretty. (Laugh) Sometimes I say things that aren't correct, he says. I should talk better. But I just laugh. It's not an Italian accent anyhow. (Laugh) I get back, nobody gets the best of me.

J:What kind of dresses do you wear when you do the Charleston?

A:I could tell you about my favorite. It's gold colored, and it has rows and rows of fringe on it, and when I dance, they all shake

and shimmer. It's so pretty. And I wear gold slippers.

J:How long is the dress?

A: Well, it's not very long, I can tell you that! I don't like them long any more. If you got good-looking legs, you might as well show them. I wear it so you can see the rouge on my knees.

J:What's this? Rouge on your knees?

A:Sure! Everybody does that. That's all the thing!

J:Do you have make-up on your face?

A:Sure, some. I wear a little bit of rouge cause I don't want to look too pale.

J:What color is your hair?

A:Why, I'm a brunette.

J:Is that natural, or...

A:(Indignant) I was always a brunette!

J:Well, you know some of these girls put some sort of stuff on their hair and they change the color of it.

A:I don't change the color of it. I just ... cover up a little here and there. Little bit of gray don't look very pretty. I cover that. That's all! Hair's always been dark.

J:I read somewhere that if you ate a raw egg every once in a while, it really made your hair pretty. Did you ever hear of that?

A:Yeeyukk! Put eggs in your shampoo.

J:Oh, is that what you're supposed to do?

A:Beat the egg and put it in your shampoo.

J:And that makes your hair pretty?

A:Shines. Soft and shiny.

J:How is your hair fixed?

A:Well, it's cut real short, and I comb it down in my bangs. You can see it. And it curls a little bit in front of my ears. I keep it real short. When I had it cut, Al didn't like it very much. Used to be, everybody had long hair, and when they started cutting it, boy, I was one of the first. Boy, is it cool!

J:Do you have any jewelry?

A:I have a lot of jewelry. But my favorite is an emerald ring. It's a big one. I've got it on right now. See? (Anita raised her left hand.)

J:No, I didn't even notice it. I must be half blind.

A: Well, it comes clear to my knuckle. You couldn't have missed it!

J:(With hidden humor) You're right. I just wasn't looking for it. Aren't you worried about losing that?

A:No, it's tight. See? (She made motions with her hand as though displaying a ring [invisible to us], and moved it around with her other fingers of that hand.) I wear it all the time. If I wear a red dress and Al says it doesn't go, I just laugh. I tell him it's mine and I'm wearing it. But right now, I'm just here cutting my flowers, my roses. I'm going to put them on the piano.

J:What kind of a piano do you have?

A:A white one. I like everything white.

J:Can you play the piano?

A:I can play. We were in a club one time and I asked them to let me play a bit. Everybody laughed. They knew I couldn't do it, but I could pick out the tune pretty good. I played a song about ... oh, it's an old song about moons and roses. It was when we first got there. And Al liked it so well, he bought me a piano and told me to practice it. I didn't want one of those that you pump and it plays by itself. I don't like those. They're not as much fun. I want to learn to do it myself.

J:That's good. Tell me about your house.

A:It's a great big house with 18 rooms in it. I love this house. They'll never get me away from here. I don't like to be gone even overnight. Al built this house for me. We have people come sometimes and they stay awhile. My bedroom's upstairs, the first room that opens out on the sundeck.

J:Will you describe your room to me. I've never seen it.

A:I have satin on the walls S you don't call it satin. You call it damask. It shines like satin, patterned. It's like wallpaper, but it's material. And the drapes match. And my rug is white. It's a beautiful room; it's all in pink and blue and white. I have a big bed with big, big posts on it, and a satin cover.

The dictionary defines damask as a rich, patterned fabric of cotton, silk, or wool.

J:I guess you had it built just the way you wanted it and never wanted to change anything.

A:Oh, sometimes I change the color of the wall, or, you know, put new stuff in it. Al likes to buy new furniture sometimes. I like it

mostly just the way it is. I don't even like to move my furniture around. I want my bed right where it is. I have it just like I want, like a dream.

J:Do you have a bathroom in your room?

A: Just off my room. It's done in white marble. I've even got silver handles on the lavatory. And the tub's made out of marble too. I take milk baths, and bubble baths, and hot baths, and cold baths.

J:Milk baths? You mean you take a bath in milk?

A:It's not really milk. They call it a milk bath. It makes the water look sort of funny looking. It's supposed to be very good for my skin.

J:(Trying another trick.) Who did you buy the house from?

A:The house was built for me. Al had a man build it. It had to be done just perfect. It took them over a year, almost, to get it built. Couldn't move into it right away.

J:What year was it when they finished building it?

A:Oh, you know, it's been several years ago. I moved into this house when we just had one room of furniture here. I wanted to move in right away. Couldn't get all the rest of it out for a couple of days. And I told Al, just take me out there. I'll stay in it like it is. He just laughed at me, said we weren't going to sleep on that couch. (Laugh) We slept on the floor.

J:What room was that first room of furniture?

A: Well, we don't use it for much now. It's that front room there by the front door. Just off the hall.

J:Parlor?

A:Yeah. I have a bigger one on the other side.

J:What were those first things you got?

A:Oh, some chairs and a thing called a chaise lounge. I saw that and I laughed. I said the man that made that was crazy. He didn't know if he was making a bed or a chair. Al put it in one of the bedrooms now. We just bought some new furniture.

J:I bet that cost a lot of money.

A:We've got it. We bought some chairs that have little tiny legs and striped seats. I think they're supposed to be antique. And I just laugh about it because I really don't think they're antique. But everybody's supposed to have fancy furniture, so Al wanted me to have it. I don't like all of it, but Al wanted it. It's all the style to have this kind of stuff. I told him to leave my bedroom alone. It's just like I want it. And he laughed and said, okay.

J:He wants to change the other part of the house where people come in?

A:Yes, all these little chairs and settees. They don't look very comfortable. So we've got lots of rooms. If you count where the maids live and everything, there's over 20.

J:Well, I guess you have a lot of house to take care of with 18 rooms. How do you keep it clean?

A:I've got all these nigger maids. Some to do upstairs, and downstairs, and cook and everything. A lot of help. Some things I do by myself, but not much.

J:What do you do by yourself?

A: Well, some nights I fix supper for just me and Al. He likes me to fix him eggs with real hot Spanish sauce on them. I tried spaghetti, but I can't do that at all. He makes it for me. His momma taught him to make it. You have to hold the meatball just right when you shape it, and brown it, or it doesn't taste right. (She made motions with her hands, like shaping a meatball.)

J:That's the whole secret?

A:That's one of them. There must be a lot because I've tried and I can't learn.

J:What do you like to eat?

A: Well, I like chopped liver. It's very good. I think they put onions in it, a few. The cook does very good cooking for me. She's been here since we've had the house. She's old; she's cooked for years and years.

J:You have a place out back where you can sit out on the terrace and eat, haven't you?

A:Oh, yeah! It's nice. I eat out there lots of times. Al likes to.

J:What direction is that? When you're out on the terrace and you look out away from the house, what direction are you looking? Is it towards the west, or the east, or...

A: Well, it's towards the water. I guess it's towards the east. I don't know. I think it's towards the east cause ... yes, it's towards the east. It's sunny in the morning, too early. I keep the curtains pulled. I don't eat breakfast out there. If the sun's too bright, I don't like it. It makes me, you know ... it shows lines in your face in real bright light. I put three sets of curtains on that window. I put very thin; sort of a weavy kind; and over that I've got the heavy ones. I can

have it as light or as dark as I want.

J:You mean you have three sets, one on top of the other? They really cut the light out of the room then.

A:Everything but that skylight. It lets in an awful lot of sun in the afternoon. You can't do nothing with that, much. I even had ... that's one thing I changed. Put in some stained glass up there. Made a little pattern.

J:Just like a church, eh ?

A:Oh, no, no! Ain't nothing like that. I had them make little flowers and leaves up there. And when the sun shines through there's little flowers on the floor. Looks pretty pretty room.

J:Let's see. I imagine it gets chilly around there. Do you have any heavy coats?

A:Oh, yes. I've got all kinds. What kind do you want? Do you want to use one?

J:No, I was just wondering. Do you have a mink coat?

A:I've got some fur a beaver coat, and I've got an ermine coat. I like ermine cause it’s white. It makes my hair look blacker than ever. And it makes my blue eyes look pretty too.

J:Do you have a car?

A:I have a man that drives me where I want to go in the car Al bought me. It's a black one, the shiniest! It's a Packard, very big. They're the best kind.

J:Most comfortable?

A:I don't know about being the most comfortable. I've never been

in any other kind except the Steamer, but Al says they cost the most, so they must be the best. So that's what he buys. I like it.

J:Does your driver keep it shined up all the time?

A:No sense having a good car if you don't take care of it.

J:But you don't know how to drive?

A:Oh, I can drive if I have to, but I'd rather just sit back and let him do it. He's paid to. That way, Al knows every place I go. There's some places I'm not supposed to go to.

J:Where?

A:Places downtown. I don't go anywhere he works.

J:Where does Al work?

A:He never tells me for sure. (She sobered.) He's doing something, I think. Cause when I ask him, he gets mad. He tells me to just take my gravy and shut up. And I don't like him to talk like that. So I don't ask him very much.

J:Are there other places you're not supposed to go?

A: Well, I'm supposed to stay away from where all those society broads go. Places for lunch and things like that. They have a restaurant down there, and there's places in the hotel the Bartlett

House. And they go places for style shows.

J:And Al doesn't want you to go to any of those things?

A:No, because he says we know too much. I might slip up and say something.

J:Well, Chicago's a big place.

A:It's growing fast. Al says it hasn't stopped since the fire.

J:What fire was that?

A: Well, a long time ago there was a big fire here and almost everything burned down, blocks and blocks. And now, every day there's something new going up.

She was referring to the great Chicago fire that occurred in 1871 and destroyed a large portion of the city.

J:Do you see a lot of new buildings around now?

A: When I get downtown I do. It's a whole block, almost, of stores. There's going to be all kinds of stores in there.

J:What street is that on?

A:I can't remember. It's right off State, just right around the corner. It didn't used to be much of a street, but it's going to be beautiful, now.

J:Do you ever go to any parks?

A:Oh, we have beautiful picnics by the lake, and there's lots of parks. Al doesn't like to go out like that much. I can go for drives, and I drive, and sometimes I get to go for long rides.

J:You say you can drive that car, but you have a chauffeur.

A:I can drive when I have to. When I got the Packard, he said I ought to learn how. The man who drives taught me.

J:Is your car the kind with the gear shift on the floor?

A:Yes, and I hate that thing. I keep forgetting and get mixed up. I do something to it when I forget that. Costs money to repair it.

J:How do you start the car?

Johnny was thinking that some cars had to be cranked during that time period.

A:I just call and tell him I want the car, and I want to drive it, and they bring it to the door. I don't remember ever starting it. He lives right there by the garage, and he ... I don't ever have to start it.

J:(He was trying to think of more questions.) Do you know what an airplane is?

A:I've heard them talk about them, but I don't think I've ever seen one. They say there's going to be airplanes that are going to do fantastic things. You can just get on a plane and go anywhere in the world, they say. They'll never get me in one of those things! I'm afraid of anything like that. I don't think it seems right to be up there.

That was an odd statement for someone whose husband was presently stationed on a jet training base.

J:Well, June, I'm going to count to five and it will be the year 1910. (He counted her back.) It's 1910, what are you doing?

A:It's moving day. I'm getting out of this damn hotel.

J:What hotel?

A:Been living in the Gibson.

J:What street is it on?

A:It's on this main street right here in town.

J:Where are you moving to?

A:The house we've been building. We've been building on that thing, seems like forever! But we can move in today.

J:Do you have much stuff there in the hotel for them to move?

A: No, but we've picked out furniture, and we're going to move that.

J:Hey . . . what are you wearing today?

A:My long green dress. It was made for me, with all these buttons and the great big sleeves mutton chop sleeves.

I believe this was what they called Leg-of-Mutton sleeves.

J:Are your knees showing?

This was a trick, but what a wicked sense of humor.

A:(Shocked) Oh no! No sir!

J:What kind of shoes do you have?

A:Why, they've got buttons on them, of course.

J:Do you suppose there'll ever come a day when shoes won't button?

A: Well, I can't imagine that. People could see your ankle! You

even got to be careful getting on the trolley car, so they don't see your ankle. Men are always trying to see your ankles!

Things sure changed in 16 years. The comparisons between the time periods were unbelievable and funny. Johnny was enjoying this.

J:How do you fix your hair?

A:It's very long, but it's done up on top way high. It's never been cut from long ago, as I can remember. It's awful to have to wash and brush. It takes a whole day, practically, to wash your hair.

J:Have you ever thought of cutting it real short?

A: Well, if everyone else would, I'd sure be the first to try it. I told Al I want mine cut like a man's behind. I would, I'd just have it cut right up the back. But Al said his behind wasn't very pretty, so not to have it cut like that!

J:(He laughed at her joke.) Do you wear makeup on your face?

A:A little rice powder. It makes it look smoother and nice.

J:How about rouge?

A:(Shocked again) Oh, no! You just pinch your cheeks once in awhile, and you can bite your lips real hard and they'll stay red a while.

J:Doesn't that hurt?

A: Well, it does, but you want to look pretty. I use oatmeal on my skin that helps. I put it in a little bag, and just pat it on my face when I wash it. (She went through patting motions on her face.) It leaves that oatmeal water there. It stays, and takes out those

wrinkles.

J:Is the oatmeal raw or cooked?

A:(Laughing) Well, Silly, you couldn't put cooked oatmeal in a bag! You sure are funny! You don't know much about women, do you?

J:No, not really.

A:You talk like you came from Springfield. They don't know nothing back there.

J:That's where you're from, isn't it?

A:Right around there. I wasn't born in town. It was on a farm.

J:How far from Springfield was the farm?

A:About a day’s ride in the wagon. You ride south, I think.

J:They didn't have cars like they do now, did they?

A:They've got a few cars now, you know. This is 1910! But my daddy will never have a car because he doesn't have that much money.

J:Do you have a car now?

A:Al's got a car.

J:You don't have one yourself?

A:Not of my own. I don't need a car. I go with Al when he wants me to.

J:Don't you ever go anyplace when Al's not around to take you?

A: Well, the first little while I was scared, and he used to tease me about being a little country girl. He told me I have shoes on now, so I could walk on concrete.

J: (Big laugh) What kind of car does Al have?

A: A Stanley Steamer.

He was remembering the pictures we had found in the encyclopedia.

J:Does it have a roof?

A: We ride with it down.

J: You take it off?

A:I don't think he takes it off. I think it folds away some place. You get a lot of breeze. (She patted her hair.) And it blows your hair down.

J: What happens when it rains?

A: You got sense enough to stay in out of the rain, I guess!

J:(Laugh) Does the car make a lot of noise? (We had read that they were quiet cars.)

A: No, no.

J: How fast does Al's car go?

A:Well, he's pretty reckless. Sometimes he goes up ... to 15 miles an hour, maybe more. I told him at first it would take the eyeballs right out of my head, and he said no, it wouldn't. He'd show me! I was awful scared at first.

At this point, Johnny took her to other scenes that will be incorporated in the next chapter. We left this portion intact to show the comparison between the two time periods. There were so many changes in the life-style in a mere decade. Even if Anita's mind was concocting a fantasy, it would seem to be very difficult to keep the differences from mingling with each other. It is remarkable that she kept them separate and retained the personality of each time period. June/Carol emerged as a very real person with a unique sense of humor. She was definitely not a cardboard cutout playing a part, or a zombie blindly obeying commands.

Chapter 4

The Life of June/Carol

We had more material on June/Carol than any of the other personalities that were encountered. She was Anita's most recent life and was therefore closer to the surface. The sessions went on for several months and every time Anita was regressed, the first character we would meet was bound to be June or Carol, unless she was instructed otherwise.

So I decided to arrange the other bits and pieces of her life in a chronological manner, so the reader could follow her story straight through without getting confused by switching back and forth. Although the incidents surfaced over a long period of time, it is amazing how well they fit together. It is also interesting that no amount of questioning could confuse her, although we were often confused. She always knew exactly who and where she was. There would be no way to omit these incidents and still give a complete picture of a person who became so real to us that she must surely have lived and breathed and loved. This could not have been a figment of someone's imagination. We all grew to love her and to look forward to her wonderful sense of humor, and we welcomed talking with her. Maybe proof will never be found that she did actually live, but she certainly did live for us during those months in 1968.

Estimating that Carol was born about 1880, Johnny regressed Anita to the year 1881 and asked where she was.

A:Sitting on the floor.

J:Are you playing with something?

A:With spools. To keep me quiet.

J:Were you making noise?

A:A lot of noise!

J:How old are you?

A:I don't rightly know.

J:How big are you?

A:Ain't big enough to have shoes. I can walk. I can say some words.

J:What words can you say?

A:I holler "Mama" and "Daddy," and make all the noises like the animals can make.

J:Do you have a lot of animals around?

A:Well, it's a farm.

J:That's nice. Now I'm going to count to three, and we'll move up to 1885. One, two, three, it's 1885. What are you doing?

A:I'm in the yard playing with the baby. Trying to keep him from crying baby boy. The little one's in the cradle.

J:Do you go to school?

A:I'm going to go next year.

J:How old are you?

A:I'm five. I'll be six in June ... first day.

This agreed with what she said earlier. She was named June by Al, because her birthday was in June, and she was "pretty as a day in June."

J:How long will it be until your birthday?

A: I can't tell. My mother will tell me.

J: Do you think you will have a birthday cake?

A: Well, sometimes Mama bakes a cake. Sometimes.

J:Then she'll probably bake one for your birthday, won't she?

A:Is she supposed to?

J:Well, some people have a cake on birthdays, but then other people have cakes on other days.

A: Well, we have cake on Sundays. Sometimes when we can have it, we do.

J:Good. Now tell me about your house. How big is it?

A:It's got three big rooms, and the loft.

J:Where do you sleep?

A:In the loft. Mama made a mattress out of straw. It makes a nice, soft bed. You can snuggle down in it. When I'm rich, I'll get a feather bed. Mama's got a feather bed on her bed. She said when I grow up, I can have one.

J:That will be nice. Now let's look ahead and see how things are in 1890. (Anita was moved forward.) What are you doing?

A:Helping mother. We're heating water out in the yard to wash. Washing more diapers. Seems like a baby every year!

J:What kind of soap do you use?

A:Soap my Mama makes.

J:Does it get them clean?

A:Oh, boy! You keep scrubbing till they get clean!

J:Do you use a scrub board?

A:Sometimes. But sometimes you just rub and rub 'em together. (Anita made rubbing motions with her hands.) It comes clean that way. Rub soap on 'em!

J:That looks like a lot of work.

A: Work all day wash day. It's lucky to wash on a windy day. Your clothes get dry.

J:Where's the clothesline?

A:It's running from the house to that big tree over there.

J:Say, Carol, how old are you?

A:Nine. Almost ten now, Mama said.

J:Do you go to school?

A:No. I went to school for awhile, but Mama needed me. I help her a lot in the house.

J:So you only went to school for a little while.

A:I got to go for a couple of years.

J:Where's the schoolhouse?

A: Oh, it's a long ways down the road.

J: Do you walk when you go to school?

A: Every day. When it's snowing real deep, I can't go.

J:Do you know how to write your name?

A:I can print it now pretty good. I practice with a stick in the dirt.

Unexpectedly, Johnny had the idea of seeing if Carol could print her name for us. We didn't know if it was possible, but it was worth a try. At the time, we were open to any idea.

J:Here's a pencil and piece of paper. Will you print your name for me?

A:Ain't you got no slate?

Johnny asked Anita to open her eyes. It was very difficult, and she stared glassy-eyed at the paper. Then he gave her the pencil as I held the paper steady. We watched as she printed, very awkwardly and slowly, in large letters, "Carolyn Lambert." It looked very childish and uneven.

A:I learned this last year. But I have to keep practicing cause I'm not very good. Mama says, what you learn, nobody can take away. I showed it to her and she ... she didn't know much. She wanted me to show her how to print hers.

J: Didn't your mother go to school?

A: I don't think she airy did.

On two other occasions when Anita was suddenly moved into

1890 in order to verify her orientation, she picked up the same situation and conditions. At one of these times she said she was picking tomatoes. "Pick till I get the basket full."

J:What are you going to do with all those tomatoes?

A:Cook them up. Can 'em. Make relish. (She sighed deeply.)

J:What's the matter?

A:Very hot. I wish it'd rain! Dusty out here. Hasn't rained for awhile. Hot!

J:How old are you, Carol?

A:Don't know for sure. Mama says it don't make no difference, but I hanker to know. Don't go to school any more.

J: How long did you go to school?

A: Almost two years.

J: What did you learn at school?

A: Well, I print ... and learned my numbers ... and my letters. I can count to ten, and the twenties ... you take the one off, and ... I get mixed up after I get past my teens. Supposed to be easy, teacher said. Dad said I ain't got no head for numbers. I practice.

While exploring this period of Carol's life, she was asked about other members of her family. It seemed she had about seven brothers and sisters. It is interesting that she mentioned one brother, Carl, who was named after a friend of her father. This is no doubt the same Carl she later married.

In another session, she was regressed to 1900 and asked what she was doing.

A:Cooking roastin' ears and cooking a big dinner for the hands. Have a lot of threshing hands here. They eat a lot. Get hungry.

J:Where are you?

A: I'm on the farm.

J: What farm?

A:My husband’s.

J: What's your husband's name?

A: Steiner. Carl Steiner.

J:Where is your farm?

A: A little ways out of Springfield.

J: Which direction?

A: Well, when we ride into town in the mornings, the sun's in my face.

J: Is it a long way to town?

A: No, I get there before lunch. Just a few hours. A couple.

J: How do you travel?

A: In the horse and buggy.

J: Do you like that?

A: It's too bouncy.

J: How old are you today?

A: Today? (Pause) I'm getting awful close to 20.

J: How long have you been married?

A: Been married now about ... seems like about four years, five? Time just goes.

J: Are you happy?

A: No! Who'd be happy out here? Work every day seven days a week.

J: But you do get to go to town once in a while.

A: Oh! if I'm lucky I get to go maybe two, three times a year.

J: How many people do you have working for you on this farm?

A: About five men working out in the fields and things.

J:What do you raise there on the farm ?

A:Just things for the cattle S lots of corn. We have to grow our food, you know. Grow hay and things for the cows.

J:How many cows do you have?

A:Oh, about 40, 50, I guess.

J:Any pigs?

A:No, I don't think so.

J:How many chickens do you have?

A:Oh! I've got all those damned chickens to take care of. Have to scrub out that hen house myself. Put lime and creosote in it.

Subsequent research revealed that this was a common practice

during that era. Anita was a city girl who would be very unlikely to know much about chickens and farm work.

J:Why don't the hired hands take care of that?

A:That's supposed to be woman's work.

J: How big is the farm?

A: I heard him call it a section. He said, some day it'd be mine if I'd ever have a son.

J: But you're his wife! Doesn't that make it half yours?

A: He calls it his.

J:Are you going to have a son?

A: No! He's trying to bribe me.

J:How old is your husband?

A: He's near 60. He's an old man.

J: And you're 20. He's quite a bit older than you.

A: A long bit older. It ain't fair.

J: You don't want any children?

A: I don't want him to come near me.

J: Oh. Does he have his own room?

A:I have my own room!

J:And where does Carl sleep?

A:He sleeps upstairs, too. He's embarrassed for the men to know.

They all laugh cause we got no kids.

J:What kind of clothes do you have?

A:I don't have hardly any.

J:You don't? Do you suppose Carl would bring you some dresses from town?

A:He keeps saying he will, if I let him in my room. I told him I didn't want his clothes that bad. I cut up a bed sheet and made a dress once.

J:What kind of shoes do you have?

A:I'm barefooted now. Had a pair when I got married, but they wore out. I just go barefooted most of the time.

J:What do you do when it gets cold outside?

A: Well, I asked him for a pair of shoes, and he gave me an old pair of his.

During another session, Anita was again regressed to this same period and was immediately back in character, as always. Her uncanny ability to pick up consistently on a given time and place never ceased to amaze us. This time, we again found Carol back on the hated farm. Johnny asked what she was doing.

A:Ain't doin' nothin'.

J:Where are you?

A:I'm in my room. I'm supposed to be scrubbing floors, but I ain’t done it yet. Gotta get busy pretty soon.

J:How old are you?

A: I figure I'm about 20.

J: Where is Carl?

A: Out in the field. Getting time to plant stuff again.

J: What are you going to plant?

A:More of the same old stuff. Corn, wheat, same things. Gotta get my garden in pretty soon.

J:What do you plant in your garden?

A:Stuff to eat all winter long. If you don't want to go hungry, you got to plant. I've got my taters in. I had a big crop last year. Planted a lot again this year on planting day.

J:Do you do much canning?

A:Sure! I want to eat, don't I?

J:Well, I was thinking, a lot of people store most of their winter food in the root cellar.

A:Well, you can't do that to everything. What do you think would happen to a roasting ear if you put it in a root cellar?

J:Get stale?

A:Well, it might not be fit for nothing but popcorn.

J:Don't you buy anything at the store?

A:(Laugh) Nothing you can do for yourself!

J:What about things like sugar and flour?

A:Get flour when you get the wheat ground. Get some sugar.

J:How about coffee? Do you drink coffee?

A:No, don't drink no coffee. Buy a little tea once and a while. I like tea.

The next time we encountered Carol, she was still on the farm in 1905.

J:What are you doing?

A:Ohh! I'm so tired! It's a hard day. Ain't no rest.

J:What did you do today?

A:Worked in my garden.

J:Did you just plant it?

A:No, it's been up a long time. You just have to keep after the weeds. Get out there with the hoe. That's just the only thing to do, get 'em out of there!

J:Where is your husband?

A:Don't know. He ain't in the house yet. I just come in to rest a bit before I started supper.

J:How long have you been married now?

A:Oh, God! It seems like a lifetime!

J:Well, tell me about your garden. What are you growing now?

A: Well, our corn's up quite a ways. Been trying to take the hoe and get the dirt up around it. It grows taller like that. I've had my first tomatoes. Had green tomatoes, fried.

J:Do you like them?

A:Yeah, they're pretty good. I like 'em ripe, better. Hate to can 'em, though. I hate that, steaming hot. I wish they had a way to get tomatoes ripe in the winter time.

J:What else are you growing?

A:Oh, okra, squash, planted cucumbers this year. Potatoes are looking good. Even got some watermelon out there, when it gets ripe. I guess I got most everything you want to eat ... beans, peas.

J:Sounds like you won't go hungry.

A:I ain't fixing to go hungry! If I got to work to plant it, and grow it, and can it, I'm going to have what I want to eat.

J:That makes sense.

A:We've got a milk cow or two. Got some he plans on taking in to butcher. He takes them in to Springfield, out near there, just this side of Springfield. A man does a lot of slaughtering there at his house and yard. Does it for the people, and does it cheaper than if you get one of those other guys. And sometimes we sell a little of it, but usually we just butcher what we're going to keep.

J:How do you keep it from spoiling?

A:Oh, we hang it in the smokehouse here.

J:Has any of it ever gone bad on you?

A:No, not since I've been doing it out there in the smokehouse. And I put some of it up. Boil it and put it in the cans, just like I do vegetables, and it keeps pretty good like that.

J:Does it taste just the same?

A:No. You know, it gets kind of stringy, but it's all right. You can

can it with noodles and everything ... salt some of it down. It doesn't taste very good like that, but you can keep it that way. Sometimes, you know, if you run short of meat, you can slaughter in the winter. I always figured that would be a good time to do it, but they don't do it that way. It's something to do with the calves and all that. I don't figure it out exactly. I cook what I get. I like fried chicken. If you can it, it's good canned. It tastes just like fresh.

J: But you don't like cleaning up that chicken house.

A: No, I don't.

J: Do you kill a chicken yourself?

A: I wring its neck.

The recounting of all this farm drudgery may sound repetitious, but it definitely shows it was not something someone would make up as a fantasy life.

On a later tape, Carol had just arrived in Chicago and was very excited about the big town. She had said, "I never dreamed nothing like Chicago! I ain't never leavin' this town!" At this point, Johnny decided to try for more information about life on the farm.

J:Okay. I'm going to count to three, and you'll drift back to the year 1905. Going on back, one, two ...

A:(Interrupted, almost sobbing) I don't want to be back there!

Johnny did not realize the significance of what was happening, and continued to count.

J:We're just drifting back ... three! It's the year 1905. What are you doing?

A: (Sullenly) I don't like it back here.

J: What don't you like?

A:(Angrily) I don't like nothin' back here! I don't like nothin' on this farm! I hate this place!

J: What's your name?

A: (Snapping) Carol!

J:How long have you been living here?

A: I can't remember livin' any place but a farm!

J: What are you doing on this farm, Carol?

A: Durn fool! What's it look like?

J:Are you married?

A: Might call it that.

J:What's your husband doing?

A: Don't know and don’t care!

J: Have you any children?

A: (Shouting) NO!!

J:Okay! Okay! I'm going to count to three, and we'll go ...

Johnny did not realize the significance of her reaction in this regression until we played the tape back. Both of us were deeply impressed by the desperation with which she fought being taken back to the farm after discovering, and loving, Chicago. Obviously, she was subconsciously afraid she might never escape

the farm again, tried to resist going back, but failed, and could only scream and protest in her frustration.

Up to this point, Carol's life seemed to have been unhappy and drab. First, the drudgery of growing up on her parent's farm, then the misery of living with a man she despised. This undoubtedly made her desperate for any way out. Al probably seemed like a knight in shining armor sent to rescue her when he suddenly appeared and offered her an escape. It must have seemed beyond her wildest dreams to hear of the faraway city of Chicago, where everything she longed for could come true.

J:What are you doing?

A: I'm in the hotel.

J:How long have you been there?

A: I think it's been three days. Been so busy.

J:What do you think of this place?

A: Never saw anything so big.

J:Town's as far as you can see, isn't it?

A: Yeah! Pretty stores, lots of things in 'em. They got things I didn't even know people had.

J:What hotel you staying at, June?

A: I don't know. (Pause) Want I should find out?

J:Can you?

A: Soon as Al comes back. He'll tell me.

J:Yeah, find out the name of this place. Do you like your room?

A: Yeah. Soft bed. First time I looked at that, I just jumped in the middle and jumped up and down. Never seen one so fancy.

J:Real comfortable.

A:(Drawn out) Yeah. Sure better than straw.

J:You got your own bathroom there in the room?

A:Yeah! I just went in there, and I just pulled that chain. Soon as that water runs in, I pull it again. I love to watch that.

J:Water just runs and runs, eh? No pumping.

A:Yeah! I don't know how it gets up there. Al says there's pipes, not to worry about it. I don't have to worry about anything now. He told me I didn't have to. Just take what's there and enjoy it. Don't ask no questions; don't worry.

J:How did you get here?

A: Drove here in Al's car.

J:Was it a long trip?

A: It took us awhile. We stopped for business, stopped around.

J:Did you see a lot of country?

A:I suspect I seen enough country to last me a lifetime. I never dreamed nothing like Chicago.

J:You really like this place, eh?

A: I ain't never leavin' this town!

J:Think you'll just live here the rest of your life?

A: Yeah, I am!

A pretty happy Alice in Wonderland. We know that she lived in the Hotel Gibson while Al was having the big house on Lake Road built. Research failed to disclose any road by that name on present day maps. It may be called something else, now. But I discovered that around 1900, spacious estates for the wealthy began to be built out away from town along the north shore of Lake Michigan, and came to be known as the Gold Coast area. This construction stopped during World War I. This fits with the time period she said her house was being built. Another reason for thinking this might be the correct area is that I discovered an item in old microfilm newspaper files of the era. The police found a crematorium that had been used to burn the bodies of rival gangsters. It was hidden on one of the estates in the Gold Coast area on the North Side.

But even after Al and June moved into the house, things were not always smooth, as the next incident illustrates.

She had been regressed to the year 1918.

J:What are you doing?

A: Oh, not much of anything. Trying to read this book, but it's hard.

J:Why?

A: Well, I don't read very good.

J:Oh, you trying to improve your reading?

A:I don't want anybody to say I don't know how to read.

J:What's the name of the book?

A:Bible.

J:Oh, do you go to church, June?

A:(Disgustedly) No!

J:Well, that's the... Bible. You're reading that?

A:Well, I remember people reading out of the Bible when I was a little girl. I don't want to ask anybody for a book, and this one was here.

J:Where are you?

A:In my room.

J:Are you in the hotel?

A:No, I'm in this house. There was a Bible here.

J:Whose house is it?

A: Well, it's one of Al's houses.

J:(Pause) What are you reading in the Bible? Do you just pick a place and start reading some of the words, or are you starting from the beginning and reading the whole thing?

A: Well, I figured when I sat down here, the first page would be easier than the last. But I can't make no sense out of any of them, so I just skip around. These people are sure funny ... all these people in this book. Every place I open up, it's got different characters in it. It's a strange book.

J:Is it hard to understand?

A:No, I figured it out. I got it all figured out right away. Damn fools was crazy.

J:(Laugh) Oh, is that it?

This certainly seemed strange in view of the fact that Anita was brought up as a Catholic, and her children attended a Catholic school. She surely would have been familiar with her Bible in this present life. Johnny had been thinking that the year 1918 was during World War I and he asked a few questions to see if she knew anything about it. But her answers showed that the war had little or no effect on her life. She mentioned parades in the downtown area, but she did not connect that with the country being at war.

J:Do you go out of town a lot?

A:I don't go out too much. Al goes out quite a bit. We go out in that boat on the lake.

J:Is that his boat?

A:Oh, he's got a big boat.

J:Do you like to go sailing on the boat?

A:If you don't go out too far. I like to stay where I can see the land. I ain't no fish. I don't want to get out there where I can't see the land.

J:Can you swim?

A:No, but I can float.

J: Well, those big boats have little boats. In case something happens, you can always climb in the little boat and get back to

land.

A:Yeah, I know. That's what he told me, but I'd just as soon see the land before I go out. Don't want to go that far. (Pause) Oh! (She shook her head.)

J:What's the matter?

A:I don't understand some of these words.

J:Can't say them, eh?

A: Well, it don't make no difference how you say 'em, I don't know what they mean.

J:Got a dictionary around?

A: A what?

J:A dictionary.

A:I don't know. What is it?

J:Oh, it's a book that has all those words in it, and it tells you what they mean.

A:(Surprised) Yeah? I never seen one like that.

J:Let's see. Have you seen a library downtown? (No answer.) Bookstore?

A:I seen a window with nothing but books in it. Must have been a bookstore.

J:Well, that place has probably got one of those things they call a dictionary. And inside of it, that's all it has is just pages and pages of words, and they tell you what these words mean.

A:Huh! I'll be!

J:And when you're reading this book, and you find a word that you don't know what it means, you just dig this other book out, and look that word up and find out what it means. Or what somebody says it means.

A:Uh-huh! I think I need one of them dictionaries. (Pronounced: dictio-naries) Some of it I don't understand anyhow though.

J:Read me that next paragrapb that you're on now.

A:(As though reading slowly and painfully.) He ... maketh me ... lie down ... in green ... pastures. Now, see, that don't make any sense. I don't want to go out in the pasture. I don't want to go lie down out there. You know what you get out there?

J:Chiggers?

A:Stickers, cowpiles. I don't want to go out there. I try, but I don't see nothing about this book. I don't know why they call it a good book.

J:Is that what they call it the Good Book?

A:I never heard it called nothing else for a long time, growing up.

J:Everybody had one of them?

A:Yeah, we even had one.

J:Oh, back when you were a little girl? Did you ever try to read it?

A:No. My daddy could read it. Find something in there to prove anything he wanted to prove. I liked the "shut up" line.

J:The "shut up" line? What's that?

A: Well, if'n you'd ask him somethin' and wouldn't hush, he'd open up that book and he'd read, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Then he'd slam that book shut, and he'd say, "You know what that means? It means, shut up!"

J:(Big laugh) Oh, he said that a lot, eh?

A:Yeah, he said that pretty near every day. Claimed he read the Bible a lot. Ha!

J:Where is this house you're staying at near town? Or are you right downtown?

A: Well, this house isn't so far out, but police kept coming around the other place, and we moved over here for a little bit, till things cool down.

J:Do the police bother you a lot?

A:They come around a lot asking questions, acting smart, threatening me. I ain't scared of 'em.

J:What were they asking questions about?

A:They keep wanting to know all about Al. Where we go and who we see, all kinds of things. I can't tell anybody anything. Al told me to keep my mouth shut about everything, and I do. I didn't tell them nothing when they asked me. They came to my house. They wanted to know about the package.

J:What kind of a package did you have?

A:(Sharply) You won't tell the police, will you?

J:No.

A:I threw it in the lake.

J:Good. They won't find it there. What did the package have in it?

A:It had a gun in it. We wrapped it and we wrapped it in tape and a towel, and bricks even in it, made a big package. And I went out on a boat and I threw it in.

J:What kind of a boat did you go out on?

A:It was a sightseeing thing.

J:Do you know why the police wanted that gun?

A: They wouldn't even tell me they wanted a gun. They asked if I had a package. They thought they saw him give me a package. And I told 'em I didn't know what they were talking about. I don't talk. Al treats me good, and I'm not talking.

J: That's right.

A: I don't have to cook. I don't have to do anything.

Upon awakening from this session and while discussing it, Anita said the gun sequence had an odd effect upon her. She had had a recurrent dream for years about going out on a boat and throwing something overboard. She had assumed it might be a dream of some future event because it made no sense. She also remembered a peculiar incident that had occurred when she was living around New York City. She went out on a ferry boat with a group of other women. Anita felt uneasy the whole time and kept standing by the railing and staring at the water. She had the overwhelming urge to throw something in the water. She unexplainably said to one of the other women in exasperation, "I don't have a package. Give me your purse. I'll throw that in!" Needless to say, they didn't let her do it. But she could never understand the reason for her strange

actions.

Why should something like that bother Anita into another lifetime? Could it be that, although June was surrounded by others involved in crime, this was the first time she actually participated in something illegal? She could look the other way and pretend that it did not exist, but it troubled her when she herself was involved. Then, too, there was Anita's aversion to violence lurking in the background.

The next sequence entered the "roaring twenties."

J: What are you doing?

A: Trying to feel better.

J: Have you been sick?

A: Oh, not really sick. I think it was something I ate or drank.

J: Sounds like you've been to a party. What were you drinking?

A: (She held her head.) I don't know what it was, but it tasted awful!

J:Where was the party?

A: I gave it at the hotel. (Groan) I still feel dizzy!

J: What hotel was that?

A: Gibson. They got a big dining room, nice place for partyin'.

J:Are you living at the Gibson Hotel now?

A: No, I have my own house.

J:Where?

A:Why, it's just right here! I'm in it!

J:What I'm getting at what is the address here?

A:Lake Road.

J:Do you have a house number?

A:No, it's just Lake Road.

J:You mean, if I sent you a get well card addressed to you on Lake Road, you'd get it?

A:Hey! That would be nice! I never got anything like that before. I never get any mail at all!

J:Do you ever send out any?

A:No. Who would I write to?

J:Oh, you know lots of people.

A:Well, I see them every day. I just don't ever get any letters.

J:Do you ever think about writing to your folks?

A:No! Might want me to come back or something. I don't want to do that. I'd rather just stay here. I have a pretty good life. Don't want to mess it up now.

J:How old are you, June?

A:I wish you wouldn't ask me that! I just don't like to talk about that!

J:Okay. Has Al been around lately?

A:He took me to the party last night.

J:I mean this morning. Did he drop by to see how you feel?

A:I haven't got out of this bed yet. I think he's in his room. I may not get up today at all.

J:Yeah. Maybe you'd better take it easy today. Did you meet anybody new at the party last night?

A: Well, a couple of men that were there. There were some cops.

J:Cops? At your party?

A:Yeah. That was one of the reasons we had the party. They get a good look at everybody and they'll know who not to bother. They don't know much yet. But they better not ever stop me for anything! They don't bother me!

J:Did somebody introduce them to you?

A:No. Oh, Al pointed me out to them. Always kinda embarrasses me a little bit. I talked to them a little while. Never was introduced to them. Al said I didn't have to talk to them, that was beneath me. Just so they knew who I was and to never bother me.

Times had certainly changed from the previous episode when they were so harassed by the police that they had to move out of the house for awhile until things cooled off. Prohibition became law in 1920 and it appeared that in the beginning, the police tried to enforce it. Later as the gangs took more control over the city, things changed. It was often rumored that Big Bill Thompson, the mayor of Chicago during those turbulent years, was on the gangster's payroll. This seems to coincide with what June said earlier about attending a party at the Mayor's house. In 1930, when the crackdown on the gangs began, these connections were found to be true. It was then called the "Triple Alliance" between the

gangs, police, judges and high politicians.

On another occasion when we talked to June, she had returned from a party and was sleeping. This time, she was uncooperative and wouldn't talk to us. She wanted us to leave her alone so she could sleep it off. When these odd circumstances arose, it showed that you never know where a person will go during a regression session. It gave more evidence that we were actually speaking to a living human being, and it showed how completely Anita was identifying with the other personality. So Johnny moved on to another time in the 1920s.

This incident contained a description of how the gang operated. There was also the first indication that she was getting sick.

A:Not doing anything today. (Flippant) No, I don't think I'll do anything. I just feel like taking it easy.

J:What'd you do yesterday?

A:I went shopping.

J:What'd you buy?

A:Oh, I bought some hats, and I bought some shoes. They're silver shoes.

J:Silver? Do you have a dress for them to go with?

A:I'm having one made.

J:I bet those shoes cost a lot of money.

A:You better believe it. I paid nine dollars for these.

J:Boy! They ought to last a long time.

A:No, they don't last very long. I'll wear them out dancing. I get short of breath when I dance too long now. I sure do like to dance, though.

J:What do you plan on doing tomorrow, June?

A:Well, I don't know. It isn't tomorrow yet. I might go somewhere tonight. If I go somewhere tonight, I'll rest tomorrow. I never know if I'm going to get to go somewhere or not. I stay home pretty much in the evenings and wait for Al. If he comes, we go somewhere, if he wants to. Sometimes we just spend the night here.

J:Has he been over recently?

A:He was over last night.

J:Did he like the shoes and the hats you bought? Or did you show him?

A:I don't show him much. I just wear them. I used to show him everything I bought, like a little kid. Now, I just tell him if I want something, or else I just go get it. If he doesn't like it, he lets me know that.

J:Oh, but he doesn't know about those nine dollar shoes.

A:Ah, he won't care. He bought me some one time and paid $30 for 'em. He said they make more expensive ones than that some places. I should have what I want.

J:For a pair of shoes? Seems like to me, $30 would buy lots of pairs of shoes.

A: Well, he laughed; he said some poor suckers don't have that much to eat on in a month.

J:Yes, I guess some of those people work a long time for $30.

A:Not me! Not me!

J:Been to any parties lately?

A: Well, we got one coming up next month that's going to be the granddaddy of them all. I'm going to have to have a lot of extra help for that one.

J:Are you going to have it here at your place?

A:Yeah. I don't do that too often anymore, but I think it'll be a good time to do it.

J:What kind of a party is it going to be?

A: Well, we could call it a Fourth-of-July party, but it ain't really. We're going to have fireworks and do all kinds of things. They're cover-up really.

J:Cover-up? What's really going on?

A:They're going to kill two men. Down by the garage.

J:Did Al tell you this?

A:No, he didn't tell me. I heard him say it though.

J:What? Two of his friends or...

A:Well, it seems funny to me to kill your own friends, but I tell ya', I believe Al would kill his own mother if it suited him. Can't play both sides of the field.

J:Are they someone that he works with, and he's going to have at the party?

A:Yeah. He said, let it coast awhile; let 'em think they’re mighty safe and got away with it.

J:What’d they do?

A: Well, I ain’t too sure. It had something to do with some money and a girl.

J:Oh, do you think maybe they stole some money from him?

A: Well, I think they did. I think they played two sides of the fence. They let that girl go someplace she wasn’t supposed to.

J:Think Al... is Al going to do the killing?

A:Well ... he did early in the game. He did his share, I guess, but he don’t have to do that now. Don’t take no chances.

J:He has somebody else do it for him?

A:All he has to do is say, "You know such-and-such a person?” The man would say, "Yeah." He’ll say, "I hear they’re not going to be with us long." I heard him talking to a man, and he said, "I hear they’re going out to a party on the Fourth of July, and I hear there's going to be an accident." And he laughed and said, "Yeahhh, those son-of-a-bitches ain't going home."

J:What kind of an accident do you think they're going to have?

A:Well, I got to thinkin, might be havin' all those fireworks to cover up a lot of noise. Maybe they’re going to shoot 'em.

J:They'll have to do something with the men after they kill them.

A:Oh, that ain't no trouble at all. You can get rid of a body pretty easy.

J:What do they do?

A:Oh, you just throw 'em in a pit of quick lime, cover 'em up and let it work a while. Don’t take long.

That was a surprise. My first assumption was that they would throw the bodies in the lake, since they were so close to the water. Apparently they had more thorough methods.

J:That dissolves the body?

A:Oh, it eats down to everything, they tell me.

J:They done that before?

A:I heard 'em talk about it. When my little dog bit Al, he said he was going to throw it in one of those pits, and he wasn't going to give it the grace of a bullet first. He didn't do it, though.

J:What kind of a dog do you have?

A: Well, he had to be put to sleep a year or so ago, but I had an awful cute little dog. He was just one of those little bitty dogs. I found it on a road; brought it home. Al never did like that dog. It barked and growled at him all the time. It got to where, if Al was home, I had to keep that dog out in the garage or someplace. One day, he dropped in and that dog was in my room with me, and that dog was going to tear him up. That's when he threatened to get rid of it.

J:It was a small dog?

A:Oh, I guess it was just what you'd call a middle dog; wasn't too big, wasn’t too little. I don’t like those dogs that look like rats.

J:Did you have a name for the dog?

A: Well ... he had a name. I called him Peter. I don't know why, it just seemed like a good name for him. Al said it was plain vulgar, but I didn't mean it like that. He was just a nice little dog. I just called him that anyhow. I liked that dog. You know, that dog never let anybody touch me. He used to sit and cry the whole time he was in the garage.

J:You say you found him out in the road?

A:Yeah. We was drivin' and he was layin' by the side of the road whimperin'. I thought maybe he'd been hit. I wanted to stop and take him to a doctor. When I picked it up, I saw it was just hungry. Looked like it was all bones; hair was fallin' out. Al said it was the awfullest-lookin' thing he ever saw. The dog started growlin' at him right away. I told him what my daddy said: that a dog knew good people from bad people.

J:What'd Al think of that?

A: Why, he told me if he growled at bad people, I was as bad as he was. I just laughed. I know better than that. We fuss about that sometimes. But I kept that dog, and in no time at all, he was running around there, looking frisky. Hair came back smooth and nice.

J:Did he lose a lot of his hair?

A:Yeah. It didn't fall out in spots like plain old mange or nothin'. But the hair was thin and looked all dried out and brittle. I used to wash him in a tub, and I fed him some eggs and milk every day nearly. Grind up his meat for him. Al said I treated that dog better than I did him.

J:You say you had to put the dog to sleep?

A: Well, he got out there one day and got hit in the drive, and the poor little old thing's leg was all crushed. He was old, I guess, and the doctor looked at that and said he didn't think he'd ever be the same. I couldn’t stand to see the little feller suffer. I know how much I love to go. When I can't get out and go, it hurts me; I cry. I couldn’t do that to him. I wish somebody would put me to sleep sometimes.

J:Why, June?

A:Oh, some days I feel real good. I have some days it's hard to breathe. Start coughin' and coughin' my damn fool head off.

J:Ever cough up any blood?

A:Yeah, sometimes. Just little spots now and then.

J:What does the doctor say about that?

A:He said it was because I cough so hard I make my throat sore. But it's my chest that hurts.

J:Have you been coughing for a long time?

A: Well, it started out a couple of years ago with a cold, and the cough seemed to just hang on and hang on. And it's beginning to get worse and worse, and I hate it when I do that. It makes me feel like I'm all weak.

J:Maybe you should go to bed and rest for a few days.

A:Well, I can’t stay in bed days at a time. I have bed sores on my back from layin’ in bed as much as they tell me. We can go on and pretty soon I feel all right. I rest more, that's all. Voice gets deep sometimes.

J:Oh, it affects your voice, too?

A:Seems like sometimes it's hard to talk. I don't talk as I did a long time ago when I was younger. (Louder) I mean, not that I'm old!

J:Oh, no! Why, you don't look a day over ... 35.

A:Yeah? Thanks!

J:Are you a day over 35?

A:Do I look it?

J:No.

A:Then I ain't! Man's as old as he feels, and a woman's as old as she looks!

J: (Pause) What are you going to do to get ready for this Fourth of July party?

A:Oh, you know, comes fireworks, and going to buy some things to drink, I guess. Have some people come in and play music.

J:A band?

A: Well, yeah, I guess you'd call them that four or five people. I'm going to have two extra cooks here cookin'.

J:What are you planning on serving?

A: Why, I just thought I'd have some baked hams, have them sliced. Have all kinds of stuff to go with hams.

J:That's good. Almost everybody likes ham. I wonder how well those two men who ain't going to leave the party like ham?

A:Al asked them what they liked to eat. They think they're going to

be very special guests. Al told 'em there wasn't nobody going to be treated like they were that night.

J:(Laugh) But he didn't tell them how they were going to be treated, did he?

A:No, their chests all puffed up, and you could tell they thought they were going to get a promotion. Al said if they've been livin' good, they may be going up a lot higher.

These double entendres were entertaining, but Anita's voice suddenly became strained and faded. She groaned, "Oooh ... my chest is hurtin'." Then her voice began to sound hoarse.

J:Do you have a worse cough in summer or winter?

A:(Her voice sounded gravelly) Well, I guess it's really worse in the winter. Oooh ... (she sounded as though she was in pain).

J:Maybe sitting out in the sun will help it a little bit.

A:(She tried to clear her throat.) Well, I guess they say ...

Her voice became so hoarse that it was difficult to hear. Then she started coughing.

J:It seems like the doctors would have some medicine that would take good care of this.

A:Naw, it don't work too good. Sometimes it does; sometimes it doesn't. (She sounded weak.)

Johnny took her forward in time to relieve her discomfort. As soon as he finished counting her voice was fine.

J:I'm going to count to three, and we'll go forward to 1930. (Counted) It's 1930; what are you doing now?

A: I don't see anything.

J:You don't? ... How old are you?

A:(Matter-of-factly) I don't think I'm anything.

Until this point, she had been so consistent that the only explanation we could come to was that she was no longer involved with the life of June/Carol. This meant that she must have died before 1930, but when and how? It also brought up an interesting point. If Anita had merely been inventing a fantasy story to please the hypnotist (as has been suggested), why didn't she continue? Why did she suddenly hit a blank wall when Johnny took her ahead to 1930? If she had indeed died before that time, he would now have to backtrack and find out the circumstances. But it would have to be done carefully so as to not put ideas into her head. Without revealing his thoughts about the situation, he counted her backward again to the year 1927.

J:It's 1927. What are you doing now?

A: Driving in my car. (Apparently she had returned to June's life.)

J:Where are you going?

A: Just driving, as fast as I can. ... I'm mad. (She sounded like it.)

J:Why are you mad?

A:I haven't seen Al. He won't come to the phone. It’s been three days. He said he was busy on a job.

J:Maybe he had to go out of town.

A: (Sarcastic) I get that story a lot.

J:Where are you driving?

A: On a road, just out in the country.

J:And how fast are you going?

A:Oh, I'm going pretty fast almost 30.

J:How old are you now? It's 1927? Are you around 50?

A:Pretty close. Closer than I'll admit. Even dye, you can't cover up the wrinkles. Dye your hair, but the wrinkles show. (She sounded very depressed.)

J:Why? Are you starting to get a couple of wrinkles?

A:Yeah. I'm not pretty any more. I was beautiful, but I'm not now. Wrinkled and old. Just no good. Nothing was ever any good. (She sounded very sad.)

J:Well, you've been having a ball. Really living.

A:Yeah. But I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything for anybody. I could have sent my mother some money. She could have used it. ... I spent it on me.

J:Are you still driving down the road?

A:(Depressed) No, I stopped at the lake. Almost dark, but it's not really. It's different tonight.

J:How is it different?

A:(Very sad) I want to jump in, but I'm scared. ... I'm close to the water. I'm looking at it.

We knew she must have died somewhere in the late 1920s. Did she

commit suicide? Johnny knew he couldn’t come right out and ask her, for fear of suggesting it. So he decided to keep her talking, and let her tell her own story without influence from us.

J:What time of the year is it?

A:Late spring. I see lilacs, and the bushes are all around. (Long pause) I want to go home, but nobody's there. ... I'm all by myself ... It's no fun to be alone. ... I just see Al sometimes.

J:I bet if you drive back home and give Al a call, he'll be there.

A:(Her voice was a whisper.) I don’t think so. He's just nice because he doesn't want me to talk. He knows I won't talk. He knows I love him.

It looked as if she was not going to say what happened. Johnny did not want to force the issue, so he would have to continue to see if he could find out what happened. It became apparent from the sessions that follow that she did not kill herself that dark night by the lake, although she must have been terribly depressed to have thought about it.

In the next sequence, she refers to a trip she had taken. On two separate occasions months apart, she mentioned the same trip, so I have combined them because they contained essentially the same facts. June was obviously sick, and it appeared she was coming close to the end of her life.

Johnny had regressed her to the late 1920s, and he had hardly finished counting when she started coughing hard and drawn out. When she stopped, he continued.

J:How do you feel, June?

A: (Hesitantly) I feel weak. Trying to get feeling better.

J:What seems to be the trouble?

A:I just got a little cold, I guess. I can't breathe good. Sick ... over a week. About a week ago. I didn’t think I'd ever get back here.

J:Where were you?

A:Oh, I took a trip with Al. We were going to go to New York, but we never made it. We stopped in Detroit.

Apparently, June had gotten sick on the trip and that was why they didn't make it all the way.

J:Detroit? Boy, that's a long ways away.

A:I swear. Ain’t near as good as Chicago. Not like this town! I like this town better.

J:Ain't near as big either, is it?

A:I don't know. It looks pretty big size, but it ain't got the class Chicago's got. I don't ever like to leave here. We went on ... sort of like business, but I bought a lot of things and had a good time.

J:Who went with you?

A:Oh, I went with this girl and her husband, and Al. It was supposed to be business, and we went with them so it didn't look like just men traveling alone. And we took this girl’s ... I think it was her cousin or her niece ... a little girl with us. Al said we looked like one big happy family.

I found that during this time period there was a gang known as the "Purple Gang" in Detroit. Was this the reason for their not wanting to be detected on the "business" trip?

J:That's a long trip to Detroit, isn't it?

A:We drove. It's a long ... takes quite a while, yep. Go too far in a day and you just get so tired.

J:Is the other woman a good friend of yours, or did you just meet before the trip ?

A: Well, I know her. They come to the house. She's not really a good friend. They're over here a lot on business, and things.

J:Do you have many friends around here?

A: Well, Al doesn't like me to get too friendly with some people. I see people. He brings people here a lot. I don't get real close to anybody.

J:You mean they're mostly business friends of Al's?

A:Yes, and their girlfriends. Be careful what you say, even to them.

She started coughing again violently.

A:Can't seem to get over this cold. I think my lungs are a little weak. It's hard to breathe sometimes.

J:Well, I think the sunshine will probably help a lot. That's just as good as taking medicine.

A:I think it's better. Medicine sometimes makes you sleepy. Just rest natural's better.

J:Has the doctor been to see you?

A:Oh, I've had two or three since I got sick.

J:What do they say is wrong?

A:They don't ever tell me. They give me some shots and give me some medicine. It makes me sleep a lot.

J:What's your doctor's name? Do you have one doctor that takes care of you all the time?

A:I ain't seein' him. He asked another doctor to see me, to see what he thought was the matter. Said he'd know more about it than him.

J:Oh, different doctors have different fields they work in. One doctor might know a little more about colds, and another doctor might know a little bit more about broken arms.

A:This one ain't very smart.

J:He isn't?

A:No, he's not! He thinks I'm going to leave Chicago. He ain't very smart at all. I ain't leaving here. Yeah, he said a hot, dry climate. 1 told him I've been on a hot, dry farm. It didn't do me a lick of good. I like it here.

J:What's that doctor's name?

A: Well, I think it's Brownlee.

J:I'll make sure I don't get him.

A:No, don't! He wants to send everybody to Arizona.

J:Arizona? Where's that?

A:God only knows. Off the end of the earth, I guess. I asked him right away, was it in Chicago? And he laughed and said, no. And Al said, forget it, she won't go.

J:Hot dry climate. What'd your regular doctor have to say about

that?

A:Well, he told me I ought to do whatever this man said. I just asked him, was they in cahoots. Must be selling land in Arizona. This gal's staying in Chicago. I like it.

J:What's your regular doctor's name?

A:Oh, it's Lipscomb.

Later, I wrote to the American Medical Association in Chicago. I asked if a doctor by either of those names had practiced in Chicago during the late 1920s. They wrote back saying: "James W. Lipscomb, M.D., died April 25, 1936, Chicago." They could not identify Brownlee. The year of Lipscomb's death would indicate that he had probably been practicing in Chicago at the time in question, and the name is not a common one. The fact that Brownlee was not identified would not be too odd because he sounded like a specialist and could have come from anywhere. Also, she was not sure of his name. When you start on the difficult task of trying to verify something like this, any small piece that checks out is like finding a diamond in the sand. Ask anyone who ever tried to research their family tree.

J:Lipscomb. Is he a good doctor?

A: Well, I thought so until he brought this guy here. I don't believe none of them. He said cold weather hurt me. I like cold weather.

J:Is your trouble in your throat?

A: I just can't breathe as good, and I cough a lot.

J:But it hurts all over your chest, you say?

A: When I cough, it hurts.

J:Well, is the weather cold and damp outside?

A: Well, living by this lake, I guess it's damp most of the time; that's what they say. It never struck me as being damp. I like it.

J:What month is this?

A: It's December.

J:Been any snow on the ground?

A: A couple of little skiffs.

J:That probably doesn't help your cough any, and your breathing.

A:It didn't ever seem to hurt it any. ... (She became suspicious.) You ain't a doctor, are you?

J:No. ... But I'll remember that man's name though, the one that's trying to sell land in Arizona.

A:Durn fool!

Chapter 5

The Death of June/Carol

It was obvious that June's health had greatly deteriorated, but she maintained her sense of humor until the end. Two other short episodes confirmed that she was sick in bed all the month of July 1927. They contained essentially the same data as given here.

J:It’s July 27, 1927. What are you doing now?

A(Her voice was almost a whisper.) I'm in bed.

J:How do you feel? Do you have a cold?

A:No, I'm just sick ... tired. Very weak.

J:Has the doctor been to see you?

A:He comes every day. He gives me shots.

J:How soon does he say you'll be well?

A:He tells me any day now ... but every day I feel weaker.

J:Does he know what's wrong with you?

A:No, he says he doesn't. But ... he says it’s my age. Can you imagine that! I told him I was 40, and he just laughed. He knows better. Al comes to see me every day. He brings me flowers. He said he was sorry we didn't get married.

J:Is he still married to his wife?

A:Yeah. He could never leave her and divorce her. He couldn’t do it. He wanted to, but he just couldn't.

Johnny moved her forward one more day to July 28, and was surprised by her reaction.

J: It’s July 28,1927. What are you doing?

A: I’m free again!

J:Free? Where are you?

A: Floating and waiting. I'm waiting at the house.

J:What do you see in the house?

A: I see everything, and Al. He's crying.

J:Are you there?

A: I'm there in the bed. I’m looking at myself.

J:Oh? How do you look?

A: (Matter-of-fact) I guess I look like any other corpse.

J:(Shocked) You mean ... you're dead?

A: Yes.

We had not expected this. I really don’t know what we expected would happen if she were regressed to the point of death. But she was talking with us the same way she had during the life of June/Carol. Her personality was certainly intact and she seemed no different. Still, it was difficult for Johnny to think how to phrase his questions. How do you talk to a dead person?

J:What did you die from?

A:My heart ... and the blood. I choked on the blood. I remember talkin' and I kept chokin'. Al cried, and the doctor did all he could, but I just died. And I can see me.

This so unsettled Johnny that he thought it best to move to another scene. He couldn't maintain an objective attitude until he had time to absorb such startling information. But every time he took her to that time period at the end of the 1920s, she would return to this "dead" or spirit state. Eventually, we learned to deal with it and think of objective questions. What do you ask someone after they have died? It opened up a wealth of possible information, once the shock wore off. It must be remembered that our experiment into reincarnation was occurring before any books in the Western world were available that might have helped us deal with the situation. I suppose we could have been frightened by this turn of events and stopped working with Anita on this, but our curiosity was great.

From another session:

A:I'm in a cemetery. No, it's not a cemetery. There's just a few people in this place with me a family cemetery. And I can see myself, but I'm buried.

J:Can you see the other people?

A:No, but I know they're here. I talk to some of them. We talked about Al's wife. She didn't want me buried there. She said, of all the insults, that was the worst. I'm in his family cemetery.

J:And who are you talking to?

A: Well, it's Al's mother. I think it's his mother. She's been dead longer than I have. She told me not to be scared. This cemetery ...

it’s on Al’s mother's place. The house has been sold now, but they kept this land right here for the cemetery. They didn't want nobody bothering it.

J:Is that right there in Chicago?

A:Oh, no. It's out in the country quite a ways. Several miles. It was so funny, because I thought I’d have to stay there, and at first, I was scared. And his mother started talking to me, and telling me all about it and how not to be scared.

J:Do you remember what happened?

A:Well, I remember I was very sick and couldn't breathe. And all of a sudden, I couldn't feel anything. And everybody began crying, and I sort of stood there by my bed. And it scared me that I could see me laying there. Very strange at first. Then I stayed right with that body. I thought I had to. I didn’t know I could leave it.

J:Is that when you first saw Al’s mother?

A:Yes. I saw her at the cemetery. I was afraid I'd have to be in that body, and I didn't want to be buried. I was awfully scared at first. But now I'm not scared. She told me I don't have to stay there at the cemetery. I can go anywhere I want to. Just do whatever I want to do. They tell me there's things that I’ll have to do later, but so far, I haven't been told anything.

J:She told you this?

A:Yes, she told me about it. She talked to me a long time.

J:Is she there now?

A:No, she went somewhere. I asked her where and she tried to explain. I don’t understand it, though.

J:What’d she say?

A:That sometimes you are told to go do things, and you go and do them. I just asked her, what if I didn't want to. And she laughed and said I'd want to. I never had anybody tell me I had to do something for a long time. I don't know about that.

J:You say you're in the cemetery? Can you see where your body was buried?

A:Yes. I have a cross.

J:Is there anything written on that cross?

A:My name. And it says, "My beloved lays here." And it says, July 28, 1927."

J:Anything else on it?

A: Just that. And my name: June ... Gagiliano.

J:Gagiliano? I thought you and Al never married!

A:He loved me, but he couldn't marry me.

J:But he gave you his name on your gravestone.

A:Yes. ... Before I died, he said he would. He said it was his last gift.

No wonder Al’s wife was angry. Not only was June buried in the family cemetery, she was given his name as well.

In another session:

J:What are you doing, June?

A:Sitting here in this yard. This house was mine.

J:This house was yours?

A:Yes. I wish I could stay at this house.

J:Can't you stay here?

A:No. I have to go places some day. I would stay here if they would let me. This house was a palace to me.

J:Did someone tell you that you'd have to leave?

A: You mustn't stay in houses and scare people or anything like that.

J: Who told you this?

A:Al's mother.

J:What's been going on around your house, now?

A:They're packing my things.

J:Who is?

A:Al. He won't let anybody else touch any of my things.

J:What's he going to do with them?

A:I don't know. Give them away, I guess. Some of them I think he'll always keep. He's putting everything in trunks and boxes.

J:Maybe he's going to take it over to his house.

A:I don't know. He keeps talking. He doesn't know I can hear him. He tells me he loved me. Tells me nobody else ever meant anything to him. He wants me back. I don't really want to go back though.

J:No? I thought you liked your life there.

A:I liked it. It’s better not to worry. To be here. He’ll be here too, someday. Everybody comes here.

J:You talk about coming here. Where's here? You're here in the yard.

A:To this world. Everybody dies, and their spirit is free again. I don't know everything yet. I have to learn more. But it's a nice feeling to be here.

J:And where do you come from?

A:I come from nowhere. I just go around places.

J:And how is this world you're in? Is it hot?

A:Oh, no.

J:Is it cold?

A:No, it's just right.

J:And how do you move around? Do you float or...

A:I just decide where I want to be, and I'm there. You seem to just move by magic. I don't understand it; I just do it. It'll come to me, they say.

J:Do you move fast?

A:Oh, yes. Or if you want to, you can go slow.

In another session:

J:What are you doing?

A: Waiting for Al to come here.

J:Where are you?

A: Just sitting here, waiting in the cemetery.

J:Is Al going to be here soon?

A:Before much longer, I think. Shouldn't be long.

J:How do you tell time?

A:Oh, you just sort of judge. It's just something you know. It’s not like it used to be, where you had to do everything on schedule.

J:So you think Al will be here pretty soon ?

A:Before the year's over.

J:How do you know he's going to be here?

A: His mother told me. And when I went to see him, I could tell.

J:How could you tell?

A:I just looked at him and I could tell.

J:You mean, looking at his person, you could tell that he was going to be there with you shortly?

A:Yes, I could feel it.

J:Can you describe to me this feeling, or how it affects you?

A:I don't know how to make you understand. You just look at someone and you feel it, just like you know their name and everything there is to know about them. It’s even more than that. It’s just like you know how tall they are, what color their hair is, and you know when they’re going to be there with you. You can tell all about everything in the past, and ... everything.

J:And you say you can see in their past?

A:Sometimes, yes. I could tell a lot about Al, more than I ever knew all the years I knew him. Because before when he said something to me, I either had to believe it and wonder, or think it wasn't true and wonder. Now I can just look at him, and I know.

J:Tell me some of these things about Al that you've learned now, that you didn't know before.

A:Well, always before he used to tell me how much he loved me, but sometimes he was so hateful. I never knew if he really did or not. Now, I know he always did love me very much. And I worried sometimes when I didn't see him, wondered where he was, and if he had another girl friend. And when I looked at him, these things, I just knew. He didn't really love anybody but me.

J:But he was married and had children.

A:Yes, yes. But he wasn't happy with her. I'm not jealous of her any more. I used to be. I wanted him to marry me, but I know now ...

J:Can you look at Al and see what kind of work he was doing?

A:Yes, I could tell. (Sadly) Oh, he's in all kinds of bad things. He always told me before not to ask him. I knew a little bit, but I didn't want to know anything bad. (Almost sobbing) So I just didn't think about it. And when I found out, I was so hurt. I don't think he's going to get out of it. They'll kill him before it's over.

J:What does he do?

A:Well, he makes things that he isn't supposed to. He's in charge of a lot of things that aren't right. Transports women back and forth.

J:Back and forth where?

A:Different towns, different states. They call it "white slave."

J:What are these things that he's making?

A:They buy this white powder. I've seen him do it, now. They mix sugar and some other stuff in it, and they sell it. Put it in little envelopes and sell it.

J:Anything else that he makes?

A:Well, they get guns to people that want them. He's even had people killed. I don't think he's ever done it himself, but he's had people killed.

J:Does he get somebody else to do it?

A:Oh, there's a lot of boys who work for him.

J:Is he the head man?

A:He's one of the big boys. They don't have very many ahead of him.

J:Is there anybody that's his boss?

A:There's two more, up higher.

J:Who are they?

A: Well, I saw him talk to one that's with him. He's in charge of another territory, and they talk about the boss. There's one of them so high up, they'll never catch him. I don't think they'll ever know who he is, or if he was involved or not.

J:But you don't know who he is?

A:I don't know that very top one. When I first found out, I was scared. I didn't try to find out very much. I hate to know such things about him, but I know he worked with Frank.

J:Frank? Is that the boss?

A: That's the one.

J:Is that the one so high no one will ever touch him?

A:No. Frank's just ... when they get him, they're going to think they've got the top man.

J:Do you know his full name?

A:Well, when I used to know him, I didn't know he was the boss. But when I went back to see Al, I knew then. I knew his name and everything then. I didn't before.

Johnny and I were literally holding our breath. Would we get something that could be verified?

J:What's his last name?

A:Nitti.

J:Nitti. Frank Nitti. Did you know him well?

A:Oh, I've seen him. I've seen him a lot. I didn't think he was very smart. Isn't that funny?

J:And here he's the boss over Al.

A: Yes, I thought Al was his boss. Nobody ever knew just exactly what Frank did. Al always said he had a bad temper. Don't ask any questions. Whatever he says, agree and act like you mean it.

So, at last we had the name of an actual person. Anyone who is familiar with the stories of the roaring twenties and the Al Capone and Frank Nitti gangs, know of their notorious reputations. They were some of the most notable figures of that flamboyant era. But just try to find any information about his gang! The Chicago Tribune and Chicago Police Department were not able to help me at all.

The Chicago Tribune could not even give any information about Frank Nitti, whom we know lived. They wrote back, “We are sorry that we are unable to be very helpful concerning your questions about Chicago's early crime history. Our files of articles are only fragmentary in respect to that period and we could find nothing concerning the subjects of your inquiry, i.e., Frank Nitti and his gang."

The Chicago Police Department was also a dead end. They did not even answer my letter. The best source of information turned out to be an old book that I found in the University of Arkansas Library. It was printed in 1929 and is considered a rarity. It was Organized Crime in Chicago, by John Landesco. Frank Nitti, also known as the “Enforcer,” was second in command and the business manager of Al Capone's syndicate. He handled most of the protection money. It has been impossible to find information about men who may have worked for him. Landesco stated that the system of keeping records in the police department was very primitive in those days. Fingerprints were taken, but if the person had no record, these were not filed, but were thrown out. The records were extremely incomplete, and some very important gang leaders had no records at all or very meager ones. The newspapers of the time (which I located on microfilm) told more about what was happening than records.

Also it seems that the name Gagiliano is a common one in Chicago, although it was strange to us. So a search through the police files would be a matter of separating the wheat from the chaff and hoping you would find something. It would also be extremely time consuming. Then too, June mentioned that Al did not want anyone to know his real name. He may have gone by another name with the gang in order to protect his family.

Under these circumstances, any research into this era becomes extremely difficult. On the surface, this would not appear to be the case, since the events occurred in the fairly recent past. And it was disappointing when these obstacles began to appear.

During another session, Anita was asked where she was.

A:I'm just going around places. Just doing what I'm told ...learning. Sometimes I go back to my own house, but there's other people living there now, and it's not very pretty any more. They didn't take care of it. They let my white walls get dirty. It needs paint. I don't like to see them. They move my furniture. They move things around, and I don't like it, so I don't go very often.

J:Where do you stay most of the time?

A: With Al. At his house.

J:Do you think he can see you?

A:I talk to him, but he doesn't hear me. He cries a lot. He's getting old, too. I don't love him like I did, but I feel close.

J:You don't love him?

A: Not like I loved him then. I feel much closer.

J:Do you think you'll wait here until he dies?

A:No. I know how he's going to die. I don’t want to see it.

J:How do you know?

A:I can see it. (Upset) I can see it. If you concentrate, you can see things.

J:How will Al die?

A:They're going to kill him. The police are going to shoot him. They’ve been watching him for a long time. And they’re finally going to kill him.

J:What year will it be when they shoot him?

A: Not long from now. Before this year ends.

J:Can you concentrate and see ahead as to what you are going to do ?

A:(Long pause) I'm going to stay here awhile. I have to talk to Al. Tell him I understand about all the things. Then I'm going to just leave.

J:Where do you think you will go?

A:I don’t know. I thought I'd go to Hell when I died, but I didn’t. I'm not burning!

J:Have you seen Heaven?

A:No. I've talked about it with Al’s mother. She hasn't been there yet, either. We just sort of look around and see things.

J:You can see the buildings. You can see things as they were when

you were alive?

A:Yes. I can walk right through the buildings. I can talk, I can scream, and they can't hear me. No one can hear me. If they'd concentrate, they could hear me. Everybody could hear spirits if they'd just concentrate. Some people are afraid of spirits. They try to warn you, but they don't hurt you. I talk to Al, and I tell him, "Don't go there tonight! Don't go there; don't go there! The police are watching."

J:Where's he going?

A:He's going to this place where they make stuff.

J:Whiskey?

A:All kinds of stuff. He goes there and supervises. He tells them where to take it. The police have been watching him for a long time. They're going to really crack down.

According to old newspaper files, the crackdown began in 1929 when as many as 3,000 were arrested in one day. It continued into 1930 when the newspapers listed the policemen's names and the number of gangsters each had killed. The Commissioner was told he would get all of the help he and his squads of "killing policemen" would need. The gangsters' names were not listed because there were too many being arrested or killed. It is logical to assume that Al's death occurred around this time.

J:You're not going to stay around and watch him die?

A:I don't want to see him die.

J:But you said you want to talk to him though.

A:When he's buried, we'll talk. I won't go to where it's going to

happen. I'm going to stay right here and wait for him.

J:He'll be buried there at the family cemetery?

A:Yeah. They're going to put him there. His wife is mad. She doesn't want him near me.

J:Can you see when his wife's going to die?

A:She's going to live some more. She will live for their grandchildren. His sons are all married now, and they are going to have grandchildren.

J:Do you see Al after he's dead?

A:I see his spirit. We talk.

J:Is Al's mother there, too?

A:She talked to us. She knows he loved me when he lived. Our spirits were close. We can't stay together long though. It seems like I have to go someplace else.

J:You have to go?

A:They call you when they need you.

J:Who calls you?

A:There's this voice that calls me. It's calling me away.

J:And where do you go?

A:I don't know. ... Follow, float and follow. ... Al's already called. I waited for him. He's going. He's going. ... (Pause) There's this woman. She keeps praying for help.

J:What woman?

A:I don't know. I go there, but I don't like it. It's in Missouri. This woman moved away from the farm. She didn't like it on the farm either. Maybe that's why I'm supposed to help her. But she's dumb. I talk to her, but she doesn't listen. If I make noises, she listens to noises. She calls them warnings.

J:And this woman is praying?

A:She's saying, "Please, God, help me. I can't stand it again." She's working awfully hard. She has a lot of children. (Pause) Oh, God, I don't want to have to stay here. ... It's like before. ... Her husband's mean to her. I try to tell her to leave, but she's scared to go. She has a lot of kids, and she's scared.

J:Was this what the voice called you for, to come to her?

A:Yes. I'm supposed to do something here, but I don't know what. (Her voice sounded very pitiful.) They'll tell me. Somebody will tell me what to do. The voice! I have to go back and be poor all over again. (She sounded amazed.) I'm going to have to be somebody else all over again!

J:Who told you this?

A:I just know it. It's a feeling I have. I'm inside this body. This woman hates me, and I'm not even born yet. ... I have some arms starting to grow ... some legs ... they're going to be legs. I have to go through this again. (With a sense of resignation.) I've been through this before, and before, and before. And I have to do it all over again. ... This one isn't going to be easy.

J: It's going to be harder than those that you've known before?

A:Yes. She hates me. She keeps praying every day that I'll die. She hates me!

J:How big are you now?

A:I'm almost ready to be born. I'm big ... for a baby, I'm very big. (Pause) She keeps sitting and crying. She doesn't want me. She doesn't know that I've already helped her. Her husband was going to leave her, but when she was pregnant, he didn't go. He couldn't leave her pregnant.

J:How many kids does she have?

A:I'm going to be her eighth one, but one died. I talked to him. He told me what happened. She told everybody he died, but he didn't die. He was born, and she was in the house all by herself. He was born early, and she wouldn't tie the cord. She let him die. She killed him! She hated him. She didn't want any children.

It became apparent that Anita was speaking of her entry into her present life. She said later that she had not known of any problems between her father and mother. Her father was always loving and kind to her, but her mother never showed her any affection. She was a very cold woman. Anita was born when her mother was older, past the "change of life" and she always seemed to resent Anita. As a result, she grew up with no feelings toward her mother, but she adored her father. She has many brothers and sisters, all older than her. The youngest girl was a teenager when Anita was born, so there was no closeness with the siblings, either. The family always said there had been another child, a boy who died before Anita was born, but that was all that was ever said. If what Anita was recalling under hypnosis was true, she knew she would never be able to tell anyone in her family about it. I suppose her mother would be the only person who knew the truth about what really happened. Anita's mother died about the same time that we started this experiment and Anita did not grieve her passing. But

this was not exactly the sort of thing you could ask your mother about anyway.

J:Are you born yet?

A:It's real close. Her body's tired. She doesn't push down. The doctor is helping her. He pushes on her, and her muscles move. He pushes ... he pushes.

This was very dramatic. Anita began to pant and gasp for air. She grasped the arms of the chair, and almost pushed herself upward from the seat as she twisted her head from side to side, as though fighting to breathe.

A:(She gasped.) It's hard to breathe ... it's hard to breathe. They better hurry up. I'll strangle.

I was becoming concerned. This was very difficult to watch. Could she actually hurt herself? But then I thought, she was born. She did get here all right. If Johnny was experiencing any concern, he didn't show it. He seemed to be in control of the situation.

J:Is the cord wrapped around your neck?

A:(She was gasping and panting.) No. I can't breathe. She's tight. It's tight ... I can't breathe good. ... Thank God, the doctor is here. She won't kill me!

She let out a big sigh of relief and slumped back against the chair.

J:Is it easier to breathe now?

A:I'm born now. My head's out anyway. That's the hardest part. (Pause) I'm laying on a table. My aunt is washing me. Aunt ... Lottie is her name.

Her aunt Lottie had told her she was there when Anita was born at home.

J:Can you see her?

A: When she takes this veil off my face, I can.

Note that there is a popular folk belief that a baby born with a caul over its face will have psychic ability.

A:I'm a pretty baby, but I'm red.

J:Well, that will take a couple of days to go away.

A:I'm going to go through it all again.

J:Do you remember about... Carol?

A:Somewhere in the past I knew her. She did a lot of wrong things. Wrong things. I have to be careful this time. And not do those things. If I get married, I'll stay married. I'll never run away again, no matter how bad I want to. I think that is why I had to come back.

J:Has your mother given you a name?

A: Well, my mother wants to name me, but my daddy won't let her. My daddy said she never wanted me. She doesn't have any right to name me.

J:Is your daddy going to give you a name?

A:I think he is going to listen to my aunt. ... She says Anita is a pretty name. It's an exotic name, and maybe I will be famous or do something with a name like that. And my mother hates that name. Right now she hates it ... but I don't care. My daddy told the doctor, and it's already on the name thing. ... And they named me

Jane. Anita Jane. (Secretly) Jane is like Carol. ... I used to be Jane, too.

She said that as though she had a secret only she knew.

J:What do you mean, you used to be Jane?

A:A long time ago I was Jane. ... And you know what's funny? My mother thinks she won an argument, but she didn't win anything. She said I was named after her mother, Jane. But I used to be Jane. I would have been Jane anyway.

This session that encompassed June's death and rebirth as Anita had lasted an exciting two hours. We were emotionally drained ... exhausted ... and ready to call it quits and take a break. Yet, now she was telling us there was more. There was another personality that had been called Jane! Well, we had had enough for one session, and would need to digest what we had heard. Jane would have to wait until later.

Chapter 6

We Meet Jane

Anita's mysterious and intriguing remarks at the end of the last session gave the hint that there was much more lurking just out of reach. It promised that we had only scratched the surface. It was like dangling a worm for an unsuspecting fish, and we were hooked. Who was Jane? Was there a Jane? In this session, we would attempt to find out, but still Johnny had to be very careful to phrase the questions so as to not influence her. He always tried to allow Anita to tell her story in her own words. He took her backwards to a time before the life of June/Carol.

J:I'm going to count to five, and we're going back to the year 1870. (Counted) What are you doing?

A:I'm just drifting.

J:Drifting? Is it warm?

A: It's just right.

We had discovered that any time she said she felt neither heat nor cold, she was usually in the spirit state. This condition will be further explored in another chapter.

J:Can you see anything?

A:I'm seeing where I used to live. In the big house that burned. In Tennessee.

J:What town is it in?

A:Memphis.

J:How did the big house burn?

A:The soldiers burned it.

J:Why did they do that?

A:I don’t know. There was war, and ... I wasn't there when they burned it. I just watched them.

Since she was obviously a spirit, Johnny decided to move backward to find out more about this life. He took her to the year 1860 and asked: "Where are you?"

A:I'm in my home.

J:And where is your home?

A:(Anita’s voice changed to a definite southern accent) My home's in Memphis.

J:And what's your name?

A:My name is Jane.

So this was the Jane that Anita had mentioned after her death as June/Carol.

J:What's your last name, Jane?

A:My name is Jane Rockford.

J:How old are you?

A:I'm going to be 18 soon.

J:Are you married?

A:Not yet. I'm engaged to our neighbor's son. His name is Gerald, Gerald Allbee (Allby?).

J:Do you like Gerald?

A:I love him very much.

J:When are you going to be married?

A:Next summer.

J:Are you going to school now?

A:Oh, no. I've been to school. I went to school for several years to learn to be a lady.

J:And... did you go to college?

A: No, I went to a ladies finishing school. Near St. Louis.

J:What was the name of that school?

Johnny was looking for something we could check.

A:It was ... it was ... Whitley? Whittley? It's funny I can't remember that. It hasn't been that long. ... I was very homesick. It's much colder up there, you know. And I missed my momma.

Later, I wrote to the Missouri Historical Society to see if they could give us any information about a school with that name. This was their reply, "We find in the 1859 St. Louis Directory, listed under Schools and Seminaries, Private, the name Elizabeth Whiting, Locust St. between 4th & 5th. The Missouri Republican newspaper for September 1, 1860, contains a front-page ad which reads: "Mrs. Jewett (successor to Miss Whiting) will commence the second

annual session of her school on Monday, September 3 ...”

Whether or not this is the same school that Jane attended, the similarity of names and the corresponding dates seem significant. By 1860 when the school changed hands, she had finished and was back home in Memphis.

Johnny attempted to obtain historical information because we knew this date was before the Civil War began.

J:Can you tell me who's President now?

A:Well, we're having a big debate about who's going to be President. And Lincoln, if he gets it; he's not going to stay President.

J:Oh, but who's President right now?

A:I don't know him. [James Buchanan]

J:But this man Lincoln is going to be President?

A:My daddy says he can't be. We can't tolerate it. It’s an intolerable thing. He knows nothing about our life, and doesn't understand us in the South. And we can’t let him be. They argue, and you can’t help but hear it. I don’t like to listen. They talk about war.

J:Is there going to be a war?

A:There just might be if he's elected. They won't tolerate him. He's intolerable.

J: And... you're 18 years old?

A: Yes, suh (sir).

J:And your house is there in Memphis, Tennessee? How big a

house do you have?

A:Oh, lands, it's a big house, you might say, for these parts. I imagine about the size of the other houses. There must be ... oh, maybe 14, 15 rooms, porches, and ...

J:Is your house right in Memphis?

A: Well, it's just to the edge of the town. It's on the Gately Road.

J:Do you have any brothers or sisters?

A: Well, I have an older sister who's married already. And I have a young brother, just a year younger.

At this point, Johnny thought it would be interesting to see if Jane could write her name. It had worked before when he asked the young child Carolyn to write her name. She had printed it for us. So he had Anita open her eyes and gave her a pencil and paper. It always seemed very difficult for Anita to open her eyes in a situation like this, like someone very deeply asleep. Even with her eyes open, they had a glassy look. Anita (Jane) wrote in a pretty, flowing script, with flourishes on the capital letters, "Mistress Jane Rockford." It bears no resemblance to her normal [Anita's] handwriting.

J:That's nice. Did you learn that at the finishing school?

A:Practice and practice to write distinctly.

While trying to think of more questions, Johnny decided to get her description. “What color is your hair?” he asked.

A: Blonde.

J:How do you look? Are you slender?

A: Well, I only have an 18-inch waistline. Of course, that’s laced in a little bit.

An odd statement for the overweight person in the chair!

J:What are you wearing?

A: I'm wearing a blue dress.

J:Does it have a full skirt?

A:Oh, I have my hoops on.

J:Oh, yes. How many petticoats?

A: I wear four most of the time.

J:Four?... What kind of shoes?

A: Oh, my shoes are little sandals, and there's a strap across my foot.

J:And how about your hair?

A:Well, my mammy fixes it. And she combs it back in waves. ... you can see the curls for yourself in the back. (Anita turned her head to the side and patted her hair.)

J:A mammy? Do you have a lot of servants?

A: Oh, my father has many Negroes.

J:What's your father's name?

A: Master Rockford.

J:And your mother?

A: My mother's name? Her name is Jane also.

So our second personality had emerged, and this young Southern belle was as different from our Chicago flapper as night from day. And the two of them were also very different from Anita. The rest of Jane Rockford's story came to light during several sessions, so again, I will put them in chronological order for easier reading.

Our earliest contact with Jane was in 1850.

J:What are you doing?

A: Playing with my dolls. (Southern accent again) Awfully hot out.

J:Must be summertime.

A:Oh, lands, yes.

Johnny again asked her name and where she lived to verify that we were speaking with Jane.

A:I live on Gately Road in the big white house.

J:How old are you, Jane?

A:Eight. My birthday was back in the spring.

J:Did you have a birthday party?

A:Just family.

J:Did you get a lot of nice things?

A:I always get presents. I got a pretty ring, new clothes. I got this doll I'm playing with.

J:Oh, that's pretty. Are you going to school?

A:A lady comes to the house.

J:Oh, you have a tutor.

A:A what?

J:Oh, don't they call that a tutor? What do you call her?

A:(Innocently) I call her Miss White.

J:Miss White. You don't call her “Teacher” or anything like that?

A:Oh, she's my teacher.

It always seemed strange to us when Anita would not know the meaning of an everyday word, while regressing to these other lives. These were words that her conscious mind would certainly know. This happened on numerous other occasions. Sometimes, when you have to explain the meaning of a word, it is complicated. It gives you a weird feeling that you are really in touch with a person from another time period. We contacted Jane again at the age of 15.

J:What do you see?

A: The yard. It will be green ... it isn't yet.

J:Where are you living, Jane?

A: In my father and mother's house.

J:Oh, that's the big white house?

A: It's very big.

J:What city are you in?

A: Out of Memphis a little ways.

J:How do you go into town?

A: In the carriage.

J:Is it a long ride?

A: Oh, no; it's not far.

J:Do you go into town a lot?

A: Times I get to go.

J:How old are you, Jane?

A: Should you ask?

J:Well, I just wondered.

A: Well, I’m 15.

J:Are you going to school?

A:I'm going. I'm home now. I'm going to go away this year. I'm going to go for three years to school. I might go longer.

J:Where are you going?

A:It's very near St. Louis.

J:Oh, that's up north.

A:Yes. My daddy’s going to take me. We're going on the boat. Boats go up there all the time. You can go even farther if you want to.

J:Have you been on these boats on the river before?

A:I've gone down to the levees and looked at them.

J:But you never rode on one of them?

A:Not before.

J:I'll bet that will be fun.

A:I'm kind of scared, but I think it will be fun.

J:Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of. Can you swim?

A:No. (In this life, Anita is a swimming instructor.)

J:Never learned how to swim?

A:No.

J:Well, you know just like those fish. They have a lot of fun in the water swimming around.

A:What would I do with my arms?

J:Well, you see, when you swim, you have to use your arms like the fish uses his fins.

A:I suppose.

J:You say you have seen the boat? How big is it?

A:Oh, it's three stories high. And daddy says there's another room even, below. It would be down under the water.

J:What's the name of the boat?

A:Oh, there's several that come in and out of Memphis. I don't know which one we will take.

J:I thought you had already made arrangements.

A:Oh, it's quite a while until school yet.

J:Are your daddy and mother both going up there with you, until

you get settled in school?

A:I think just daddy. He does those sorts of things.

J:You say the school is near St. Louis. It's not in St. Louis?

A:Oh, no. It’s not in town; it's out. And they teach you all kinds of things, like riding, and things like that.

J:That's going to be a lot of fun.

A:But we can go to town sometimes for things. It’s not so far that you can't go to town. Daddy said it would be just a little farther than like our house here is into town. Just a little farther.

J:Do you have your own horse there at the house? Do you do any riding?

A:I do sometimes. I'm really not very good at it, though. I like it. I enjoy it.

J:At least you already know how to ride. I’ll bet some of those girls going to that school don't even know how to ride.

A:They might not, if they don’t come from a plantation. Some girls that go there are city girls. Some don’t live out like we do. I want to ride like daddy does.

J:Can he ride real well?

A:Yes, and he can sit on the saddle different than we can. It'd be easier to go faster if you could just throw your leg over, and take off.

J:Oh, you can't sit like that?

A:No, the saddle ... I'm really ... I feel like I might fall off. But

daddy says nobody ever does. You can put your leg up over that little thing, and that helps hold you on, too. I hold on awfully tight, and daddy says I have a knack of pulling back too tight on the reins. Makes a horse nervous when you do that. Be gentle to the horse's mouth. If you pull back, it hurts their mouth. You ruin a good horse that way.

It sounded like she was referring to a sidesaddle. An unusual situation emerged when we went back again to the year 1860, and Anita was asked. "What are you doing?”

A:(Pause) Nothing.

J:Is it hot?

He was thinking she might be in spirit form, although she shouldn't have been, according to the year.

A:No.

J:Is it cold?

A:No.

J:Just right?

A:Comfortable.

J:What do you see?

A: Well, there's a lot of farms around here.

J:Where are you?

A:I'm just resting right now. I can do this. ... it's nice to do that. ... Pretty soon I’ll wake up. (So that was it, she was asleep.) Such pretty places.

J:Are they all nice and green ?

A:(She nodded.) Everything is nice this spring. (Pause) I've heard that things are different other places, but ... I think it’s all just like this. I'd like to go see if it's all just like this.

J:What do you mean by other places?

A:Oh, they say if you cross the river and go up north, you come into mountains and all sorts of things. There's some places that's just prairie-like. They don't plant a lot like we do. There's some places that's real dry, and no water at all. And there's places where the temperature is almost the same all year, and... and sometimes, you go all the way you can west and all the way you can north, it's cold in the winter. Why, they say there's snow on the ground, sometimes, higher than a man’s head. I can't imagine that. I think it’s all farms. They’re just stories.

J:Will you be waking up soon, Jane?

A:Well, I'm supposed to be taking a nap. Every afternoon, we're supposed to just lie down and rest, like ladies do. But I just lie here and daydream and think about how everything looks. And sometimes, I just lie here and look at the wisteria, and I just sort of daydream.

J:How old are you, Jane?

A:Oh, 18.

J:And you're living in Memphis. You have a big river running through there, don't you?

A:Yes.

J:Do you live near the river?

A: Well, not right on it. People that live real close get flooded now and then, and we built back. This house has been here a long time. My daddy's daddy built it. This is where he wanted it.

J:He figured out where to build it so the floods wouldn't get to it.

A:We don't ever get touched. We have high ground all around us. Safe here.

J:Oh, that's nice. Do you have a lot of people working for your daddy around there?

A:White, you mean? Just the overseer's white. The lady that sews for mother. She's white. Got a lot of slaves.

J:Do you know how many slaves your daddy has?

A:Oh, there's over 50 families of them.

J:That's quite a few.

A:Well, yes, but you know, it takes a lot. There's a lot of land.

J:Lot of cotton to pick?

A:Uh-huh. Grow a lot of cotton.

J:What else do you grow there on the plantation?

A:Well, daddy likes for us to have a garden, and have fresh things. You know, we fix a lot of our food that way.

J:Do you have your own garden?

A:There's a garden for the house.

J:But you don't have one that is just yours ... Do you ever get out and work in the garden?

He was thinking of poor Carol working on the farm.

A:(Shocked) Oohh, I'd have freckles all over me. Turn brown as a Negro. I don't get out in the sun. I have to put buttermilk on my hands, as it is.

This was certainly a far cry from Carol.

J:Why do you put buttermilk on your hands?

A:Oh, it helps keep them white. You put buttermilk on your face and hands, and it keeps the freckles from showing, you know, if you get out in that sun. Why, Sukey's always after me to wear my hat and gloves. It gets so hot sometimes, I'd like to take them off, but it's important for a lady to look nice. You have to be white and pretty.

J:Who is Sukey?

A:Oh, she's my mammy.

J:Where do all those slaves live?

A:Well, they live out in their quarters. Sukey stays in the house. She just cries and moans and carries on if they try to get her to stay outside. She's got a little shack back there, but she won't stay in it. She wants to stay with me. You know, she's been with me since she was my wet nurse. She's just miserable if I'm not there with her. So my daddy just lets her stay in the little room next to mine.

J: That way she's close to you all the time. Do you have any boyfriends?

A: A few.

J:Do you think you'll be getting married any time soon?

A:Yes. I’m going to be married.

J:When are you going to be married?

A:Aw, it’s not going to be long. But I still like to talk to all the other boys, and dance with them.

J:Oh, when you get married, you can't talk to the other boys?

A:Well, it’s not right to ... it’s just not fittin’ for a lady to act like that. Just get it all out of my system before I get married.

J:Who do you think you'll marry?

A:Oh, I’ll marry Gerald. That’s been agreed a long time ago.

J:When did you make this agreement?

A: Well, when we were about 16 ... it was just kind of decided. I never did say, but that's who I wanted anyhow.

J:You sound like you really like Gerald.

A:Oh, I do.

J:He must be a real nice boy.

A:He's very good looking.

J:Does he live close to you?

A:Well, yes, right next to us. We're going to build our house here, right between the two. Someday, this will be mine, and someday his land will belong to him, and we’ll just build this house right in the middle.

J:Put it all together.

A:Yes, I want my own house. I like this one, but I want my own.

J:Think Sukey will go with you when you get married, and live in your house?

A:Oh, she'll be with me. She'd just grieve herself to death. My daddy said I'd have her, and my mother said I'd take Missy.

J:Who's Missy?

A:That's Sukey's granddaughter, a little bitty thing. She'll be some help around the house. We'll get some slaves from his house. We'll have to have some, too, if we start any kind of planting later on. I think he's just going to work with his father for a while.

J:Do his folks have a big plantation, too?

A:Oh, it's bigger than ours. It's good size.

J:And when are you going to be married?

A:Next year.

Johnny decided to move up a year to the time of her marriage.

J:Are you going to be married in church?

A:I'm going to be married right here at home. At the house, and I practice going down the stairs.

J:Will you have a big wedding?

A:Oh, everybody will be at my wedding.

J:What day is this?

A: It's the first day of August.

J:What year is this?

A:It's 1861.

J: Who's our President?

A: Abraham Lincoln.

J:How long has he been President?

A:It hasn’t been long, and we're having a lot of trouble over this. We're going to have Jefferson Davis be our President.

J:Jefferson Davis? Will he make a good President?

A: He's a fine southern gentleman.

J:(Pause) How soon are you going to get married?

A:We’re going to get married very soon, when Gerald gets back. He went to the militia to see about something. He may have to be in the militia. We waited until he got out of school, and now he may have to be in the militia. He'll be back tomorrow.

J:Did the militia call him?

A: He got notice. All honorable gentlemen go.

J:Do you have everything ready for the wedding? The house all fixed up?

A:They’ve been baking and baking. We're having a lot of people in. They will be here in two days. We will be married in two days.

J:And this is August first?

A:That's right.

J:You will be getting married on August 3rd? Who is performing the ceremony?

A: Why, it's Reverend Jones.

J:What's your religion?

A: We're Episcopalian.

Johnny moved her forward to August 3rd, the day of the wedding.

A:I'm walking down this aisle of stairs in my house.

J:Is there any music being played?

A:Beautiful music. ... I'm so happy.

And she was happy. You could feel the genuine emotion in her voice.

A:And excited.

J:Can you see Gerald standing there?

A:Yes. He's very handsome and blond. He's in a uniform. But he told me it won't be long.

J:What kind of uniform is it?

A:It's a gray one, with brass buttons on it.

Gray was the color of the Confederate uniforms.

J:Where are you going on your honeymoon?

A:I don't know. We're going on a river trip. Down the river on a boat.

J:Where to?

A:Gerald is going to surprise me.

J:Well, down the river would be south?

A:Oh, yes. We would never go north with those Yankees.

J:We're moving ahead, Jane. You've been married. This is August 4th. Where are you?

A:I'm on a boat, looking at the water. We're going down all the way to New Orleans.

J:Have you ever been to New Orleans?

A:No.

J:Think you'll like it?

A:They tell me I'll love it.

J:What kind of boat is this that you're on?

A:It's a boat like they have, with some wheels. Just the ... you know ...

J:Paddle wheel boat?

A:I think that's what they call it.

J:Are there many people on the boat?

A:Oh, several.

J:Have you met any of the people?

A:No, mostly we stay to ourselves.

Naturally, they were on their honeymoon.

J:Where's your husband?

A:He got a message when we stopped this morning, and he's talking to the captain of our boat.

J:You said your husband is in the militia?

A:Yes. He's a lieutenant. A message came for him when we stopped at a town this morning, early, early.

J:Did Gerald tell you what the message was?

A:He said I wasn't to worry, but ... we may have to go back early. They might need him.

J:But you're still going to New Orleans?

A:I want to so bad. I don't want to go back now.

J:Okay. We're going to go ahead to August the 6th. I'm going to count to three, and it will be August the 6th.

As Johnny reached the count of three, Anita's whole body began to tremble as though she were weeping. She continued to sob noticeably as she talked.

J:Where are you, Jane?

A:I'm home.

J:What are you doing home?

A:Gerald left. We're gonna have a war ... a bad war. He had to go. He rode off with the militia to the state capital. (She sounded very unhappy.)

J:He didn't say when he was coming back?

A:(Angrily) They’re going to put them damn Yankees in their place. He'll be back.

To get her out of this distressful situation, Johnny moved her forward to September 15, and asked, “What are you doing now?"

A: (She was still very depressed.) Just waiting. ... Still waiting.

J:Have you heard from Gerald?

A: No. There's war. We get news, but not much news.

J:When did the war start?

A: It started in June.

J: Oh, it started before you were married.

Upon searching through the encyclopedias to find out when the Civil War began, I found some surprising inconsistencies. The first states seceded from the Union as early as January of 1861, and some major battles were being fought around April of that year. Thus, it would appear that Jane might be wrong when she said that the war had begun in June. But was she? I decided to look further. I checked the history of Tennessee, and found that Tennessee had voted not to secede with the original states. They waited until it looked as though the war was in earnest and battles were being fought. They were the last state to secede from the Union and joined the others in June 1861. So, apparently, Jane was correct, for the war did start, as far as she was concerned, in that month. Also, in those days of poorer communications than we have today, it would not be unusual for the news to travel more slowly. Gerald apparently had known something was going on, but had not wanted to alarm his new bride by speaking of war on their honeymoon.

J:What kind of day is it Jane?

A: It’s raining. (Depressed) Rain and rain.

J:Where are you?

A: I'm staying with my momma.

J:And is your father there?

A:My father's here. ... Wait and wait. Daddy tells me every day, “Won't be long now."

Johnny thought of her relationship with her parents in the life of June/Carol and this present life.

J:Do you love your mother and father?

A:They’re very good to me, very good to me.

J:Jane, I’m going to count to five, and it will be December 1st. (Counted) What are you doing?

A:Floating.

This was a surprise. Usually that meant that she was in spirit form.

J:Where are you floating?

A:I'm just staying here. I'm waiting to see if Gerald comes back. He's been gone two years.

J:(Surprised) What year is this?

A:This is '63.

Apparently, Jane had jumped ahead further than he had told her to.

J:Did you die?

A:Pneumonia, they said it was.

J:From all that rainy weather?

A:I didn't eat.

J:When did you die?

A:About two, three months ago. Time doesn't have much meaning now.

Estimating the time of her death as September, Johnny went back to that month.

J:What are you doing?

A:I'm floating.

J:And what do you see?

A:I see lots of spirits. I ask them about Gerald. Nobody's seen him yet. He must be somewhere. I'm looking everywhere. No spirits have seen him.

J:Well, they probably would only have seen him if he had died.

A:You have to be dead. I looked and looked. I think he's a prisoner. I don't know. I just have a feeling.

J:Do you know where?

A:In the north. And I want to go and look for him.

J:Why can't you go?

A:I hate to go up there. I hate those people. They don't know they are wrong, but I hate them for what they're doing.

Again, Johnny moved her backward another month.

J:It is August 1st. What are you doing?

A:(Her voice dropped very low and soft.) I don't feel good.

J:Where are you?

A:In my bed.

J:Are you running a fever?

A:I think I am.

J:Have you been eating?

A:I can't eat. I get sick when I eat.

J:Has the doctor been to see you?

A:The doctors are busy with sick people from the war. He came once and gave me some medicine. Sukey stays.

J:Sukey stays there with you?

A:Every day. She sleeps right by my bed. I get fever. I get cold, though.

J:Have you heard from Gerald?

A:I had a letter last month. Letters don't come often.

J:Where was Gerald? Did he say?

A:He was fighting. The letter came from the north. He gave it to somebody coming home. They brought it to me.

J:He's fighting up in the north?

A:On the line. ... Maryland, that's where.

J:That's a long ways away.

A:I wish he'd come home.

J:How's your momma and daddy?

A:My daddy died.

J:Oh? What did your daddy die from?

A: I don't know. He was sick a week... and then he died.

J:How's your mother?

A: She's so weak, and she grieves a lot.

Moving her up to August 10, Johnny asked what she was doing.

A:Floating and looking.

J:What do you see?

A:I see my father.

J:Where are you?

A:Near my house, by our cemetery. He said mother would be with us real soon. Real soon, he said.

J:And you're going to wait there for your mother?

A:I want to ... but I want to see Gerald. My dad says to wait, to wait. And Daddy, I don't want to.

J:Do you know how your mother is going to die?

A: She has the fever now, too.

This didn’t sound like pneumonia. It sounded more like something contagious. I found it is a matter of record that the South suffered an epidemic of yellow fever at about this time. One question that bothered me was, why didn’t Sukey also get sick if it was something contagious? She was certainly exposed while she took care of Jane, and possibly the others in the family. When I researched the symptoms of yellow fever, I discovered that the disease is thought to have originated in Africa, and Negroes have a certain amount of natural immunity. They don't contract the disease as severely as whites.

The session continued:

J:Well, Jane, we're going to move ahead to the year 1878. What are you doing?

A: Just moving around. ... it’s beautiful! Never hot or cold. Just comfortable.

J:Where are you moving to?

A: Well, I've been to New Orleans to see the French Quarter. I never saw it, and I wanted to.

J:Tell me what you see as you travel.

A:Our house is gone now. The Yankees burned it. They burned it down.

J:Why did they burn it?

A:I don't know.

J:It was a pretty house.

A:A beautiful house, but they burned it. It seemed like there was

fighting, and it burned.

J:Is the war still going on?

A:No, it's over now.

J:Did you ever find Gerald?

A:I talked to him once. His spirit. I talked to it.

J:Did he die in the war?

A:He never came back.

J:What did you talk about?

A: We talked about when we married, what a short time. Two days. He told me he'd stay close by, and someday we'll see each other again.

J:What are you going to do now?

A:I'm waiting to be told what to do.

J:Who's going to tell you?

A:This voice tells me. When I don't have anything to do, I can just float around and ... sometimes I have to do things.

J:Like what?

A:Sometimes, I try to help people. Sometimes, they'll listen, but most of the time they don't. (Pause) I went to see Sukey.

J:Is Sukey still alive?

A:When I saw her, she was.

J:Where was she living?

A:She stayed near the quarters in back of the house. Even though they said they were free, she stayed on and grew some things to eat. When I talked to her, she didn't hear me. And I let her see me ... and it scared her. It scared her so bad, she moved away. I didn't want to scare her. I wanted to thank her. I know she tried to help.

J:How did you let Sukey see you?

A:I just ... can do it. If it will help, I can let them see me. But most people are afraid. Sometimes when they see, they pretend they don't ... or they say it was a dream. They don't want to think they did. I don't know why everyone's afraid of dying.

J:Is it... shouldn't they be afraid of dying?

A:No!

J:What happens when you die?

A:Well, at first you feel very, very cold ... and in a little bit, you're gone. And you can look around, and you can see the people all around you. The people that loved you and have already died. They come to meet you so you won't be afraid.

J:And ... have you seen Heaven?

A:No, I haven't been there yet.

J:Have any of the people who came to meet you told you anything about it?

A:They tell me it's beautiful.

J:Have any of them been there?

A:I think this one girl had because she kept telling me about it. But she said, before you go, you have to learn a lot of things.

J:You mean like good things, or good deeds or...

A:You must learn how to be good. It isn't right just to be good because you're scared to be bad. You have to be good because you want to be. (Think about that for a moment.) And you do good things for people. You help people.

J:Did the girl tell you what Heaven looked like?

A:Brilliant colors. And everything is beautiful.

J:Do they have any buildings?

A:Well, you see, it's all spirit. And whatever you want, is there. If you want to be by water, there'll be water there. And if you want to be in a forest, it's wherever you want to be.

J:That's in Heaven?

A:That's what she said.

J:But now, when you're a spirit and you want to, say, see New York, do you move and drift to New York to see it?

A:You just sort of drift along. It doesn't take very long. Just a few minutes and I'm there.

J:Well, you will continue drifting and tell me things you see or feel as you drift.

A: Well, I'm going to come back again. To be born again. I talked to my daddy about it.

J:Did he know you were going to be called back?

A:He told me that I would be soon. Everybody is, many times. He

told me to try to learn anything I can. He said to expect it to be different because it will be different each time. And this way, we learn everything about life. We have to be everything. We have to know everything.

J:And your daddy told you that you would be born again pretty soon?

A:Pretty soon. I told him when I heard it, and he said he knew because he watches me. He said, some day we'll see each other again, maybe on Earth, maybe not. But not to worry, just learn. He told me it wouldn't be long. ... I'm going to be a little girl. ... And I was frightened.

J:Why were you frightened?

A:To be born again. The country's all torn up. (Pause) When this baby's born, I'm going to be her.

J:Are you looking at the baby that's going to be born?

A: Yes. This baby is in its mother. It's going to be born very soon now.

J:And when do you go in ... become the baby? You're not in it now?

A:I'm not in it yet. I keep holding back. And the voice tells me to go now! And I ask, can't I wait? But at the first breath, I have to be the baby.

J:When the baby takes its first breath?

A:And I ask him, can't I still look. Can I still look for Gerald? And he told me, when I become the baby, I won't remember the rest. I'll just be this baby. When I become a spirit again, I'll look for Gerald

again.

J:Are there any evil spirits around?

A:I don't see any. ... We get mad sometimes.

J:But you don't try to hurt anybody?

A:Oh, no, we get mad when they laugh.

J:When who laughs?

A:People. They don't believe ... and we try to tell them and warn them. They don't listen.

J:But they can't hear you, can they?

A:No, but we try so hard.

J:Is there any way the people could be made to hear you?

A:If they would listen; if they would think and listen. Concentrate very, very hard on us. If they loved us and we loved them, they could hear us.

J:And, have you beard anything about Hell?

A:That's why I don't want to be born again. Because that's where it is.

J:You mean, being born is Hell?

A:To be on Earth is Hell.

J:Who told you this?

A:The spirits that I talked to. Because you keep doing things, and you hurt yourself and you hurt other people. You do mean things

when you’re human, and spirits don't do that. This is how you have to learn. You hurt ... and you learn.

J:This baby that you are going to be: is it inside the mother now?

A:No, she ... she's being born. I'm going to her.

J:Has the baby taken its first breath now?

A:Yes.

At this point Anita became duller and somewhat unresponsive.

J:Where is the baby being born?

A: In this house. ... Can't remember. ... I can’t think... can't think (It was taking her longer to answer.)

J: You don't know what town the house is in?

A: (Very slowly) I ... don’t ... know.

J:Do you know what name the baby has been given?

A: Don’t ... know.

J:They haven't given the baby a name yet?

A: No.

It was obvious Anita was not responding because she was the baby. So she was brought forward to the age of five in that life, and she was Carol on the farm and was speaking normally again.

Upon awakening, Anita related an odd incident that had happened in her present life. She could never explain it in conventional terms, and now she wondered if it might have been related to her life as Jane.

As we said, she is a Navy wife, married to a career Navy man. In the early days of their marriage, he received his first orders. They were to be transferred to Florida, and it was decided that she would wait at her parents' home in Missouri while he went on ahead and found a place to live. She would then follow by herself. It would be their first separation. They were at her parents and he was to leave in the morning. Anita said she couldn't sleep that night. She became very disturbed and walked the floor all night. She kept thinking, "If he goes, I'll never see him again. If he goes, he'll never come back." Then she would chide herself by thinking, "How silly; what could happen? This is not wartime! He's just going to Florida." She was miserable all night because it didn't make any sense. By morning, she had made up her mind. She would go with him rather than wait behind.

This incident had always puzzled her, until she saw the parallel with Jane and Gerald and the Civil War.

So we had taken Anita through two distinct lives, two deaths, and two births, each of which were different. What more could be in the unfathomable depths of her subconscious mind? We could hardly wait for the next session!

While combing through libraries trying to find information about Memphis during the Civil War and hoping that Gerald's name might conceivably be found somewhere, I found a very informative book entitled The Military Annals of Tennessee by John Berrien Lindsley. It was published in 1886, just 20 years after the end of the war and contains a great deal of information, plus pages and pages of names and some pictures of those killed in the war. They were arranged according to their regiments. According to the author, it is the most complete published record of the men from Tennessee who fought for the Confederacy.

I will quote some facts from the book about Memphis at the start of the war. "In April 1861, Volunteers were organized in anticipation of secession. This was about the time of the firing on Fort Sumter (April 12-13, 1861) which officially started the war. Many other states had already seceded before this, but Tennessee had voted not to join them. Then on June 8, 1861, Tennessee seceded also. On the 11th of June, the Governor issued his first order, notifying commanders of the militia to hold their troops in readiness and start training. By the 13th of June, General Pillow had established his headquarters in Memphis, and Memphis became a great military center. On July 13, Major General Polk became commander of Department 1 (at Memphis). Within a few weeks, troops were being mustered into service and organized into regiments and being sent to encampments near the city and to Fort Pillow."

Amazingly, this brings us up to the first part of August 1861, which fits perfectly with what Jane related. According to the book, the whole summer was taken up with the forming of regiments and sending the men off to war. Many regiments were composed of men from a certain area. There were several from Memphis. Notably, the Fifth Confederate was composed almost entirely of Irishmen from Memphis. The 154th Tennessee Infantry and the 15th Tennessee Cavalry were also from Memphis. Many of the regiments had an extremely large loss of life. Some started out with about 1100 men and ended the war with as few as 100 left. Although many names are given in the book, there were notes throughout that show its incompleteness.

Records were lost during the war, and some were mistakenly destroyed. In some cases, the only record was someone's diary. A great deal of the book and the lists were done from memory and

many remarks show that much is missing due to human error. Many times, the statement was made that so many were killed, it was impossible to give all the names. And this book was written only 20 years after the war.

So I was disappointed not to find any mention of Gerald Allby, but under the circumstances, it would have been a miracle if we had found something. Still the accuracy of Anita's knowledge of the history of both this time period and that of June/Carol's is utterly amazing.

The idea of trying to obtain handwriting samples from Anita while she lay in deep trance was purely spontaneous. The thought occurred to Johnny when little Carolyn was practicing writing her name in the dirt. On an impulse, he grabbed a pencil and paper. Then he asked her to print her name for us, not even knowing whether she would be able to do so. She had much difficulty opening her eyes and we were both surprised when she carefully and painstakingly produced the childish scrawls.

Later, when Jane was talking about attending the finishing school in St. Louis, it seemed a natural thing to ask her again to write her name for us. Because she was using a pencil, the resulting signature was light without much pressure on the paper. If we had known at the time that we would write a book someday about our experiment, we would have been prepared and had a pen handy. You always have perfect hindsight when you are doing regressions. But, as I have said before, during a regression you never know to what historical period or what country the subject will go. We had not thought about obtaining handwriting, mainly because in the past, few women could write. They were not deemed worthy of education. With nothing to guide us, we had to feel our way throughout the entire experiment, and thus acted

spontaneously many times.

When the concept of writing this book looked as though it might become a reality, I toyed with the idea of including the handwriting samples. But I thought they were so light (especially Jane's), that they would never be able to be reproduced. But I underestimated the new copying machine techniques.

When we compared the two samples (Jane's signature and Anita's normal handwriting), they looked very different to us, but then we are only laymen. I wondered what would happen if a professional handwriting analyst were to see them. These people are very adept at assessing personality, sometimes astonishingly so. Handwriting analysts are recognized and utilized as the experts which they are. It is an exact science which requires years of study and is thus highly respected.

There was always the chance that a professional might say the samples were written by the same person trying to disguise their handwriting. Actually, this was true; they were and they also weren't written by the same person. It depended on how you looked at it. It was a complex situation, and one I do not believe had been faced by a hypnotist before. I cannot remember a case where handwriting was obtained from a regressed subject and then later analyzed by an objective expert. It was an intriguing idea and we thought it would be interesting to take the chance.

But where would I find an analyst? I didn't want someone merely playing around with handwriting as a hobby. If our story was to have credibility, then the analyzing had to be done by an expert. Maybe in a large city it would not seem much of a problem to find one. But in the rural area in which we live now, you might just as well hope to find an expert in nuclear science. So the idea

remained dormant until this book was finished in 1980.

Then, quite by accident, I heard of a woman in Little Rock, Arkansas, who did handwriting analysis. Upon checking, I found that she was indeed an expert. She is Sue Gleason and is a graduate of the International Graphoanalysis Society. I decided to contact her. I found that she usually worked from a few pages of the subjects handwriting. Would she be able to get anything from our small samples? All we had were the signatures and no hope of ever obtaining anything more. Would it be enough?

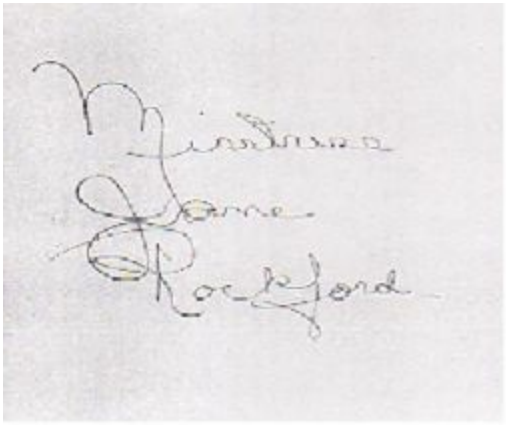
I sent her the three samples, and asked her to compare the writing and see what she could tell me about the people who wrote them. I did not tell her anything about the source or the method by which they were obtained. Not knowing the woman, I was afraid she might think we were crazy. I also thought it would be better if she could give me her first impressions, impartially.

This is what she found:

Carolyn Lambert: Printing is the hardest type of writing to analyze. The lack of form and continuity to the letters and the way they are produced show a lack of maturity in the personality. This would lead one to assume it was written by a younger person. Although

many adults also print, this sample suggests a less mature personality. It is difficult to analyze because character is not formed until the individual is older.

Thus it would appear that she could not tell us much about Carolyn, but it is significant that she did not think the sample came from an adult. Carolyn was indeed a younger person, being only the regressed age of nine.



Mistress Jane Rockford: This is an old-fashioned style of writing, especially the use of the word "Mistress." There is much flamboyancy. The letter structure and the flourishes are a definite reverting to the past. This is an artistic, but showy type person. There is much ego, maybe not selfish, but definitely egotistical, an introvert. A proper, self-centered person. This is someone with many past remembrances, clinging to tradition and the past. She was probably raised very strictly and unlikely to rebel from her place in society. Capital letters in a name tell who you are, and her capitals are larger than the body of the signature, especially in the last name. This would indicate she is very aware of "Who she is." The family name and her place in the family tradition is very important to her. Her personal and public status is very strongly stressed. Her own personal feelings are secondary to her public image. There is a tendency to portray a definite strong self-image.

Tradition is very important in her life, so much so that it over-shadows any personal feelings. Thus, she puts up a front, not allowing people to see her real side.

Mrs. Gleason stressed Jane's family position so much that it made her sound like a bit of a snob!

Anita's present handwriting was obtained from the envelope of a letter written to me. Because of her desire for anonymity, this sample will not appear in this book.

This is a very sympathetic person. Out-going and sensitive to the feelings of other people. She is concerned with others. She is forward, speaking out easily, an extrovert. She has an open mind, and a desire to know and understand the deeper aspects of life. She has a great sense of humor, seeing the light side of life.

Later, when I told Sue Gleason about the source of the signatures and the method by which they were obtained, I was very relieved that she didn't think we were crazy. It is amazing how closely her analysis paralleled what we already knew about Jane, raised by a very proper family in the "Old South." When I told Sue about Jane and her education in the finishing school, she said that would explain part of it. Students attending this type of school were usually from wealthy families anyway, and the schools taught the students to project a very positive self-image. Great emphasis was placed on self-presentation. This would naturally be reflected in the handwriting. The students were also taught to write very carefully and exactly, with emphasis on the capital letters. As Jane said, "Practice and practice to write distinctly." Mrs. Gleason said there are many people today who write this style, especially some of the older generation. These people have a definite clinging to the past and tradition that is shown in Jane's writing.

Mrs. Gleason was surprised when told that all of the samples had been written by the same person. She said she would not have suspected that. If she had been asked whether the same person could have written all three, she said she would have had to reply that it was highly unlikely. The writing of Jane and Anita were, in her opinion, the writing of two different people, two distinct personalities. In fact, the personalities were so different as to be opposites. One was an introvert and the other an extrovert!

These personalities had always been real to us, but now we had something to make them even more concrete. Under hypnosis, not only did Anita's personality change, her voice, expressions and mannerisms, but also her handwriting became that of another totally different person!

It is truly remarkable that an impartial expert could dovetail so closely the personalities as we saw them. I think the odds must be staggering that this could have happened by mere chance.

Chapter 7

Sarah in Boston

By the time our third personality surfaced, we had fallen into a kind of pattern. We had begun to accept the unusual as commonplace, if such a thing is possible. We thought we knew what to expect as she went through various phases of her lives as Jane and June/Carol; and then slipped into the periods between lives, the fascinating spirit plane. But she still had quite a few more surprises to throw at us.

We began to feel as though we were taking a trip in a time machine. It was an exciting method to learn about history. Just when we were beginning to feel comfortable talking to people from out of the past, the following character came forth and what she related was mind boggling!

During this session, we had decided to take her back through her various lives, to see how many she had lived, and to see how far into the past she would go. We could explore them more fully later. We eventually got more than we bargained for. It all began innocently enough. Johnny was regressing her in 20 and 30 year jumps. We had just come through another time as a spirit, which will be recounted later. Then we hit pay dirt again as he stopped at the year 1770 and asked, “What are you doing?"

A: Churning. (Sing-song) Butter, buttermilk.

J: Do you like buttermilk?

A:Frankly, I can’t stand it. The family loves fresh butter, so I make it for them.

J:What's your name?

A:Sarah ... Sarah Breadwell. (Phonetic)

J:How old are you, Sarah?

A:About 60 now.

J:Are you married?

A:Of course! Since I was a girl. Since I was 14.

J:Where are you living, Sarah?

A:We're living here on our own place. Build it ourselves.

J:I’ll bet that was hard work.

A:I remember working mighty hard on it. It's got its own floor now, no dirt. Much nicer, it was awful hard when the kids were all little to have a dirt floor.

J:How many children do you have?

A:Well, I birthed ten, but only raised two.

J:Are you living in a town?

A:No, we're out here on the farm. The nearest big town's near Boston. Don't nary go there.

J:How far from Boston is your place?

A:Two days, sir. Two whole days.

J:And what do you call this land where you live?

A:New England. New country, people call it different things. Some people don't like calling it New England. They say we came here to be different, we don't want to be England anything.

J:When did you come here, Sarah?

A:I came here a few years back ... more than a few. I came here when I was a little girl. I was born in England myself.

J:Did you come over with your mother and father?

A:Yes, I did, a long crossing! Took near a hundred days.

J:What was the name of the boat?

A:Oh, let me see ... it's been a long time, and ... a lot of things to think about in there. It was the King's boat.

J:Did you have any trouble on the crossing?

A:No, just one storm. Stormy weather hit.

J:Did you get seasick?

A:I'm the only one that didn't. Mother says God protects the children.

J:Uh-huh. Now let's see, this is the year 1770, and you're churning buttermilk ...

A:(Interrupted) I ain't churning to get the buttermilk, you durn fool. I'm churning to get butter!

J:(Thinking about when the American Revolution started.) Okay, Sarah, I'm going to count to three, and it will be the year 1777. We're going ahead. One, two, three ... it's l777. What are you doing today, Sarah?

A:Rockin' and sewin’, sewin' and rockin'. Mending socks.

J:What kind of day is it?

A:Beautiful sunshine ... crisp autumn.

J:And what's going on around the country?

A:Oh, there's fightin', and tales a-flyin'. First one side then 'tother's ahead. It's hard to tell.

J:Who's fighting?

A: We're fightin' England, and we'll get rid of them yet. We're not going to be New England!

J:What are you going to be?

A:We're going to be free! Make our own laws and rules and government! That's the way people ought to live, live free. Seems like laws of nature - live free!

J:And is your husband fighting?

A:Ho-ho, no; he's near my age, and older. He's not here right now. He doctors and does what he can to help. I hear from him pretty fairly often.

J:He's a doctor?

A:He's a doctor.

J:Why do you live way out there on the farm if he's a doctor?

A: We don't like livin' in the city. We like it here. There's a little community around, and wherever there's sick people, you need doctorin'. He does farmin’, and we live happy.

J:That's nice. Now I’m going to count to three and it will be the year 1740. (He decided to go backwards.) What are you doing today, Sarah?

A: Just cleanin' and doin' my work and ... being a proper lady, you might say.

J:What kind of day is it?

A: It's winter; cold out.

J: Have you got the fire going to keep the house warm?

A: Yes. The family is stayin' in. It's nice.

J:How big is your house?

A: Well, I have six rooms. It’s a good-size house.

J:(Checking back on what she said before.) You and your husband built them all yourselves?

A: One at a time. Started with one room, kept adding and adding. Takes a long time to get anything. Work hard.

J:It's slow, but once you get it, it stays.

A: It's ours.

J: All yours. (Again, Johnny double-checked previous statements.) What does your husband do, Sarah?

A: He's a doctor, farmer, and he says, “Jack-of-all-trades." He moved out here to get away from city life. I was livin' on a farm with my folks.

J:Did they have a farm close by where you're living now?

A: Pretty close. We was neighbors. Course, they're gone now.

J:And this is the year 1740. What month is this?

A: This is December.

J:What kind of a fire do you have keeping the house warm?

A: I have logs in the fire.

J:Are they in the fireplace?

A: (Irritated) Of course!

J:Well, I thought maybe you had one of those stoves.

A: No, got three fireplaces in our house.

J:Do they keep the house good and warm?

A:Yes, we have a little draft, but you must expect things like that. Stoves are nice, and maybe we'll get one someday. First comes the building.

J:How old are you now, Sarah?

A:Twenty-nine.

J:(Checking again) How long have you been married?

A:Since I was 14.

J:How many children do you have?

A:I have one now. A boy. He's 12 years old. I'll have another pretty soon.

J:Is he going to school?

A:I insist on school. I want him to be smart like his daddy.

J:What is your husband’s first name?

A:Bruce.

J:What did you say your last name was?

A:Breadwell. He's English too, but he was born here.

J:So his folks came over before your folks did?

A:(Sarcastically) Must have.

At this point, Johnny counted Sarah back to 1720.

J: What are you doing now?

A: Writin'. Practicin' my writin'. It's awful hard for me to learn.

J:It takes lots of practice.

A:I can't never get it on the sampler right.

J:(Pause) What kind of a day is it outside?

A:Let me go to the window and see. ... Fog's come in now.

J:Where are you living?

A: With my mom and dad. Mum’s here in the house with me. She's in the kitchen, working up for supper.

J:And the name of this town you're living in?

A:It’s called Bostonia. It was called another name when we first got here, and they changed it. It was once called Crossing on Post Road. And soon they'll change it again, Daddy said. Papa, daddy, he's in the field.

J:Is your house in town, or are you out away from town?

A:Live near town, have land around us and out a ways. Don't live on all the land.

J:You have to travel to get to some of your other land?

A: He rides on a horse.

J: How old are you, Sarah?

A: Ten.

Note: This checks out with previous references to her ages in the other years. Incidentally, Sarah's voice and diction matched each age with surprising naturalness.

J:Ten years old! You're getting to be a big girl!

A: I'm small for my age. Why do you say "big"?

J:Well, ten years old, and here you're learning to write ...

A: (Laughing) Everybody can write!

J:Oh, but it takes a lot of practice.

A: That it does, that it does.

J:Are there any Indians around here?

A:A few, a few. They keep to the woods. If we don't bother them, they won't bother us, my papa said.

J:Then you've never talked to one, or tried to make friends?

A:I've seen 'em. I can't speak their language. It sounds like ... (She made grunting sounds.) I can't pronounce anything they say. They

speak sign language sometimes. If they come to the door, my mother gives them food. The only thing I ever heard them say in language I know is, "Good woman ... kind lady." They call my mother good names. Mum says the reason is because she helped one who was sick. He came, and we had no medicine. But she gave him sarsaparilla tea. It helped the fever. They came back and brought skins, and laid by our door, for Good Woman.

J:That was nice of them.

A: My papa says always be friendly, show no fear. They hate fear.

J: Have you ever seen where the Indians live?

A:Oh, no! They live in the forest. I would be frightened. I would never go that far from home. They've been known to take children. They've done that; we've heard of it. My papa says, we're friends with them so long as they want to be friends, but always you must watch. They may change.

J:I see. How long have you been living here now?

A:We've been here now two years. Time goes so fast! Always things change. Mums never cries for home now. What things we brought are ours, we'll keep them. We'll make our home here. We won't go back.

J:Why, are some of the people talking about going back?

A:Some would like to. We're proud folk, we'll stay. If times are hard, tighten your belt and work harder, papa says.

J:Well, that sounds good. I'm going to count to three, Sarah, and it will be the year 1707.... What are you doing?

A:Nothing.

J:Nothing? Where are you?

A:I'm not sure.

J:What can you see?

A:I see strange things ... new things taking place ... the mind has never known before ... These things would happen.

J:What things?

A:A new country to be lived in, to make grow! New ideas ... people will change and not be frightened of what they don't know. Things that you cannot stand, you will leave.

She was obviously a spirit, but this seemed vague and confusing. Was she watching the first colonists coming to the new country, to America? Johnny quickly moved her forward to the year 1715, when she should have been alive and five years old as Sarah.

J:It’s 1715. What are you doing?

A:Watching things.

J:What are you watching?

A:Families. Families getting ready.

J:How old are you?

A:I'm not an age. I'm going to do a strange thing!

J:What are you going to do?

A:I will enter a body that lives now.

J:(Astonished) You're going to ... WHAT?

A:To enter a body that lives now. The spirit is sick and must rest, but the child must live.

Anita had a completely different, serene voice and a tranquil manner.

Johnny was speechless for a moment. Then he asked, "How old is this child?"

A:It's very young... I'm watching... I can see them... I will be a girl now. I will be a little girl.

J:Did someone tell you to do this?

A:Always, we follow what we feel. The voice tells us.

J:Do you hear this voice or just feel it?

A:Spirits have no ears. We hear by feeling. See by feeling.

Johnny was trying to go along with this strange development.

J:And the child... is the child sick when you take over?

A:The body is sick. But more important, the spirit... the spirit must rest now.

J:Oh. Does that spirit leave the body and you come in?

A:The spirit will leave and I will enter, and ... the child will be better immediately. The break of a fever... and they'll notice no change... for I will be the child. I will be quiet and learn what the child is like. No one will notice a great change. Only that after her fever, she was quiet for a while, as though resting.

J:And this way, the other spirit now can have a chance to rest?

A:It must go back to rest. It was not ready yet when it was called. Occasionally, this happens and it can be rectified very easily.

J:Yes. And what is the little girl’s name?

A:The little girl’s name is Sarah.

J:Sarah. And how old is she?

A:I believe she is five to ten. It's difficult to tell until I get closer. Soon I’ll be there.

At this point, Johnny decided to move forward three years in hopes of getting a clearer picture of this odd situation.

J:It is now the year 1718. What are you doing?

A:Helping my mother.

J:What kind of day is it?

A:It’s a sunshine day.

J:Nice and sunshiny. What's your name?

A:My name is Sarah.

J:How old are you, Sarah?

A:I'm seven. Soon I'll be eight.

J:Where are you living?

A:I... I'm not living with my proper family, now. I'm staying here until we leave. With these people. They're going, too. It's confusing.

J:You're staying with... who... some friends?

A:Yes, we'll leave together... to move to the country.

J:Oh. Then you are living in town now?

A:In a town.

J:And you are moving out to the farm?

A:It will probably be a farm.

J:And have you been on the boat?

A:Aye. Aye.

J:What do you call this place, do you know?

A:New... New England.

J:Oh, you just got here then?

A:Not long.

J:And you're staying with friends. Are your folks out building a house for you to live in?

A:They did not tell me... I must behave. They will be back soon for me. I'm rattled, they say. It's not good for me to leave the house too often... until I'm more properly myself.

J: Have you been sick?

A: Yes, a while ago, very sick. I recovered well. Now I am healthy, my mind wanders. And I tell them things they don't believe.

J:What do you tell them that they don't believe?

A:I tell them things that I see. Things that will happen in the future. But they say I can't see these things. My mother says, "Hush! It's

dangerous to talk so!"

J:Oh... well, I believe these things. What did you see that would happen soon?

A:As we rode to town, I looked, and suddenly it was a town of... tremendous size. My eyes couldn't take in the size! The town was all around us, and buildings different from now. And people dressed different on the streets. The streets were paved, not cobbled. Smooth, rolled smooth.

J:Could you tell when all this was going to happen?

A:Only that it would be in a future, far away because many changes took place. And the town, as I saw it my mother rubbed my forehead, and she said, "Poor child, she has never been the same since the fever." And she cried.

J:But you did see this really big town?

A:Huge, tremendous.

J:Lots of people? How were the people dressed, Sarah?

A:Perhaps had I not told her that, she would have believed me. She couldn't believe me.

J:Tell me!

A: Will you believe me?

J:I'll believe you.

A:Well, the dresses women wear come above the ground... near to the knees, but not quite, perhaps in the middle. And they wear sheer stockings, hose that can be seen through... and heels that are high to walk upon. They must be very smart people to walk so.

The men wear strange hats, and their pants are tighter, and yet all the way to the ground they fit smoothly.

J:Have you seen other things in the future?

A:Oh, I've seen other things, but my mother tells me nothing coincides, and she worries about me. She tells me my mind is rattled.

J:No, I don't think your mind is rattled. I think you're seeing just what's going to happen.

A:Do you believe it will happen as so?

J: I believe it will. And I'd like you to tell me some of the other things you've seen.

A: Well, I looked at my mother once, and saw sickness around her. I told her, and she laughed. But two days later, she lost the baby that she carried. She was very ill.

J:Didn't she believe you after that?

A:No, no, she said 'twas only a child, and couldn't account for what I said. Might have been I would have said anything. I, many times, have told small things I see. I know now not to tell them big things I see. They will think I'm too rattled.

J:What other big things have you seen?

A:I looked at the dock, and I told them ships would be made from the material that we make the barrels of our guns. They would be big, big ships and would cross the ocean in a very few days. Everybody around laughed. "Poor child," my mother said, "she had the fever, brain fever." I am a curiosity to the women.

J:I think they ought to listen to you.

A:I could tell them many things by looking at them. As I see a person, I see good and evil around them, and sometimes, I can tell what will happen. I look at them, and they change, and they look as I think they will look in years to come. Once, I saw a man, he... he disappeared before my eyes, and I knew he would soon be a spirit.

J:And you say you look at people and can see good and evil around them. How does the evil look?

A:Evil appears as black. It's shadowing. Sometimes you see a person and they are partly covered, as though they stood in a cloud, or partly in fog. And you know this person has done evil things, or will do, or something evil will happen. If you look at them and you think, you can tell what it is. I look at them very hard, and I shut my eyes, and I can tell if something bad is going to happen. May have sickness... even in the past. Sometimes I see if in the past they have done very bad things.

J:And how does the good look?

A: It glows, as though a person stood in bright sunlight. A beautiful look.

J:Are there different colors?

A:Many colors. As many colors as the rainbow and more. Beautiful sight.

J:Do you know if the different colors have different meanings?

A:At times, I see them as meaning different things. Sometimes, I can tell exactly what it will be. Other times, I am doubtful, curious.

And I can watch and see.

J:Well, your mother and those other ladies ought to listen to you. They might learn something.

A:They all pray for me. They pray that soon I will lose the spell on my mind.

J:Okay, Sarah, and this is the year 1718?

A: This is the year 1718.

J: I'm going to count to three, and we're going back to the year 1700.

When she was regressed to that year, she became a spirit again. These episodes will be reported in a separate chapter. In a subsequent session, Johnny touched briefly on the 1770s again. This technique was used a number of times, more or less to check for inconsistencies. But each personality always came through quite distinctly. Anita would switch instantly from one to another as though there had been no interruption, even after several weeks. This next portion was from the 1770s when she was asked, "What are you doing?"

A:Well... I was asleep!

J:Did you just wake up?

A:I must of... I feel funny... just woke up... It's going to be a nice day.

J:Has the sun come up yet?

A:Yes, sun's over there. It looks pretty... I like mornings.

J:What time of the year is it?

A:It’s in the spring. It’s going to be a nice, clear day. I always put my bed to the west so I can look out my east window.

J:What’s your name?

A:My name's Sarah.

J:What’s your last name, Sarah?

A:Breadwell. Sarah Breadwell.

J:And how old are you, Sarah?

A:Oh, I'm getting up there now, getting up there... sick.

J:Are you married, Sarah?

A:Yes, married.

J:Where's your husband?

A:Well, he didn’t get back last night. He went out doctorin'.

J:Somebody was sick?

A:Having a baby. Having a hard time. Midwife came after him. Guess he spent the night. He doesn't like to ride back in the dark. His eyes aren't like they used to be.

J:And, of course, the horse could stumble and fall.

A:Well, that's true. Course he knows the roads awful well, and so does the horse by now.

J:How long has your husband been gone?

A:Oh, he left last night about... oh, just before dark. Sittin' there on the porch talkin' and they rode up and asked for him. He always

goes, he seldom gets paid in cash money. But he likes to help people. Sometimes they give him some corn, or whatever they've got. This young girl, we knew her family and I know he feels sorry for her.

J:What are you going to do today?

A:I think I'll sit out for a while today. Pretty soon I should be able to get up and get around better. Hip can't keep you down forever.

J:Did you hurt your hip?

A:Well, I fell that time, you know, there by the cellar. Broke the durn thing. It’s been a long time mending right. Have to lay in bed. Like to went out of my mind, laying in bed that long.

J:Yes, that's the hardest part about being sick, laying in bed.

A:After it quit aching and hurting so bad, I want to get up. But when you move, it hurts. I'm afeared it's going to be stiff on me now. I want to get up and start moving more, and not let it stiffen up on me.

J:Sure. Do you have any children, Sarah?

A:Got two.

J:Where are they?

A:Oh, they’re off. You know, they’re married, and don't stay here all the time.

J:Do they live very far away?

A:No, not fur.

J:What is the town called, Sarah?

A:I think they call it Bostonia. That’s what they’re wanting to call it, I think.

J:What did you call it when you first came here?

A: Well, when we first got here we didn't call it that. At first, it was just like a crossing on Post Road. They run that road up from... I believe they say it goes all the way down into New York where the Dutchies live.

J:Dutchies?

A:Yes, German, Dutch, living down there in New York. And they run this road up, a lot of traffic and everything. Why, sometimes I look out on the road there and I'll see as many as four or five strangers in a day’s time. Things are growing. They're going to run it down to Philadelphia. This road’s going to start in Philadelphia and go all the way up through New York and up here. I guess we're on the tail end of it. I never heard of it going farther north. I think it's just going to come right here.

When I tried to check some of these facts, once again I ran into problems. I wrote to several historical societies in Boston, and got essentially the same response from each. They receive too many requests for information; therefore, they cannot answer by mail. Their records are available for research only to professional genealogists, who, of course, must be paid. One society did mention that the term "Bostonia" would come close to the Latin spelling of the word "Boston," and that there was, for years, a main highway leading to the west known as the Boston Post Road.

Some data came from a surprising place: One of our children's history books. Quote from History of Our United States, Chapter 12, "Solving Transportation Problems." "Trails Become Roads. In

early colonial days, the forest seemed endless. A person who traveled over land walked the Indian trails. Gradually, men cleared some of these trails or cut new ones, wide enough for a man to ride through on horseback. By the end of the colonial period, some of these trails had been made wide enough for an oxcart or wagon. When a traveler came to a stream, he must find a place where the water was shallow enough to ford. Near the cities, an enterprising man sometimes operated a ferry. Near the cities, too, roads were sometimes built.

"Thus in 1760, the one long road over which stagecoaches and private carriages could travel from colony to colony was the one connecting Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. In the summer, you could go by stagecoach from Boston to New York in a week or so, and reach Philadelphia three days later. A winter trip would take longer.

“If you wanted to travel southward from Philadelphia in 1760, you would take a coastal ship to Savannah or Charleston. If you went over land, you would ride horseback, for at some points, the coastal 'road' was impassable."

Thus, it seems that the best information can come from the most unlikely sources.

The session continued as Johnny took Sarah to the year 1790 and asked, "What do you see?"

A: Family.

J:What are you doing?

A: (Her voice a whisper) I'm laying in bed.

J:Are you sick?

A: Very sick.

It appeared that Sarah died at the ripe old age of 80, which was quite old for that time period.

The strange occurrence of her entry into this life and the resulting psychic ability apparently faded after a few years; it was obviously not encouraged. In later years, her life appeared to be quite normal.

Could it be that Sarah had such psychic abilities because she did not have a normal birth, but entered the child's body fresh from the spirit world? It appeared that a normal birth dulls and suppresses the memory of the past life and the spirit world. As the developing child's focus is on learning to operate the body, walking, talking, etc., the memories fade further, and in most cases never return, except perhaps under hypnosis. This case shows an exception to the rule. It appeared the spirit world and our physical life is much more complicated than we can ever imagine.

It was several years later (in the 1970s) that Ruth Montgomery invented the term "walk-in" to describe an incidence such as we experienced, in her book Strangers Among Us. This term applies to an occasion when two souls trade places for any number of reasons. But at the time of our experiment, such an idea was totally unheard of and the whole concept stunned us. Walk-ins (along with its corresponding concept of "Imaging") are discussed more fully in my book Between Death and Life.

Chapter 8

Mary in England

Up until this time, Anita had been remarkably consistent about her dates and times, all through June/Carol, Jane and Sarah. But throughout the rest of her lives she began to confuse the time element. We have only been able to estimate, by things she said, what era she was speaking from.

When the fourth personality came forward, we had apparently crossed the ocean, and were now in England. She broke upon the scene as an old woman speaking in a delightful Irish brogue. We established that her name was Mary, and she lived near the Scottish border. But again, for the sake of clarity, it would be better if we began at the earliest record we have of her life.

Johnny had regressed her to about ten years of age. Immediately, her voice and diction became child-like.

J:What are you doing, Mary?

A:I'm riding in the carriage... watching my patterns... and wondering where we'll be soon. It's a long ride.

J: Where are you going?

A:‘Tis the city of... the city of... Papa! Papa, you told me the city, but I forgot it. (Pause, as though listening.) Aye? Papa told me 'tis Loch. We're going to live there. Our things were taken in the wagon, and now we come ourselves.

J:Where have you been living?

A:We lived in a small town there by the coast. Hardly any people there but us!

J:Was it a long way from Loch?

A:Oh, no. Perhaps if you went the long way. I always ask my papa, may we take the long way? But if you go directly there in the carriage, you're there in two hours time.

J: What is the name of the other town?

A: Crew.

I knew that Loch was Scottish for Lake. I looked at maps trying to find any mention of a town called Crew. All we could find was a Crewe in central England, which was not built until the 1800s by the railroads. As luck would have it, there was a Navy wife living in Beeville who was from Scotland. I asked her about Crew. She said that there was a town called Crew on the Scottish side, and it was so small that it would probably not appear on maps. She said it had always been a small place.

J:And what did your papa do in Crew?

A: Not well, I fear. But here, he'll make his business himself.

J:What is his business?

A: A cobbler shop we'll have.

J:Was he a cobbler in Crew?

A: He worked for a cobbler, an apprentice.

J:Have you been going to school?

A:Nay. My mother, she teach me what she can. ‘Tis not fitting women know too much. My papa says, they become discontent with a woman's lot if they learn like a man with their brain. It is against nature.

Here, Johnny displayed an unsuspected streak of chauvinism by remarking (smugly, I thought), "Your papa is very smart!" Mary continued:

A:Papa learned his trade, and I asked to go to school and learn a trade, and he laughed at me. He said he would make enough money for us all. And I should learn to be a lady, and learn to do the things a woman does. Aye, and I should not try to be a man. lt addles the brain, it goes against nature. The man should learn and the woman should stay at the home. Aye, 'tis a lot to learn, cook, and to sew, to make the proper home. 'Tis a sin and a shame to not do it right.

The next time we found Mary, she was older and married.

J: What are you doing?

A: I'm waiting for the sun.

J:Oh, the sun hasn't come up yet?

A: No.

J:How long have you been up?

A:Since much earlier. I like it when it's like this, not dark, not light. Just waiting.

J:You like to watch the sun come up in the morning? That's real pretty.

A:I do like it.

J:What is your name?

A:Mary.

J:What's your last name, Mary?

A:(Laugh) It's Riley.

J:Are you married, Mary?

A:I am.

J:How long have you been married?

A:For a long time ... many years.

J:And what does your husband do?

A:He makes shoes. And boots and slippers.

J:How old are you, Mary?

A:I... me thinks almost 40... I think I am 40.

J:How many children do you have?

A:One; I have a daughter.

J:What’s her name?

A:I named her Mary.

J:After you?

A:After Saint Mary may the Virgin always protect her.

J:Let's see, your home... what city is it in?

A:Loch.

J:How long have you lived in Loch?

A: Near all my life. I came here as a little girl.

J:(He knew that Loch means Lake) Do you live near the water?

A:Fairly near. You can see it from town. The town is built near the water.

J:Oh, you live right in town, then.

A: To the edge a bit, but in town.

J:Let's see, you're in England, right?

A: Aye, England.

J:Who's the King?

A: We've a Queen.

J:What's her name?

A: Mary.

This was the only thing she said that could probably provide a date. Research revealed that there was a Queen Mary I (Mary Tudor) also called Bloody Mary, who ruled from 1553-1558. This Mary was the daughter of Henry VIII; hence the half-sister of Elizabeth I. The term "bloody" was given to her by the Protestants because Mary had intended to reinstitute the Roman Catholic (Papist) church as the English state church even if it meant war. About 300 Protestants were "martyred" during this time. There was also a joint rule of William III and Mary II from 1689-1694. It could have been one of these rulers.

J: Have you ever seen Queen Mary?

A: I've never been there; it’s too far.

J: Where does she live?

A:To the south of the land. I've heard she comes here sometimes to a castle near here. But I've never seen her.

Research revealed that Balmoral Castle, in the woods of Aberdeenshire in the Scottish Highlands, is the Scottish residence of Great Britain’s reigning monarch. Could this be the castle she was speaking of?

J:She probably comes up, like for a summer vacation?

A:Aye, its better here than there. She likes the water.

J:Where's your husband today?

A:He's working.

J:Does he have his own shop?

A:That he does, that he does. He must work hard, a special pair of boots. It must be done today.

J:Oh, did he work all night, or did he get up and go to work early?

A:He left a bit ago. I fixed him breakfast.

J:What’d you have for breakfast?

A:His favorite Scottish pancake, a scone, he calls them. A little cake that he eats, and I make extra cakes for lunch. And you put them with butter, honey, jam. They're good cold or hot. A very sweet cake. I'm a very good cook, you know.

J:Yes. Is your daughter still sleeping?

A:Aye. She looks like an angel. Her hair it’s very black. A beautiful child, beautiful. (She had such pride in her voice.)

J:How old is she?

A:She'll soon be nine, soon be.

We encountered Mary again about the same age in another session.

J:What are you doing, Mary?

A:Sweepin' and cleanin' and shinin' things up bright. I'm giving a party.

(She sounded happy and excited.)

J:You are!

A:My daughter's birthday.

J:How old is she?

A:She'll be ten.

J:How old are you, Mary?

A:Oh... (chuckling) ... I'm 40. Near 40.

J:Who is coming to the birthday party?

A:All of her friends that she knows.

J:Does she go to school?

A:She goes to school in the city here, a little town, the school is small. And she learns well. She's a bright child. Not like her mother! Bright-eyed.

J:What's the name of her school?

A:(Laughing) Loch school. We don't call it another name. The priest says, yes, we call it sometimes by the church name, you know. They teach her well there.

J:What is the church name?

A:St. Joseph's. For the holy Father we named it.

This was the only life in which she spoke as a Catholic.

J:What are you fixing for the party?

A:Vanities! My daughter loves them so.

J:(Puzzled) What are vanities?

A:It's a puff of a pastry. It looks light and fluffy, and you think it's going to be beautiful inside, too. But when you open it, it’s almost empty, a hole inside. So we call it vanity, puffed up with vanity.

Research in old cookbooks disclosed nothing with this name. I personally think it sounded very much like a popover.

A:And I'll pour tea for them like ladies. She would like it to be like a ladies' party.

J:I guess all little girls like to pretend they're ladies.

A:Oh, yes. And she'll be the loveliest of all. Beautiful. But if you don't mind, I'd like to keep working so I won't be late.

J:Yes, go right ahead. She's going to remember this party for the rest of her life.

A:Aye, I hope so. We waited so long for her!

J:What are you going to give her for her birthday?

A:Her father made her the finest of shoes, and I made her a dress ... of velvet! She'll be so proud.

J:She sure will.

The last time we met Mary, she was an old woman and she said she was knitting a shawl.

J:That's a beautiful shawl you're knitting.

A:Aye, the color 'tis bright, it will cheer me.

J:That's nice. Mary, you didn't tell me your last name.

A:Ah! Be you kind, and interested in me? You'll visit with me for a while?

J:Yes, I will.

A:That's good. That's good. Me name's Smythe-Riley. (Apparently, Smythe was her maiden name.)

J:Do you get lonely out here?

A:People come to buy my knitting. Grandchildren come sometimes.

J:Do you have many grandchildren?

A:Nay, but two. Sweet. The brownies are sweet.

It has been said that the Brownies division of the Girl Scouts were so named because that was what the old Irish grandmothers used to call their grandchildren.

J:Let's see. You said you're 70?

A: Aye. 'tis old, but a good life I've had. I’m waiting now, my health is not good. If I don't move too much, my feet don’t ache. My fingers I rub. I can knit well. ‘Tis good to do something good. The mind, the mind is where we grow old.

J:And where is this cottage, Mary? What place are we in here?

A:(Laughing) Why, we're in England! Ye can see the Scottish shore.

J:What's the name of the town?

A: We live to the edge of the town; it's called Loch.

J:Is it a big town?

A:Oh... what you call big? Not like London. I’ve heard London is big.

J:Have you ever been to London?

A:No, never. I’ve crossed the water once to Scotland, I crossed the water once to Ireland, but I've never been to London, or any big town. I’m a simple girl, simple life.

J:Are you English, Scottish, Irish, or what?

A:I was borned here. I talk like my husband after many years of living with him. He was half... he half be Irish; he half be Scotch. A good man. (That explained the Irish brogue.)

J:What kind of work did your husband do?

A:He worked here in the town; he made shoes; he was a cobbler. He made boots, and shoes for ladies, also. The best. He made the very pair I have now. I take care of these. They’re the last pair he ever made me.

J:What was your husband’s name?

A: Thomas. Thomas Riley. A good man.

J:How long has it been since Thomas passed on?

A:Nigh 20 years now.

They must have made shoes a lot better in those days, to last 20 years. Then, too, she was an old woman who obviously didn’t move around much.

J:How many children did you have, Mary?

A:Only one that lived. It grieved poor Thomas; he would have wanted a family bigger. My babies died before they started. Never did I carry a baby, but one. Full term she was. I named her Mary.

It appeared that Mary lived a long time in this English life, and apparently was happy. There seemed to be no connection with Anita's present life, except the fact that she was now Catholic and her children attended the local Catholic school.

Chapter 9

Strong Gretchen

I assumed that by the time we got this far into the regressions, there would be nothing left that could surprise us. But every session contained something fresh and new to stimulate our minds.

The following portion occurred when Anita was regressed to a time just before she was born into the life in England as the sweet and mild Mary. This was naturally a spirit state, but what she told us was confusing. She talked about a strange new place she had not mentioned before, a place that sounded different from the spirit plane where we usually found her.

J:Okay, Mary; it's way back there. What do you see?

A:It's black, dark. It will be getting lighter soon.

J: What is it ... nighttime?

A: It was night, it's dawn.

J:What are you doing?

A:I've come to this place for the very first time. My spirit has rested hundreds of years.

J:What place is this?

A: England, I think. And I am ready now to begin my series.

J:Series of what?

A:My lessons. My soul must be purified, and I must learn. I will go through steps as I hear my voice tell me. And each time, I will learn something different, something new. Each will learn. I will begin; I will observe and watch.

J:Where have you been?

A:I have been resting, many years...hundreds, it seems. Resting.

J:Where do you rest?

A:Above Earth, above everything. No feelings, vibrations, or color. When you rest, you are completely at peace.

J:But you are away from Earth?

A:Away. I've heard there's trouble there.

J:On Earth?

A:Always trouble, poor souls. Sent from peace to Earth. Before we can come back, we'll learn.

J:You go to Earth to learn lessons?

A:Yes, I must learn.

J:You've been resting a long time?

A:A long, long time.

J:Why? Was your spirit tired?

A:It went through much violence. Much violence, and my spirit was torn and hurt. I needed to rest. 'Twas here, but I spoke not this language. But now I speak to you. I remember part ... but to be

truly rested, I should not remember. The voice tells me, as it comes nearer to time I will forget more and more. I must not remember. It would affect my language, my ... it would affect everything, my thinking, my learning. I should not remember the past. The spirit enters fresh with no knowledge. And rested, you enter the body ... and you begin. You begin.

This was confusing. In order to ask questions and bring the session back to something we could understand, Johnny tried to orient her into a time or year.

J:Let's see ... you say you rested hundreds of years. I'm going to count to three, and we are going back 100 years. You will be able to talk to me in the language I am speaking. Tell me, what are you doing?

A:Preparing. Resting.

J:And where are you resting?

A:There is no name ... there is no name that we call it. We are here; we are together.

J:We? Are there many of you?

A:Many spirits, many, and we rest. Sometimes you may go back very quickly, they tell me. If something you have done is very wrong, you want to go back before the memory is entirely erased. And you try not to make the same mistakes or you will be damned to come back more and more. It is better to rest and forget.

J:Okay. I'm going to count to three, and we're going back another 100 years. What are you doing now.

A:Beginning my rest.

She was just beginning her time in this mysterious resting place? How far back was the lifetime before it? We would keep going back until we found out.

J:Okay. I'll count to three, and we'll go back to the year 1300. You'll be able to talk to me in the language I am speaking. What are you doing?

A:I am preparing for the feast.

J:What is the feast for?

A:The feast is for the great holidays. There will be a feast when the men return.

J:Where are the men?

A:They are off at war. We are victorious we do not lose.

This personality was very dominant, and strong-willed.

J:Who are you?

A:I beg your pardon? I understand ... your question ... not.

Anyone who has studied a foreign language will recognize what is happening here. Johnny asked her to speak in English. In order to translate from one language to another, you must invert the word order in your mind. Apparently, she did not understand the question because she was thinking in another language.

J:Oh... what is your name?

A:My name? Gretchen.

J:Gretchen. And do you have a last name?

A:I'm called by my father's name Müller.

J:Gretchen Müller. And where are you? What country are you in?

A:You will know my country as Germany. It will be Germany.

J:What do you call it?

A:In the language you tell me to speak to you, I call it Germany.

J:Tell me what you call your country in your language?

A:Deutschland. (She pronounced it differently Do-sch-land). The accent was on the last syllable.) I am thy mother country.

I thought it was always called the Fatherland, or is that only in modern times?

J:And the men are off to war. Who are they fighting?

A:They are fighting the castle down the Rhine. And we win; our men are strong and many.

J:How many men do you have there at your castle?

A: Would be ... near a hundred, I believe you would say. Many men.

J:And your father, is he away at the fight now?

A:My father is away. My uncle, all the men, the serfs, the valet, they fight for common protection. We will not be overrun; we are strong.

J:Gretchen, what does your father do at the castle when he's there and not fighting?

A:He does the things all men do. He helps his brother. His brother

owns this castle, and it is in the family. We all live here the family.

J:And it is your father’s brother's castle ...

A:My uncle. Wilhelm. Strong Wilhelm Müller.

J:And the other castle they've gone to fight. Did they come up here to start a fight?

A:(Indignant) They tried to take land which was ours! All our land is, of course, not within our castle here. We live all right together, close, but our land is all around. They tried to take some of our land! First, they hunted, then they even wanted to plant a few things on our land. And that was too much. For this, the war we must start, my uncle said.

J:Tell me, how old are you, Gretchen?

A:Near marriage age.

J:Are you going to get married?

A: When my uncle and my father agree, and a suitable man is found in our country, with suitable property, I will marry.

J:Are you looking forward to getting married?

A:All women should get married, have strong sons. We are a strong people, we shall never be conquered, we are the strongest. We are strong in spirit, in body, in mind, and I shall have children like this when I marry. The strongest. We fight with other castles around, but always we win. There will be no castle take ours.

It seemed that the idea of a strong German race goes back many centuries. It must be very inbred into the people.

J:And is yours a big castle?

A:It is, for a castle, it is big. We encompass many families; there are many stable places. The grounds are large. The walls are thick and high.

J:And your age now, how many years has it been since you were born?

A:Eighteen, I believe they tell me. It's not the same, you see; a mother would keep track of all this. My father cannot be bothered with such. He's busy, he works hard.

Johnny hoped to get her to speak some German. Even though we would not be able to understand her, we would at least have some recorded. He thought perhaps someone else could translate it.

J:What I want you to do, Gretchen, is to speak to me in your own language. Tell me all about the castle. Describe how big it is, how many people are living there, and just what all you do there in your language.

A:How could you understand me?

J:Well... I’m going to learn your language.

A:(Angrily) I haven't time to teach you. I must be with the feast. I can talk with you a while, but I haven't time to learn you the language.

J:(Taken aback) Oh, well, I... someone else is "learning" me. I just want you to give me a few words in the language.

A:I will say to you the kindest words in all my language, in any language, words you already know. Ich liebe dich (I love you). You may say them in any language, always they are kind.

J:And in your language, what do you call your castle?

A:(Impatiently) My castle? My uncle's castle. It is called Müller, Strong Müller's castle.

J:And in your language, you call it “castle” also?

A:(Sharply) You want me to teach, and I haven't the time, I tell you! (She had quite a temper.)

J:I’m sorry, Gertrude ... Gretchen.

That really made her angry. She began to shout.

A:You can't remember my name; you can't remember the language. Can you repeat to me now what I’ve said to you in my language?

Johnny made a sorry attempt to pronounce "Ich liebe dich."

A:(She calmed down.) Your accent is worse than mine, and mine bears country accent.

J:(Laughed) Well, we all have to learn, it takes time. (He decided to change the subject.) What are you fixing for the feast?

A:Preparing the deer. Venison.

J:Do you like deer?

A:The men love meat, we serve meat. Strong men, strong foods. We eat what we grow, we eat what we catch, and we will all be strong. To be strong is all. Most important of all. You must be very strong to survive, to live.

So we had been introduced to another personality, one that was certainly an exact opposite from the meek, mild Mary. This German girl had spirit.

We decided in the next week's session to see if we could find out what had happened to her that was so violent as to put her in the resting place for so long. The idea was a little unnerving to Anita because of her great aversion to violence of any kind. She was afraid the violence could have been a personal thing, and was worried that going through it would be traumatic. She was willing to try the regression, but it still bothered her.

When Johnny started the induction, Anita became irritable, and resisted. This was the only time she fought against going under. It was as though some part of her knew we were getting close to something unbearable that had been long repressed. But she had been conditioned through many weeks of working in hypnosis, so after a few moments, she relaxed and slipped into the familiar deep trance state.

Johnny had told her he would do his best to guide her through the experience with as little trauma as possible. Anita had developed a great deal of faith in him, as is evident during this session.

Since all indications were that Gretchen lived in the early 1300s, John regressed her to that time period, and asked, "What are you doing?"

A:Sewing. I'm making a scarf.

J:How old are you?

A: I'm not sure.

J: What's your name?

A: Gretchen.

J:Where are you living, Gretchen?

A: With my father.

J:Is it a nice day out?

A: No, it rains ... it rains very hard.

J:Where's your mother?

A: She has been dead a long time.

This explained the reason why she said in the other session that she did not know how old she was, because a mother would keep track of such things.

J:Oh, you've been taking care of yourself then?

A:My father, he takes care of me.

J:Do you go to school, Gretchen?

A:What?

J:I say, do you go to school?

A:No ... what is it?

J:Oh, you know, when they teach you new things and how to do different things.

A:(Defensively) I'm taught to do things. My aunt, my father, the women here teach me. I know to do things.

J:Did your aunt teach you to sew like this?

A:She's trying. My aunt can sew and make things.

J:And where are you living, Gretchen?

A:With my uncle, my aunt, my father, what's left of our family.

J:Do you have a big house?

A:A house? A castle, a home, a place to live.

J:Do you have a castle?

As always, some repetition was necessary to double-check to see if she would say the same things.

A:We call it that. Very big.

J:How many people live in your castle, Gretchen?

A:Inside the walls?

J:Yes. There are more than just you, your aunt and uncle, and your father, aren't there?

A:Oh yes, yes. My uncle's family, servants, people who work the land. They come here; we have near a hundred all together. Some are not here all the time.

J:You raise your food outside the castle?

A:Those who eat, work, those who don't work, don't eat!

J:Do you work out in the garden?

A:No! I cook, I'll sew. I don't work out.

J:Who does all the work out in the gardens?

A:The farmers. Some food we grow here, but not all. It isn't safe outside the walls.

J:Why isn't it safe, Gretchen?

A:They'll take you away if they see you.

J:Who'll take you?

A:From the next castle. Down the Rhine, the next castle. We fight all the time, all the time.

J:What country are you in?

A:Germany. It's Germany.

J:Is that what you call it?

A:It will be Germany.

J:It's not Germany now, though?

A:My father says it is a good name. We are not barbarians. We only kill to survive. We will be a country, we will not be anybody else's country.

J:Who is the ruler of your country now?

A:I'm not sure. The church has authority as to what we do. The men do not like this men will be men.

J:They don't like the church telling them what to do?

A:No one should tell a man what to do on his own land; it's his.

Research later revealed that Germany was not known by that name at that time. It was part of the Holy Roman Empire. So, technically, the church did have authority over the entire area.

J:Is there a king?

A:No I don't know what you mean.

J:Perhaps a... how about a ruler an emperor?

A:A ruler? We have a ruler. His name is Earl. He will be ruler.

J:Earl. Is that all of his name?

A:That is all I have heard him called.

J:He rules all the castles around you?

A:No, but he will. He is a friend.

J:Oh, he's going to be ruler.

A:He will. When all the men will help him, then he can be the ruler. Some castles resist this.

J:They don't want him for ruler?

A:To be strong, we must have just one leader. Each castle wants to be its own leader. We will be a strong country when we will have one leader.

J:Okay, Gretchen, let's see. This is the year 1300?

A:If you say it is, it is. I don't watch the dates.

J:Oh, you don't keep track of time?

A:I have no concern. Only when it is spring, or fall. I know the jobs we do in the spring and fall. The winter I like best.

J:Winter, why?

A:There is less work. And the men stay home.

J:They don't go out farming and hunting?

A:They may kill each other, like fools, in the summer; but in the winter, they are more likely to stay at home.

J:Okay, Gretchen, I’m going to count to three, and we're going ahead many summers, many winters. (Counts) What are you doing now?

As Johnny reached the number "three," Anita stiffened in the chair, and gripped the arms tightly. Her mouth was tightly shut and her face defiant. When she talked, it was through clenched teeth.

A:(Long pause) I know nothing, I can tell nothing. I will tell nothing. It will do no good to ask. I'll not tell you where they are!

J:(Surprised) Where who is?

A:My father, my uncle and the men.

J:Oh! Who is asking you?

A: I WON’T ANSWER!

This was an unexpected turn of events. It was obvious we were at the portion of her life we wanted to find out about, but how to proceed? How to get around this block? This was going to take some tact and strategy.

J:Gretchen, has someone been looking for your father?

A:You know where he is!

J:Has your father been gone long?

A:I WON’T TELL . ... I am not afraid. I am not afraid!

J:It's all right, Gretchen. You can tell me. Who’s asking you where your father is?

A:(Defiant) How do I know you won't tell?

He was trying to think of some way to break through to her, and gain back her trust.

J:I have been your friend through many of these travels.

Anita noticeably relaxed somewhat, but still remained tense.

A:Will you help me to look for them?

J:Yes, I'll help you.

This may seem like a strange thing to do, but Johnny was inventing his own guidelines. He concluded that the only way to get her to talk was to enter the story as a participant. Besides, maybe subconsciously, she was afraid to go through it alone.

A:If they find them, they'll be killed!

J:Maybe we can warn them.

A:I want to get out of the castle, but my aunt says, no. All the people say, no. But I know where they are, I have to warn them. (She was very distraught.)

J:Who's here at the castle?

A:The men from the other castle. They came.

J:How did they get inside?

A:We didn't know who they were, they dressed differently. The one ahead was on my father's horse. And we let them in; and when they were inside, we knew they were not our people. Not our men coming back. And they've been here now, almost three days. And I won't tell them!

J:No. Are they watching the gates so we can't get out?

A:They're watching. They've searched, tore everything up. Everything, looking ... but they don't know my father has gone for help. We will get help from the north. I know the path. I know through the trees. I've never been there, but I know it; I've listened.

J:How soon do you think this help could get here?

A:If my father is on the way, if he is alive, it could be here shortly, perhaps a day. We could ride fast, we can ride out tonight.

J:Think we could get by them?

A:We don't know if we don't try. Mustn't be afraid; to show fear is weak. I am not afraid of them, I will not be afraid.

J:How many of them rode in three days ago?

A:About ... about ... I can't count ... several. Not enough, not as many as all of our men, not even a portion of what we have.

J:If all of your men were there, they wouldn't have got inside at all.

A:No one could come if they were all here. No one would get in. We thought it was my father.

J:I wonder where they got his horse. Perhaps he strayed.

A:(Softly) That's why ... inside ... I'm afraid. He loved that horse, he would not let it go. They must have taken it. ... I'm afraid, inside. (Shouted) **I'm not afraid** ... of these people!

J:No. But you know, if they had gotten your father, they wouldn't be here asking you where he is; they'd already know. So they must not know.

A:That' s what I tell myself.

J:He must still be alive somewhere getting help.

A:Perhaps ... perhaps he's hurt.

J:That could be.

A: I'll have to look for him. My uncle could have gotten through.

J:Did your uncle go with your father?

A:He rode out shortly after. It would be safest not to travel together. If one didn't make it, the other would. (Long pause) As soon as it's dark, I'll go.

J:Well, maybe you can slip right past them, and they won't see a thing.

A: I think I can. I can go through the wall.

J:Do you have a door they don't know about?

A:It isn't really a door. There are some rocks that are loose in the wall. And I think if I can get in there... just on the other side of the wall, it's loose there too. The wall is not too thick. I can get through. I've heard them talk. It’s in the north corner.

J:Maybe you can find a horse outside so you could ride north.

A:Don't know. I'll walk if I must. Perhaps I could find my way easier if I walked. I don't know how long it would take me. ... I try to think ... frightened. They have land around us, they may be there. If I walk, I could hide. I may get through there.

J:What did these people do? Did they capture that land around the castle and finally get into the castle?

A:They killed the people who worked for us; burned their land,

their house outside the walls. And we fought with them, we fought with them a long time. They gain on us in strength.

J:They keep getting more help?

A:They do.

J:Well, we'll just continue to wait here till it gets dark outside.

A:You'll go with me!

J:Yes. (Pause) Getting dark yet?

A:Near dark.

J:Maybe between the two of us, we can get the rocks out.

A:We must try, we must try. I know where they're loose here. Be very careful to put them back so they won't know where we've gone.

J:Yes.

A:The air smells bad. ... It's dark in here, too. Very dark. ... Hurry, let's try to find it on the other side. Push hard! (Whisper) Listen!

J:(Long pause) What do you hear?

A:They're just outside!

I could almost see her in my mind's eye, pressed against the wall, holding her breath.

J:Uh-oh. We'll have to wait.

A:Can you breathe?

J:I think so; it smells pretty bad though. Do you think they heard

you trying to push that stone out?

A:SHHH! (Anita literally held her breath for several seconds.) ... There ... they've gone. ... Be careful. ... Be very quiet. (Whisper) Don't drop it!

J:Boy, it's pitch black.

A:Shhh! Work ... I can get through.

J:You go ahead, then I'll come.

A:I don't want to wait. ... I'm going to go on.

J:I'll be right behind you. (Pause) Can you find the path?

A:Must make it to the trees. ... I tell myself, I'm not afraid. (Pathetic) I'm not afraid; I'm not afraid. ... This must be the way, the only place. (Suddenly) Someone is there!

You could sense the fear. Then Anita suddenly reared back against the chair, grabbed the arms, and gasped sharply, as though from a sudden shock.

J:What's the matter?

A:They've seen me. ... I didn't think they'd see me, but they did. I've got to go on.

J:Go ahead.

A:They think I'm dead.

J:What?... Did they get you?

A:They hit me!

J:Hit you? What did they hit you with?

Needless to say, we were surprised.

A:A rock. ... I'm bleeding, but I can go.

J:Are you bleeding very bad?

A:I'll crawl. ... I'm going to go. ... Are they watching?

J:I don't think so.

A:I'm bleeding.

J:Think you can make it?

A:My body stays here. (Long pause) My body stays here.

J:Your body stays there? What are you doing?

A:I'm going to go anyway.

J:To find your father?

A:I must warn them. This is strange. I'm looking at myself ...How can I be in two places?

J:You never did that before.

A:No, I've never done this. They drag my body back.

J:Oh, did they come and get it? I thought they left.

A:They waited; they just waited.

J:What are they doing now?

A:They tied it to the horse. They're taking it back dragging it back. They're going to ... cut me in pieces (Revolted). In front of the other people, to make them talk. I can't feel it ... I see it ... (Horrified). ...

J:But you're not there.

A:It's me, but I'm not there. I'm confused -very confused. I feel I could go on. I must warn my father. Help must get here soon. Everything is light now. I can see; I can see.

J:You know, they can't see you now.

A:No, they didn't see me, did they? I stood and watched them. I ... I don't know what this is. I've been told, when you die you're in the ground until God raises you.

J:Now you know different.

A:It's very confusing. I move faster now, see? We're coming to the castle. ... I haven't seen my father anywhere.

J:Is this the castle where he was going?

A:His friend, his ally, a knight.

J:What is his name?

A:Earl.

J:Oh, this is Earl, the one that was going to be the ruler?

A:I don't think now he ever will be.

J:Why?

A:They're going to lose for a while. It will be a long time before ... they don't hear me knocking!

J:You can just go right on in.

A:Through the gate?

J:Right through the wall. Have you tried?

A:No, I've never tried.

J:See how it works. (Pause) Did that wall stop you?

A:No. It didn't stop you either, did it? Let’s go! There's no one here inside the gate to hear me. We'll just go from one room to the other. They don't answer. It's like I'm running ... but I don't move like that. Very fast. I think that's him.

J:Do you see him?

A:Yes. He's sleeping. He's been hurt.

J:That must have been how they got his horse.

A:He's been hurt, and they’re trying to help him here. He doesn't hear me either. (Frustrated) How can I wake him? How can I wake him? What? ... I can't shake him. I try to touch him, and I don't move him when I touch him. He can't feel me. I'll throw something at him. Here's his boot.

J:Can you pick that up?

A:Yes.

J:Is there anyone else in the room?

A: No. He's here by himself. There! He's stirring! He called out.

J:What’d he say?

A:He screamed for help!

J:Probably doesn't know what woke him up.

A:I'm throwing more things. Things are going all over the place,

and he doesn't know what it is.

J:Now, I think he's confused.

A:Here they come. I'll try once more. They tell him it's a devil that causes things to do this.

J:Can you tell how bad he was hurt?

A:He's not hurt as badly as they think. There! That's right; that's right! Think ... Think. ... Yes.

J:Did you get the thought over to him?

A:Yes. He tells them he must go back, but they're afraid to let him go. He tells them to go with him. They're frightened to go.

J:They won't help?

A:They tell him to wait till morning. They think it could be the fever. He has the feeling now, that I am trying to reach him. He's thinking about me; he's afraid for me. And while he's thinking about me, I can tell him. He doesn't hear my voice, but he can hear me in his mind. He says he must go. They'll go with him. When he starts to go, they'll go with him. I'm weaker now. I don't know ...

J:What do you think you will do now?

A:I've warned him. ... I want to go back, and see ...

J:See what happened at the castle? Are you going back?

A:I'm going to go back. I want to know what happened to me.

J:What were they doing when we left?

A:They were going to cut me up. They talked about it I heard

them. They would cut off my head and put it on the gate, inside, for them all to see. A part of me in every part of the castle. They won't let them bury me. (Horrified) This isn't right! (Shaking her head) No, this isn't right ... I see them do it!

J:Are you back at the castle now?

A:My poor aunt goes mad. A woman screams, cries ... they kill her! (Sobbing) They cut off her head. (Moaning) Ohhhh. They tell them they must tell, but they don't want to tell. (Shouted) Be brave, don't tell! I frightened my father, maybe I could frighten them! I'll wait until the leader is in the room, and he goes there. I will pick up his sword and throw it. Ha! He's not so brave now.

J:Did that scare him?

A:He's shaken, he's very shaken by this. I pick it up and throw it over and over again. He's trying to tell them the castle is haunted! I threw his sword so hard it dented his helmet. He's crying; he's so frightened!

J:Why don't they leave?

A:What must I do? The men won't listen to him. When they come, the sword is lying on the floor, and I'm very quiet. As soon as they leave, I make it move again. I don't have to throw it. I can tell it to move and it will. It dances in front of him, and he reaches for it. (Laugh) Now, I'll let him grasp it. I'll not hurt him... I'll let him hurt himself. See! They think he's done it himself. He grasped so hard, afraid it would move. It cut through his hand. The leaders they will be leaders they think he's gone mad. They're just letting him bleed. They aren't even going to try to help him. They take him out of here. They don't want the people to know that he's done this.

J:Where are they taking him?

A:The wall! They knew about this all the time!

J:Oh, the opening in the wall?

A:They’re just going to seal him up in there, alive. They’re sealing him up in there.

J:Maybe he can find the opening on the other side.

A:He's weak ... he’ll suffocate. I'm not going to help him. I have one job to do I must save this castle.

J:Who's leading now?

A:The two that found him argue. They're both frightened. They are not leaders like he was.

J:Maybe they still think the castle's haunted.

A:They don't know for sure. It seems strange. He was perfectly all right, and then he just went mad. And they say it was his weakness, from hearing the women scream.

J:Maybe if you convince them, they will take everyone and leave.

A:No, I'm not going to talk to them. They helped him with me. They put parts of my body all over this castle. And now I'm going to I’ll stand in front of the fire. They see me, they're looking right at me. They're struck dumb! They nearly knock each other over leaving the room. Wherever they go, I follow them. No one can see me but them even in the courtyard. The horses sense I'm here. The horses know something is strange. I pat them and soothe them. The men tell the others they are riding out to look for my father, leaving them without any leaders. They are not looking for

my father; they just want to get out of the castle. I'll go right with them. If I make them go to the north, they will ride right into my father's group. I stand in the road to the south. ... They are galloping north, now. Wherever they look, they see me. I can make them go whichever way I want. This is fun! This is fun to do this! My father, he will be proud of me when he knows. (Pause) Look at them! Just look at them lying there.

J:What happened?

A:They fell right off the cliff! They galloped the horses right off the cliff. I haven't time to talk to them now. I don't know if they're dead. I'm going back to the castle. I'm going to save that castle, until my father gets there. I'm not sure how I'll do this; there are still some inside. Three are gone. Why, I know it now. Before, I didn't know how many men were here. (Proudly) Now I know!

J:How many?

A:There are 14 more men here.

J:Fourteen more to get rid of?

A:Yes. They have all the women locked in the main hall. One by one, they take them out and kill them. I talk to the first one, but I haven't time to stay. I ask her to. She's new, she doesn't know this spirit either. She's frightened, as I was, and I tell her she'll get the hang of it. I ask her to stay here, talk to any other women they kill. I'll stay in this castle. I'll stay in this castle till they are all gone. I'll make them leave one by one, or all together! This is my uncle's castle!

J:Why are they killing the women?

A:They want them to tell them where things are, who the help is,

who are the men on Earl's side. Some of these women don't even know, and they're killing them anyway. (Disgusted) Oh, they're beasts! These are wicked, wicked men.

J:Is there a leader of these 14 men?

A:They're just doing what they were told before the others left. Some of them don't know the others have gone. If they knew, they'd drive themselves right out of here, killing each other trying to find out who'd be boss.

J:Maybe there's some way you could show them they left.

A:I want to scare them ... but not these women, these poor women. They're terrified.

J:How are they killing the women?

A:They cut off a hand ... then an arm ... they just beat some. Oh, it's terrible! I've got to stop them. If I stand in front of them, maybe they'll be frightened. They're trying to pretend they don't see me. Each one is looking at the other one. Funny!

J:Think they see you?

A:They see me! They're trying not to say they see me. They decide to leave that room. One by one, they're leaving ... each one. One is to stay and guard these women. They tell him, "Don't kill another woman. Wait! Something is funny in this castle." There's something strange. They don't understand. Nobody will put it in words. They're frightened, very frightened. (Louder) Now, now they should be frightened. My father is coming. It's nearly night again. He rides in ... they climb over the walls, and the men are in the gateyard. They can't win, they're surrounded. My father saw my head ... he knew what had happened. Why he was called back.

They’ve taken the others prisoner.

J:Will they kill them?

A:They'll seal them in the wall. They do that with prisoners. And under the floor. This place ... oh, so many died here. It was my castle; it was mine, and I loved it.

J:Well, your father has come back now, and...

A:I'm talking to him.

J:Can he hear you?

A:He's trying very hard. He's so hurt that I am dead. I'm trying to comfort him. He thinks the voice is the memory of me, but he is listening. I tell him I will stay and protect the castle.

J:How long will you stay?

A:Until this fighting is over. I think I can stay that long, I hope so. No one must take this castle. I may not be able to stay that long. I tell him not to be frightened, but to look for me in front of the fireplace. I ask him to listen to me. I hope he will listen to me. He can hear me now, our minds can completely meet. They're knocking at the door, interrupt his thoughts, he slips away. Don’t try to tell them. They won’t believe you!

J:No, they won't believe him.

Johnny decided it was time to come out of this. Enough was enough.

J: You're going to drift ahead now, Gretchen. Drifting...

A: I'll stay at this castle! I've got to stay here! (Shouted) Don't call me back! I don’t want to go. I don't want to go! My job isn't done!

I'll stay here!

This could have presented a problem if it were not handled correctly. But Johnny remained calm and in control.

J:We're drifting ahead now, Gretchen, drifting ahead. (He used a very soothing tone of voice.) The fighting at the castle is all over. Your job is done. The castle has been well protected.

A:They call it "haunted" now.

J:The haunted castle.

A:They burned so much. The stones are there. Some gave way when the supports were burned. It is my castle!

J:What are you going to do now, Gretchen ?

A:I must rest. I was too strong. Why did I have to be that way? I was supposed to be a good fighter, but not that strong. My voice tells me ... I was very brave. I had good qualities, but I must not resist the voice. I stayed too long there, and some things I did were not right, while I stayed there. I said I didn't know ... but maybe I did. It's wrong for me to stay there, and I try to slip back now, to scare people who look at it. I just don't want them to bother it. It was to have been mine. And I want to be Gretchen. I can't let go, I can't let go of her. I must wait a long time, and then I'll forget.

J:Did the voice tell you this?

A:Yes. And not to go back. It's very patient when I keep going back.

J:Where are you resting?

A:Well, he wants me to go... all the way back. I wasn't ready to be

sent just yet, perhaps. He said I was too strong. I have to go all the way back to rest. I started to cry... and he promises me that the castle will always be there. He will erase the memory, I will rest. I will come back. As I go back, I can go back, but not Gretchen. I will be alive again, but I mustn't be so strong. My spirit was too strong.

J:Has the voice told you when you'll be going back?

A: When I am rested. And he tells me, I am truly a perfect spirit. That person, the times, made me too strong. That's the whole trouble, you get involved. You become that person. My spirit was so strong. They told me I was strong and could do anything because I was Gretchen. And I was my spirit believed them. Even death didn't stop me. It's not common to do that. Most spirits aren't that strong. I will be a different person, much milder, gentle.

J:Are we getting close to the time you'll be going back to Earth?

A: I have to rest.

J:Do you know who you will be when you go back?

A:A gentle woman, quiet, peaceful. I will be away from this country, and I'm sorry. I loved this country.

J:What country will you be in when you go back?

A:I will be in England. I have been promised; I will someday go back to Germany. I will go back there. No... I will be German someday. (Note that Anita is of German ancestry now.) But now, I must go away from all the violence away from where all this happened. (Pause) I remember very faintly... (She was becoming duller)... I remember... well... not very much. I can be at peace a while and just be a spirit.

Surprising as it may seem, when Anita awakened, she had no ill effects at all. When people have listened to the tape, they assume it must have been terribly hard on her, but she had no memory of it and had to be told what she said. Later, when she heard the tape, she said it was like listening to a story, but she had a mental picture of a girl with long blond braids. She said she felt very close to these supposedly other lives, as you would feel toward a sister, and she didn't want to see them hurt. So we agreed to do all we could to protect her alter egos.

When people say to Johnny, "You sounded like you were really there," (during the castle sequence), he always says, with a twinkle in his eye, "Maybe I was!"

The following sequence is rather complicated and we considered omitting it from the story. So many of the things Anita spoke about were strange and hard to accept at first. Then we decided that our failure to understand something does not necessarily mean it is without merit. It will also give an illustration of how confused we were many times.

We had just finished her traumatic life as Gretchen and were bringing her back to the present life. We stopped in the life of Mary in England for orientation and asked what she was doing.

A:(Sounded puzzled) I'm watching, many things. Something strange. ... Will I always be like this? ... I'm different.

J:What are you watching?

A: I have a life ... but I watch it!

J:You what?

A:I watch it ... I come and go ... I see things ... I see myself, yet I'm

...

J:You're what?

A: Very strange! I don't understand this!

J:Have you come back to Earth?

A:I'm not sure if I'm watching her, or I am her. ... (Confused) Perhaps you could ask for me.

J:(He tried to reassure her.) I think that you are her. Yes, you are her. You've come back to Earth. You have taken another life.

A: I watch from afar. ... I feel her happiness.

J:What's her name?

A: I'm not sure right now. ... I'm watching very closely... I must be very careful ... watching.

J:What's the woman doing now?

A:She is a very nice person. I'm watching her, and ... she's pretty. She's brushing her hair. She's frightened because of me. She feels this, too, as I feel ... I talk to her, and she talks to me. It's very... she wishes I didn't do this.

J:Do what?

A:I talk to her, and she wishes she couldn't hear me, but her mind is strong.

J:What's her name?

A: I wish I could call her another name. I don't like her name.

J:What is her name?

A: I'm not sure. It’s a masculine name, sounding, they call her. I don't like it. I'm telling her to change it.

J:Change her name?

A: Just tell them it’s something else. Don’t be too strong. If they call you a strong name, maybe you'll be like ... the other girl. Too strong. She was too strong don’t!

This might also shed some light on a portion of an earlier tape that was confusing. She was supposedly Mary in England. She was cleaning house, but was acting upset, obviously uneasy and afraid. She didn't seem to know what she was afraid of. When Johnny asked her what her name was, she answered, "It’s Mary. I like that name. It's a nice name to be." Yet later, she denied it by saying, “I'm not really Mary. That’s my sister's name. I don't know why I said that. ... I've been sick ... I was sick this winter. I want to be up and never go back to bed. ... I'm so frightened today. I don't understand what's the matter.”

As I said, it is confusing and complicated. If it is possible for the eternal spirit to talk to itself maybe the subconscious versus the conscious mind maybe somehow we tapped into both sides of the conversation. We had already encountered so many strange things, that it seems nothing is beyond the realm of speculation. Could her spirit have been trying to make her change her real name because it was masculine sounding and she had to be meek and mild in this life as Mary. She had to be the complete opposite of Gretchen? (See next chapter.) Every other time during her life in England, she always referred to herself as Mary. When we talked to her as a child, we didn’t ask her name, just took it for granted.

Whatever the answer, it apparently worked itself out and she was not troubled by anything like this again.

One unique thing that was obvious about the five lives that Anita went through was that they were all female. When I mentioned this to Anita, she said, "Well, of course! I am female. I wouldn't be anything else." At that time when we knew nothing about reincarnation, that would seem like a logical explanation. But in the ensuing years and thousands of cases later, I realize that we have to be both male and female many, many times. We have to be balanced, thus we cannot keep coming back to learn our lessons as the same sex. We have to know what it is like to experience both viewpoints. So why were Anita's lives all female?

As I examined them, I found what I believe is the answer. She said the lifetime of Gretchen was her first life on Earth, and it was discovered that she was probably sent too soon. She was not yet ready to experience life as a human. The lifetime of Gretchen was as a very strong-willed female. The times and the culture made her too strong, so that not even death stopped her. Even in her spirit state she did things that went against the rules. It was finally decided to put her in the resting place to erase the memories, so she would be able to function as a normal human. And it took hundreds of (our) years to take the memories away. Thus, when she was finally allowed to return, it had to be as a meek, mild-mannered woman. The total opposite of strong Gretchen. Each life after that were different types of women. I can see now that if she had been allowed to reincarnate as a man, the strong tendencies would have been multiplied, and this could not be allowed. It would have been more difficult to neutralize and balance them. Maybe in a future lifetime she will be ready to experience being a male, after her spirit has been conditioned and prepared to handle those qualities in a controllable manner.

Chapter 10

A Spirit Created

During the next session, an even weirder incident occurred when a strange entity emerged. We had decided to try to see how far back in time Anita would go. We wanted to find out how many lives she had lived. We expected to go much farther back than we did. Anita's first life seemed to have been in the 1300s, the early 14th century, as Gretchen in Germany.

We had spoken to her before as a spirit form when she was in between lifetimes, but this time it was different. From the moment this new entity began to speak, we knew there was something unusual about it. We called this one the Perfect Spirit. It had something that is very difficult to describe: an ethereal, haunting, other-worldly quality that was, at the same time, awe-inspiring and disturbing. The full impact can only be felt by listening to the tape. The voice has a quality all its own, with perfect, carefully pronounced English spoken with a tone suggestive of royalty. Others have felt this too, that here was something definitely not of this world. It gave us the feeling that we were addressing someone so advanced that she had the answers to everything. She seemed to possess all knowledge.

Upon reflection and probably with the consultation of others more learned than we, we could have thought of more profound questions. But she came as a complete surprise and we could only ask what we thought of at the moment. Anything that we might

think of to ask in such a circumstance must surely appear trivial. This is one of the problems with regressive hypnosis, when you regress a person, you never know what time period they will come into. Only later can you be prepared to ask in-depth questions, after doing much research.

But, alas, this beautiful spirit was never encountered again. Were we allowed for a few brief moments a glimpse of a spirit at its formation, in its beginning state? We didn't know what we encountered then, and we still don't know. But what we saw was beautiful and wonderful.

I only hope that some of the feelings she generated in us can come through in such a poor medium as the written word.

J:Okay, Gretchen, I'm going to count to three, and we're going back to the year 1250. (Counted) It's the year 1250. What are you doing?

A: I am a spirit.

J:What do you see?

A: I see only what is here that is good. I have never been to Earth.

Johnny apparently either didn't catch what she said or was unprepared for her answer.

J: Oh, you have just come to Earth?

A: I have never been there. Ask what you will. What I know, I can tell you. What I don't know, is not revealed, I have not learned. I cannot help you, my son. As a spirit I am happy here.

The voice became filled with authority, the English pure and precise. This personality seemed to know exactly what it was

saying, and seemed very superior. But Johnny still didn't understand.

J: And you've just come back to Earth?

A: I have never been to Earth, my son. You must have been because they tell me when you go, you lose knowledge. I will be patient with you.

J: Thank you.

Johnny hesitated as he tried to understand what was happening.

A:I am kind and I am good. I have all virtue.

J:How long have you been here in the spirit?

A:Since I was created. I do not number in years. I was created.

J:And do you know where you were created?

A:I know you mean a name? A name for this place?

J:What do you call this place?

A:I have no need to call it anything. I simply know that I am here; that all is good and well. I have what I need. I know what I know, and I will do what I am told. But you may call it any word which is good. That will be acceptable to me.

J:Okay. I'm going to count to three, and we are going back to the year 1150. (Counted) It's the year 1150. What are you doing?

Johnny did not realize that she had reached the beginning as far as she was concerned, and would go no farther.

A:I am created, and I wait. I know the goodness now. I was

created to please the creator, and my spirit is good, all goodness. No evil is in me.

J:How long ago were you created?

A:Time is not here. Time is not here. Since the beginning of time I have been created.

J:And you have been waiting here since you were created?

A:I have enjoyed much happiness here.

J:You have never been sent, or called to Earth or any place in the form of a body?

A:No, no.

J:But do you think you will sometime?

A:All of us, we are created to please the creator, and we go and help. The poor, poor Father is so disappointed in the family he created himself.

J:Have you seen the Father?

A:I have seen my creator.

J:Have you talked to your creator?

A:He talked to us all.

J:Can you describe him to me?

A:Can you understand a spirit?

J:I'll try.

A:It is lightness. It is the aura of goodness. It can materialize at any

time and anything that it wills. And the creator can touch something and it is what he says. This is how I was created. He took a bit of goodness, and I was created. And I am all good, and I please him now. And I will go some day, and I will learn and I will help the people on Earth S the family. I will be there many times; he has told me this. We all must go, for only a certain number of spirits are created, and we live over and over again. You learn bad things on Earth, and you unlearn them. You come back pure and good.

J:Did the father, the creator create everything on Earth?

A:He created the Earth itself.

J:And did he put everything on it?

A:Everything that is on Earth he created. He created Earth and more.

J:Tell me, has he created other worlds than Earth?

A:Of course, of course; he created our sun. He created the moon. He created all the planets around it. Each has its own form of life, its own spirits. Only Earth is so troubled, that he has asked us to go and help, and we must help the people there. He created them. He knew in creating they would not do as he asked, but he felt compelled, in his kindness, the most beautiful of all planets, to give it people. An animal with knowledge, and he knew they would not use the knowledge correctly. Though he tries to help them, people reject the belief.

J:And he created and put people on this planet Earth. Did he create and put people on other planets?

A:Not people as we know in human body, like I will take on Earth.

But to each planet, the most suitable to what he has created there. To planets that are close to the sun, he has created spirits of fire that can live in heat, and their bodies are different from those of humans. To those farther from the sun, bodies that can live without heat. Earth is his favorite.

J:And the Father did he ever put a son on Earth?

A:The Father, as I told you, materializes at will what he wishes to be materialized. And so it was; he tried to help Earth.

J:He, himself went to Earth as Jesus?

A:A part of himself. He was one, but he became two, and he tried to help. 'Twas many years ago. And people then, just as always before and always will, rejected the help. The creator's impatience is infinitesimal, so small is his impatience, that he keeps trying. He will keep trying until ... until the very end he will try.

J:Until the very end? When's the very end?

A:Oh, far, far into the future. When the day will come when he will have to live on Earth himself, or else bring all people off Earth. I'm not sure. He has tried in every way to reveal to them, and they will not accept revelation. Some day it will all end, but it will be many millions of years. No time soon. He will keep trying. And he will come back himself someday, as he did the first time.

J:You don't know when he'll come back though?

A:I do not know the exact time.

J:Do you know about when he's planning on coming back?

A:I know the century. It will happen in the 21st century that he will send himself not in the same manner as before. But he will appear

and say, “I am God!" And he will be rejected as before.

J:You mean the people just won't accept him?

A:Some, as did some accept him before.

J:Will he appear in a human form?

A:He will appear first as a spirit, I believe. And he will materialize before their very eyes.

J:He will materialize and then take human form from the spirit?

A:Correct, correct.

J:Will he have a name other than being God?

A:He will be God. He will call himself that because that is what people have called him, and they will recognize that in their religions.

J:Will he look the same in human form as he did the first time he was here?

A:No. He appeared to them as people appeared in those times. He will not come as an old man with a flowing beard, as people picture God. He will appear to them as a very ordinary human being. And they will explain away his greatness as they did before.

J:And he's going to come down here... but that's not the end of the world.

A:This is not the end that they speak of, no. He tries many times. As I told you, his patience is great. He has no impatience with the spirits. When we are wrong, he lets us do what is wrong. And when we come back, he speaks to us, and he tells us we were wrong. Now we must go back, and we must learn. We must not do

it again. We were created good, and we must learn good. We will be good. We will be as he is as I am now.

J:I see. Has God ever talked about the devil, or evil?

A:I know on Earth people fear an evil. The devil they call him Satan. What they hear is only selfishness, and each man, each woman, has it in their hearts. This is the devil, and each man sees him different. The church has done much to create this illusion, but it is only an illusion.

J:But the church is there representing God.

A:It must talk to the people in terms that the people can grasp and understand. They cannot understand how they can be God and be the devil at one time. Human conflict is very difficult for their minds to accept. Thus, if it is explained simply: There is a God who wants you to do good, and he will help you. And if they tell you: There is a devil, and he will make you do bad. It's much easier, much easier.

J:Then there are no such things as evil spirits?

A:There are spirits who are selfish this is evil. There are spirits who are jealous this is evil. Most of these spirits, when the Father gets them back, and they return to our resting place, if they cannot be purified, he sends them to a different place. He keeps them away from the people he is trying so hard to make good.

J:Do you know where he sends those spirits?

A:In terms that you understand, I cannot explain it to you. It is far; it is in space. A place where they can harm no one S only their wickedness hurting each other.

Could this be the equivalent of Biblical Hell?

J:But it's way out in space?

A:It's different from our solar system, as you are observing it here with me now.

Where could she be speaking from what vantage point?

J:Our solar system is a part of many solar systems, is it not?

A:Oh yes. You are grasping and learning fast. This is one.

J:Does God... uh ... have all the solar systems?

A:No, no.

J:Just this solar system?

A:This system is his and he has others, but not all.

J:Not all of them?

A:No. He controls so much, the human mind, even my mind, he told me, even now can barely accept the great expanse, the magnificence of him.

J:Then, in other solar systems under other gods ... there are probably other humans too, as here on Earth?

A:Our God created humans, but I am very sure other gods could create other humans in their form or self in adaptable conditions. You must understand that Earth is unique because Earth requires a certain type of human, a certain type of spirit. Each planet has its own life, each what it needs. Only God in his greatness knows each need. He knows he will take care of it all.

All of this was not only disturbing, it was confusing. Johnny and I were being bombarded by information we had never been exposed to before. It was time to get back to more comfortable grounds, such as the various past lives. Johnny decided to retreat.

J:Okay... I'm going to count. Let's see, we're way back in time. What is this: 1250, 1150?

A:You may call it the year that you please. For me there is no time. There is no time. Time is for humans.

J:But, sometime in the future, you'll be called to go to Earth?

A: I'm sure that I will. For now in my form, I am good. And each new spirit coming to Earth is all goodness, and must learn about all the things that are there. I was a spirit created for Earth.

Understandably, after this rather shaking experience, we wondered how Anita would react when she was brought forward to the present time and awakened. The first thing she did was yawn and stretch, and ask, "How about a cup of coffee? I'm thirsty." The contrast was so dramatic that we burst out laughing. Of course, Anita had no way of knowing what was so funny. She had no memory of anything she had said and had enjoyed a nice sleep. Over a cup of coffee at the kitchen table, we proceeded to tell her what had just happened. She was completely astounded. This was certainly not the Catholic Church doctrine she had been brought up on, and it was too much for her to take. It was too hard for her to accept that she had said all that. She said it was too much all at once, and she wanted time to get used to it little by little. So she asked Johnny if he would put her back under and erase the memory of what we had told her, so she wouldn't worry about it. This was done before she left.

But when Anita arrived the next week for the regular session, she told us she had been bothered all week. She knew the memory of the last tape had been erased for some reason. She kept thinking it must have contained something pretty bad or awful if she had not wanted to remember. All week she wondered what it was. I told her she could come back the next night and hear the tape that had bothered her. That way she could see for herself that there was nothing there to be afraid of, or nothing bad. It had only been the different sort of theology that had upset her.

So, she came over the next night and I played the tape for her so she could set her mind at ease. She then accepted what she had said without confusion and was never bothered this way again in other sessions.

Chapter 11

Life as a Spirit

Every time Johnny regressed Anita through her various lives, she would come upon several incidents when she was a spirit in the so-called "dead" state. In this "between lives" state, she often said that there were times when you would be called upon to do things. That the voice would tell you to go places, and you could not refuse to do so. Naturally, we were curious as to what kind of things she would have to do. So, from time to time, we had her tell us what these tasks were. I thought they would make better reading if they were all together in one chapter instead of being scattered throughout the narration.

We have heard about guardian angels all our lives. I personally have always had the idea that we each had one that was especially assigned to us. Maybe this is true, but it also appears from our investigations that any spirit that is not busy at a particular moment of need can be drafted into duty by the "voice." Certainly the jobs Anita said she was called upon to do are very suggestive of those usually associated with guardian angels. Whatever the answer, I think it is very comforting to know that these entities are around.

The following, then, is a sampling of what it is like to be a spirit, according to Anita. Personally, I feel it is a lot more satisfying to be doing something like this after you die, than to float around on a cloud playing a harp for eternity.

J:It's the year 1810. What are you doing?

A:I'm just drifting, doing what I can. I've been to different places in this country. I like it over here best.

J:Where are you now?

A:Around New York and Boston S sort of back and forth. I like it here.

J:And you've been to other parts of this country, you say?

A:Yes, I'm going all over and seeing different strange people living here.

J:What parts of the country are these strange people in?

A:I think I was almost in the middle of this country when I became a spirit. I'm not sure. I went west a long ways. Pretty soon, I crossed the river. I don't know if they call it the same country or not. If they don't, they will soon. And there's people living there that are very different. They're basically good, but they're savage. They don't understand a lot of things. I watched over there for a while.

J:You watched where they were living?

A:Yes.

J:What did they live in?

A:They're strange-looking buildings. Pueblos, I think they're called. Very strange people.

J:Were those made out of wood?

A:No. There is some in the supports, but they're sort of like out of

the dirt, and strong, almost like a brick. Smoothed over.

J:You say these people are savages?

A: Well, some things they do are different than the people that live over there, on the other side of that river.

She was obviously referring to the Mississippi. She spoke of it almost as a dividing line.

J:Tell me what things are different.

A:Well, they look different, they dress differently, they talk a different language.

J:How do they dress?

A:Well, they just barely wear anything.

J:They don't have any clothes on?

A:Oh, well, you know. They cover up some. But they don't wear clothes like over there. Of course, it's awfully hot. And they hunt and kill animals. It was a strange experience to watch these people. I never, never understood anything like that before. I was sent there, and when I watched them for a while I got scared. I didn't want to be born there.

J:You were sent there. Do you think you were supposed to be born there?

A:No. I was sent there to help. I found that out, but I was afraid at first. I would be afraid to be like those people. They're violent sometimes. (Notice the old fear of violence.) But I had to help somebody. This man he was hunting and he was hurt. He tried to kill an animal, and it ran right at him. And I moved him back out

of the way. Then I stopped that animal. It was wounded; it was going to die soon. It just made one last charge at him, and I stopped it. He was surprised, and he ... one thing about these people; they believe in spirits.

J:He kind of knows what stopped the animal then?

A:I think so. He told his people the Great Spirit stopped it. Of course, I'm not a great spirit, but he told them the Great Spirit put out a hand and stopped it, and that is just the way I did it. I put out my hand and sent it the message to stop, and it stopped and fell dead before it got near me. I think what really made him think it was the Great Spirit was because I had to move him back. I caused him to jump back. He had been hurt and couldn't walk, and all of a sudden he leaped backward. It frightened him at first. And I helped him. I told him what to do for his leg.

J:Did he understand you?

A:Well, when he went back, they thought it was strange the way he had wrapped his leg, and everything. But he said a voice told him to do it. I think he heard me. He did just what I told him. He said it was the Great Spirit that helped him, and now they think he is, maybe, blessed. They think the spirit will talk to him.

J:Was this an older man?

A:No, that's one reason why I helped him. He's too young yet; he has some other things to do. He can't die right now.

J:And a voice told you to go help him?

A:Yes, we do this. Sometimes the situations get very complicated, and people get themselves in very bad messes. They have to have help. Sometimes there's nothing any mortal can do to get them out

of the situation they're in. We just have to intervene then.

J:When you help people and talk to people, do they always listen to you?

A:No, no. Many times they don't want to listen. Even when they're concentrating the very hardest on a problem, and trying so hard to figure a way out. You try to talk to them, and they just can't believe. And sometimes, just like with that native American, I had to just make him move. Sometimes, they just do things, and can't help themselves or don't think they can.

J:But you're told to do this?

A: We're told what to do. We just know.

J:It's the year 1933. What have you done recently, June?

A:Well, I've been taking care of a boy, helping him.

J:Why, was he sick?

A:He was sick, and he ran away from home. I had to take him home, of course.

J:Where'd he live, there in Chicago?

A:Oh, no. This was in Tennessee. It was a little town in the hills. The little boy ran off, and caught cold from being out. I helped him.

J:Couldn't he find his way back home?

A:No, he was very frightened. A very nice little boy. It was very cold, not snowing, but almost. He would have caught pneumonia.

J:Did he have any heavy clothes to keep warm?

A:No, he ran off that day and it was pretty warm. He took to the woods so they wouldn't find him, and he got lost.

J:Did you get the boy back all right?

A:Oh, yes.

J:Were his folks glad to see him ?

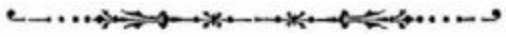
A:Yes.

J:I'll bet he doesn't run away from home any more.

A:Not until warm weather. I think he'll run away again. He's a very strong-minded child.

J:What's that boy's name?

A:Jimmy. I don't know his last name. When I got there, his mother was crying for Jimmy, so I knew that was his name.



J:It's the year 1930. What are you doing?

A: I'm waiting for something to happen.

J:Do you know what's going to happen?

A: Something is going to happen in a few minutes. I have to be here.

J:Are you supposed to do something?

A:Yes, I've got to help these children.

J:Where are you?

A:Standing by the river. The Missouri River, I think it is.

J:Are you in a town?

A:No, it's in the country.

J:Are you near a town?

A:Yes. I think... Atchinson. That's the name.

J:What's going to happen there at the river?

A:A little boy is going to fall in ... and the other little boy is going to have to save him. I have to help him. The river is very deep here, and there's a lot of current. This little boy is not very strong. I'm going to help him save his friend.

J:What are the children doing out there by the river?

A:They're fishing.

J:Just the two of them?

A:Yes. They weren't supposed to be here. They're supposed to be in school. They were hungry, wanted something to eat, and thought they could catch a fish for supper.

J:Are they brothers?

A:No, I think they are cousins. Very good friends related though.

J:Do they live in the same house?

A:Yes, they do.

J:And the one boy is going to fall in. What does he do catch a fish

that pulls him in?

A:The bank is steep. He slips. The other boy is frightened. I'm going to help him to not be frightened.

J:Does he know how to swim?

A:No. That's why I have to help him. He doesn't know how to do this.

J:How old are these boys?

A:I think they're very young, maybe ten or twelve, very young children. I'm going to help them. See how good he swims? They'll never know.

J:All he'll know is that he just did it.

A:It's very funny. I like this boy.

J:Do you know what he's going to grow up to do?

A:No. I think he'll just grow up to be a farmer. I'd like to do something for him. I think I'll let him always know how to swim. He'll always know from now on. I won't make him forget how he did it. He'll know how to swim. He'll like that.

J:I bet that other boy was sure scared.

A:He knew the other boy didn't know how to swim. He didn't know at all. They're going to laugh about this all their life. How he didn't know how to swim, and he just jumped in and swam. And always after that he could swim beautiful, they'll say. They're nice boys. This is very difficult for their families they're poor. They were trying to help. That's why they were fishing. Their family's hungry.

J:Does their family live around there on a farm?

A:Yes. They wanted to have something to eat. That's all they wanted to do.

J:Let's see. That's Atchinson, the next big town up the river?

A:That' s the one; it's on the river.

J:And we're in ... what state is this Missouri?

A:No, we're in Kansas. It's very flat here.

J:Lot of farmland around?

A:A lot here.

I looked on a map to see if Atchinson, Kansas, was located on a river. She was right it is on the Missouri River.

J:I don't suppose you've ever been called on to help bad people, have you?

A:Oh, yes.

J:You help anybody?

A:Well, sometimes people go through different stages in their life. Sometimes they go through a period of being very bad, then they change. Sometimes they've been very good, then change and do bad. But if it's necessary, we help them, if it's not their time yet. Sometimes, we help them through sickness, help them to get things done. I helped a man who was bad once.

J:How did you help him?

A:Well, he was a very wicked man, mean, but ... he must have had a lot of goodness in him. Because a horse ran away, and it was going to hit this little girl in the street. He threw himself out to throw her back. And when he grabbed her and threw her back, he fell and the horse's hoof kicked him in the head. The people thought he was going to die, and many of them were glad. But I was sent to help him. Because he had done something good, it was going to change his life. And after that, his whole life was changed. He knew it was like a miracle, he called it, that he got well. And he changed, he began to feel there was a reason, maybe, he got well. The only time he had anything fortunate happen to him was right after he had done something good, so he began to change.

J:You say he was a bad, wicked man? What did he do that was wicked?

A:Well, he had stolen money. He had killed some people, even, and had gotten away with it. The law hadn't caught up with him to prove anything. He cheated a lot of people. At cards, I think it is, that he plays, and he cheats. Once, he took land and everything from a man. And the man said the game hadn’t been right. He shot the man just shot him. But later, after he was helped, he began to change and was very sorry for what he had done. He moved away, but before he left, he gave his money to the minister there in town to build a church. The little town didn't have a church yet. People thought being kicked in the head made him go crazy. They thought it was very strange that this man who had such a bad reputation, and had done so many bad things, should all of a sudden change. I talked to him while he was sick. We do that sometimes when a person is sick. We try to help him. They talk to us then. It seems like it's easier for a person then. Sometimes they don't remember it

when they get well, sometimes they do. But we can tell them how to help themselves. Even sometimes when they don't remember talking to us later, they remember what we've told them. That's the important thing.

J:You say they're sick and you tell them how to help themselves? Well, how was this? You say this man was kicked in the head. How could he help himself with his wound?

A:His head was hurt and I could just put my hands on him ...

J:Then you fixed his head. I mean, you didn't tell him how to fix it himself.

A:No. I talked to him. He was out of his mind when I went there. People thought he was delirious and when they left the room, I talked to him. And I put my hands on him ... took the pressure from the brain. The bone was cracked a little, and there was a small blood clot forming there. I took it away. And then, I told him he was going to rest and sleep for almost 48 hours. And when he awoke he would be perfectly normal. And I talked to him about things he had done. He listened.

J:You made him look back on what he had been doing?

A:Yes. I stood him there beside himself and beside me, and we looked back at some of the things he had done. And he cried, and was very sorry. I then put his spirit back in his body and repaired his mind. He could go on; that's what changed him. It wasn't anything the doctor did because they can't do anything for that. The blood clot was forming there, and they didn't know what to do. They can't even see it. Many times, these doctors don’t even know it's there.

J:But do you see this, or is it told to you?

A: Well, I was told that he was hurt and needed help.

J:I mean, the blood clot ...

A: And when I looked at him, I could see what was the matter. I knew if I put my hand on it, it would heal it. I'd never done that thing before, but ...

J:You've been told you can do this?

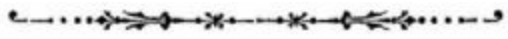
A:Yes, I can. Almost every day it seems I find out something different I can do.

J:Boy, there's a lot to learn.

A: There's a lot to learn, that’s very right. You'll see.

J:Are all the spirits able to do this ?

A:When it’s necessary for them to ... I would think they could. I think they all can. Everyone I've talked to can. Everyone they’ve talked to can. It's just a very ... I think it's the nature of spirits to do these things. We're supposed to.



The following incident was unusual because, although she was never told to do so, Anita returned to the same event on three separate occasions. She told essentially the same story each time, although in different words. I have combined them here into one.

J:It's the year 1810. What do you see?

A: A town. Some buildings.

J:What are you doing?

A: I'm waiting for something.

J:Have you been waiting long?

A: Oh, I don't really know. I can't tell time like before.

J:Where are you?

A:I’m here, in New York. I'm waiting for something to happen. Something will happen soon. Something bad. When it happens, I'll help.

J:This is the year 1810? What month and day is this?

A:This is in March ... 18th.

J:And you don't know what's going to happen?

A:It will soon begin to snow. And it will get worse and worse. And a child will be frightened, very frightened. Yes, I'm going to help a little girl, I think it is. I've watched her now for awhile. She's a very nice little girl, very kind.

J:What's she doing?

A:Well, she lives on a farm. It isn't so much what she's doing now. She's ... before she dies, she's going to be important. She's going to do some things and help a lot of people here in this town. This is all planned. She is going to be in danger. I'm going to have to save her life so she doesn't die. She will be frightened, very frightened. And I will help her get home.

J:How do you know this danger's coming up?

A:We know when things are going to happen. Sometimes, when we first get to a place and we watch for awhile, you know. And I knew when I saw this little girl that she was the one I had to save.

And when I looked at her, I saw all the things she's going to do in her life.

J:Do you know this little girl's name?

A:No, I don't. I suppose I could find out. I ...

J:Well, that's not really important, is it?

A:No, it isn't important what names are. She's going to help many people in this town. I think ... oh, yes ... she's going to marry somebody very wealthy. And she's going to help many poor people, and this is very important. And I think she's going to help some people who have run away, some black people.

I presumed she might have been referring to the underground railroad to Canada which helped runaway slaves escape their masters before and during the Civil War years (1860s).

A:And she's going to help the poor people here in this town. So it's important that she lives. She was afraid to go out this morning. Children feel things more than parents sometimes.

J:Oh, she knows something's going to happen?

A:Yes. She's a little bit frightened, and her mother sends her to ... school? Yes, it's school. She's going to school.

J:Is something going to happen to her on the way to school?

A:Yes. It's going to start to snow about the time she gets to school, and it's going to snow very hard. They're not expecting a snow. They've had a few nice days and they're beginning to think it's spring, and it's not going to snow anymore. But it's going to come in, and they'll let the children that have a long way to go leave early. She's going to be out in all that snow. If I didn't help her, she

might fall in the snow, or get lost, or freeze to death. She's very frightened and alone, so I'm going to help her.

J:Good! You're going to guide her home?

A:Yes. I'm going to take her hand and she'll feel she's had a burst of strength, like a second wind, and the steps will be lighter. I'm going to be pulling her along a little bit and helping her. Giving her some extra strength she needs, so she'll get home.

J:Does she have a long way to go?

A:Yes, she has almost two miles. I don't want anything to happen to her now. Later, people will ask her, how did she ever make it. And she'll tell them, "I don't know, I just walked." Before we reach home, the snow will be near her waist. It's blowing very hard. The last little bit before the house, some places the horses haven't even broken through.

J:Did she get home safe now?

A:Yes, she's safe. They were afraid even to go look for her in that blizzard. They were so surprised to see her.

J:Did she know how she did it?

A:No, she'll never know. She just did it, is all she'll say. Her mother feels like it was a prayer answered ... and she's right.

Since we had been given a date: March 18, 1810, I wrote the weather bureau in New York state to see if they had any record of a severe, unseasonable snowstorm occurring on that date. I again hit a dead-end. They replied that they could not help me because their weather records did not go back that far.

J:It's the year 1934. What are you doing now?

A:I've been looking all around.

J:What have you been looking at?

A:I want to see things. I love to go East. I like the East. It's very beautiful there. I'd like to live there someday.

J:Along the water?

A:Yes, I watch the water a lot.

J:Have you ever been there before?

A:I think a long time ago I must have been here. I feel very close to this place.

She lived near that area as Sarah. She also moved from Beeville, Texas to Maine in the 1970s. This might have fulfilled her wish to live in the East someday.

J:What part of the East are you in?

A:In the north. I love the mountains, trees and the water. It's very beautiful here. I had to come here about ... I'm not sure about what time. It’s very difficult to tell time. But 1 came here to help somebody that fell, got lost.

J:They fell?

A:Yes, in the snow. And I helped them get back to the party they were with. Then I thought I would stay here as long as I could.

J:Stay there until you are called again?

A:Yes, it’s very pretty here and I like to watch the people.

J:What are the people doing?

A:Well, I like to watch the ones here. They come to this place and put funny things on their feet and slide down a hill. They laugh and they're very happy people.

J:They put something on their feet and slide down a hill?

A:Yes. I like to watch that. I'd like to do that, I think, but I can't make anything stay on me like that. I tried that.

J:You tried putting them on your feet?

A: It was very funny. People were very frightened when it happened.

J:What happened?

A:I saw a man put these things down, and I went over to them and put them on the floor. It surprised everybody they thought they fell. I had a very hard time getting them out the door. I'm not sure how these people do this. I think they put them on outside. If I hadn't been able to go through the door, I'd never have gotten it done. I had to take them off, and open the door, and go back and put them on. I couldn't take the things through the door without causing an awful commotion. I tried not to be noticed, but everybody seemed to see me. When they saw those skis go through the door, they were very frightened. All four of them just sat there scared to death. And when I got outside, they began to slip and slide awful. The poor man had a terrible time finding them.

J:(Big laugh) He had to look all over for them?

A:Well, one was fairly close, caught on a tree. But he laughed and

laughed after that. He said he thought for a minute there was a ghost, but a ghost would have been able to keep them on.

J:He doesn't know very much, does he?

A:No, I don't think he's ever seen a ghost. He doesn't seem to know. It was very hard, but it was fun. I'm going to try that again sometimes. These people don't come back to that place any more.

J:They don't?

A:It was a little cottage, belonged to a man. They got the key for a weekend. They sure got scared.

J:They didn't think those skis should do that.

A:No. They didn't understand what was going on. I thought they were all busy. I'd go right out with them and nobody'd notice. But they heard them. Very funny, they laughed about that. Their girls were so scared, very frightened. They left right after that. They left in the dark, took off. He wanted to stay there, but they all left right away, soon as they found their things. Packed their clothes and left.

J:How'd they get up there; were they driving?

A:They came in a car, and a train. They came from ... from a big town. I watched that girl after that for a while. She went home and she was so scared. She knew she shouldn't have been there. She thought that's why it happened. She went to a haunted place. She was a young girl, very pretty girl, about 18, 19.

J:You say she knew she wasn't supposed to be there?

A:No. She went with somebody she shouldn't have been there with. She thought it was a punishment. So I followed her. I was

going to tell her what happened, but I never got to talk to her. I watched her for a while, and once I tried to talk to her, but I couldn’t make her hear me. She was very frightened. Everything seemed to scare her a lot. But that was a while ago. I go back sometimes to that place and watch the people that come there. They still call it haunted. They think it was a ghost.

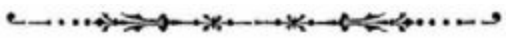
This incident showed that even a spirit can have a sense of humor, and can take time out to have some fun. It didn't sound much like the scary ghosts we have grown accustomed to hearing about all our life.

J:Tell me, are there spirits for the different animals?

A:Not like me. They're not spirits; they're a different kind of being altogether. They sense things, they have an intelligence humans don't understand at all.

J:They don't have a spirit?

A:Not like people. Humans are very stupid about animals. They think if the animal is intelligent, he will do what the person wants him to do. Sometimes, animals are more intelligent. If they can sense danger, they don't do things that people want them to do.



J:It's the year 1930. What are you doing?

A:Well, I've just been here for a while.

J:Where are you?

A:They told me the name of this town was Seattle.

J:Is it a big town ?

A:Oh, pretty fair size. Lots of pretty flowers.

J:What are you doing here?

A:Well ... see that woman over there? She's going to be hit by a car. I can't stop the car from hitting her. I can't stop that. When she does get hit, I'll take care of her.

J:Oh, so she doesn't die?

A:That's right.

J:But you can't stop the car from hitting her?

A:No, I can't do that. The young man driving that car, it's part of his life. He's going to hit this woman, and he's going to believe for a while that she's going to die.

J:Oh, this is something that is going to happen to him. It has to happen?

A:It has to be. He's going to run away from it. He'll be scared to death this woman died. But I'm going to help her, help the pain not be so bad, help her get back to her house. She's going to feel bad for just a little while, and I'm going to put her to sleep. And when she wakes up, she's not going to be hurt at all. There's never going to be anything about this in the papers, but that boy's going to have to worry for a long time. It's going to make him think about how he's been living.

J:How has he been living?

A:He doesn't care what he does or who he hurts. This is going to scare him.

J:The woman gets hit... but I guess she's not going to get hit too

hard though, is she?

A:Oh, he's going to hit her very hard. It must be hard enough that he believes he's killed her. He must know it in his mind that he's killed her. He'll come back to this road after a while, when he doesn't see anything in the paper. He'll drive back up and down this road looking for this woman. But she won't be here. She's going to go see her daughter. She'll be gone for a long time, and have a nice visit. This boy, he's going to be very worried. He's going to live his whole life to make up for killing that poor woman.

It is amazing to realize what a marvelously complex series of events are constantly being woven behind our backs without our knowledge. It seems that everything has a meaning, if not in our lives, then in someone else’s. It is also reassuring that a higher intelligence is keeping track of it all.

Chapter 12

A Spirit Looks at the Future

In some of the early sessions, while on the spirit plane, Anita made references to being able to look at people and see things about them. For instance, when she died in the Chicago life and was waiting for Al to die, she said she could look at him and see what was going to happen to him. We were intrigued by the idea that she might be able to do this on an experimental basis. It certainly would be interesting to try it. Since it seemed to be an ability associated only with the spirit form, she would have to be taken to a period between lives. The first time we tried this, she had been regressed through the lives of June and Jane back to 1810. Here we stopped, and she was telling us about life as a spirit, some of which was reported in the preceding chapter.

J:How many spirits are around?

A: Right here? There are several right here.

J: Can you see each other?

A: Oh, yes. ... We talk.

J: What do you talk about?

A:Sometimes things we've done, or where we're going, or places we've been.

J: Can you describe one of these spirits to me?

A: Well ... pick out one!

Johnny went along with her, because he obviously couldn't see what she was seeing.

J:Well, that one standing over there.

A:Him? Oh, he's nice. He's a very pleasant man. He's been a spirit now for several years. He looks very similar, I would think, to how he looked when he was alive. Of course, a spirit doesn't, you know ... well, you see me. I'm ... well, I guess the word is just "thin." You can just see right through me. I can see through him. I can see through other spirits. It's funny how we can be like this and have strength and do things. We change a lot. Have you been a spirit long?

J:(Surprised by her question.) No, I sure haven't.

A:Well, it takes getting used to.

J:It sure does. This is very strange.

A:(She sounded very reassuring.) Well, now, don't be frightened.

J:I'll try not to. Did that man say what he was called here for?

A:Well, he's been here for quite a while, and he's helped some people. I think he's waiting now to be born again. He knows where he's going, now. It's going to be a while yet, but he's going to be born again.

J:How does he know?

A:Well, he's been told; he feels it. I can't describe this feeling. You'll get used to it. It isn't like when you were alive and somebody said something and you heard it with your ears. Or if a

person was away from you and their voice sounded dim. You hear this voice just as though he were right there with you. You hear the voice, feel it mostly. But it's always very exact, it's not vague. You know just what you're supposed to do. And we can even talk to each other sometimes, without even saying a word, like I'm talking to you now. Sometimes we do that, too. It just depends.

J:(He decided it was time to try the experiment.) Tell me, can you see ahead?

A:Well, yes, if we try, concentrate. If we really need to know, or if we want to know, we can see. Sometimes, I tell people what's going to happen, to reassure them.

J:Can you look ahead right now and see something that's going to happen and tell me?

A: Well ... about you or about the country, or ...

Johnny had intended to find out about the country first, but when she said that, his curiosity was too strong.

J:About me. Can you see something about me that's going to happen?

A:Let me concentrate. (Pause) I can tell you some things. I can tell you that you're not a spirit. (Surprised) I don't know what this is. You're not a spirit!

J:I'm not?

A:No, you're alive! But not at this time [1810]. You're going to live many more lives than the one you're in.

J:Am I in my first life?

A:No, oh no! You've lived many lives before this one. And you'll live many more.

J:Can you tell me what I'm going to do in this life?

A:Well, it's very strange because you're speaking to me from a different life, a different time. I think you're living ... in the future! From me. I don't know how far. But I can see you as I think you look. And I can tell you, in that life, you're going to live a very, very long life. You're basically a very good person. There's some things you do that aren't just exactly right. There's things ... but basically, the lessons are beginning to get there. You've learned a lot.

J:And you say I'm going to live a long life in that life?

A:Yes, I think you're going to live to be old. I see you when I look at you now as a very old man. You have grandchildren ... no, there's great-grandchildren. You have great-grandchildren. You're going to live much longer than people are living in this time. That's one way I knew you were in the future.

He asked her where he would be living, and she went on to describe the place. One odd thing she said was that the state we settled in was not a state at that time [1810]. We eventually settled in Arkansas, which was not a state at the time she was regressed to. Also, no one knew where we intended to go when we retired from the Navy. At that time, we were not even sure ourselves, and we thought it would be several years before we had to worry about it. She went on to describe our place in the country perfectly. As Johnny was interested in that time in doing part-time TV and radio repair work in addition to his regular Navy job as aircraft controller (radar operator), he asked her what kind of work he would be doing. She became very disturbed and uncomfortable.

She said it was something very strange to her.

A:It's in that time though. It's with wires ... tubes. It's strange ... frightening. You're a different person. I've never done that before ... like that. It's very confusing when I see things I don't understand. These tubes are very funny. It has to do with the future from here, much later on. They're going to begin working on this, I think, in another century. I think about 1930 they're going to begin working on this. This is what you're going to be working in for your life's work.

J:I guess I'll enjoy it, then?

A:You're going to like it. I have the feeling you're very happy in this life. You have some problems, but they're not severe problems. Well, you know, to every person alive, to them, their problems are big. But in comparison to the problems you might have, these are small. This life is smoother than your last lives.

J:Let's see, we're supposed to be reborn every so often and learn new lessons?

A: There's no time set. I thought at first there was. There isn't.

J: But I understand we have lessons to learn ?

A:Yes, you have to learn something each time. You're learning right now in this life, things that you needed to learn from the last time. I see goodness around you, you're learning. That's why you're going to live a long time. You'll accomplish much in this lifetime. And each time after that will be a little easier life. You will find in your next lives, you will have different problems, but each time the life span seems to be smoother, and you seem to be accomplishing more and doing more important things. This is what I see when I

look at you. ... But it is disturbing.

Because she seemed so upset about looking at things so far in the future that she didn't understand, Johnny never had her do this from so far back in time again. Subsequently, when we tried this type of experiment, he took her back only to the 1930s, her most recent spirit state, and it did not seem to disturb her so much. At these times, she again told us about our future, and also wanted to find out about her own. When she spoke of her own future, she said she could follow her spirit with difficulty. She spoke of watching herself, as if looking at a stranger, very objectively. This was all very interesting to us from a personal point of view. However, we thought we should try to find out some things of concern to more people. What was going to happen to our country, for instance. Remember that these sessions occurred in the middle of 1968.

Anita was regressed to 1930 and she was in the spirit state between lives.

J:Can you concentrate and look ahead many years and tell me what's going to happen?

A:I can try. No one ever asked me to before. Sometimes, I know what's going to happen. Sometimes, I see it very plainly. Concentrate very hard. I only do that when I try to help people. I look for something specific, try to find something that will give them courage, or to look forward to, or to help them. So I try to look ahead for that person. Sometimes when I do, I see things that affect many people.

J:That's what I was thinking, if you could look ahead and see what this country was going to do, that's going to affect a lot of people. They'd probably like to know. Let's see, this is the year 1930? Can

you look way ahead to 1968? That would be 38 years ahead.

A:It's a very bad year. Many bad things happening. There's going to be a lot of wars.

J:Is this country going to be in the wars?

A:Yes. Many people die, families hurt. There'll be two wars in 1968.

This was a surprise. We were still fighting in Vietnam, but where else?

A:Yes, but they don't call them wars. They're not going to call it a war, but it is a war. There are two countries we're going to fight.

J:Can you tell which two countries are at war with this country?

A:Well, we fight one country, but it's not the one we're really fighting. In two countries we fight, but the same country started them both. We fight ... Russia.

J:We're fighting Russia?

A:Both times, but in different places, in different countries. We don't fight here, and we don't fight in Russia. We're going to fight in different countries than those.

J:What countries are they fighting in?

A:Well, they've been fighting in one a long time, longer than anybody knows Indochina ... Vietnam. We've fought a long time before this year 1968, for ... ten years they've fought there.

J:That's in Indochina?

A:It was Indochina at one time, they changed the name. It's called

Vietnam.

J:And the other country?

A:The other country's going to be later that same year. We'll begin a war in Korea.

J:(Surprised) In Korea?

A:Yes. We fought this country before, almost 20 years ago, and they fight again. It's going to start in the year 1968. I see it in 68, in late fall ... I think by November Thanksgiving Day. There are many people upset because the war was just started.

J:Not much to give thanks for, is there?

A:No.

As we now know, we did not go to war again with Korea, but the Pueblo Incident occurred during that year. Was a war averted by the action that was taken then? For those who may not remember what happened, a few words of explanation may be in order. From the Collier's Encyclopedia Yearbook for 1968:

International attention was focused on Korea in January when Korean forces seized the US. Navy intelligence ship Pueblo. Asserting that the vessel had been taken while intruding in coastal waters (a charge denied by the United States), the North Korean government continued to hold the ship and 82 crew members despite efforts by the U.S. government to obtain their release. The episode led to a strengthening of protective US. forces in South Korea. The North Koreans meanwhile were reported to be building up their own military position, and there was fear that one side or the other might be tempted to a provocation that could lead to resumption of full-scale hostilities. War hysteria subsided,

however, as it became clear that the United States had no plans to take belligerent action to free the ship and its crew. North Korea freed the crew of the Pueblo in December, after reaching an agreement with the United States in which the United States signed a false confession of espionage while publicly repudiating it. Such a compromise apparently has no precedent in international law.

J:The year 1968 that's the year this country is due for a new president, isn't it?

A:It might be, it might be.

J:Can you look ahead to the end of 1968 and the beginning of 1969. Can you see who is now being elected president of this country? He's elected in November, isn't he; and he takes office in January?

A:I don't know. I've never watched politics. I don't like them.

In this life, Anita is very interested in politics and wanted us to find out as much as we could about the coming election.

A:But I see the President. This is December. This would be the President in office now in 1968. There'll be a new one in office very soon, but not until the next year. I don't like this one. Someone else has been elected. This man, this man is very evil ... much black around him.

J:(This was a surprise.) What is his name?

A:That man that is in office now, I speak of. His name starts with a J (Johnson?).

J:And he's the one with evil around him?

A:Yes, he's mixed up in many things he shouldn't be. He caused a

lot of trouble for the country.

J:Is he going to continue to be the president next year?

A:No, there will be a different man next year.

J:Look ahead and picture that man. Can you see that new president?

This was very tense. The suspense was killing me.

A:I see him.

J:What does he look like?

A:He's tall ... and dark.

J:Does he have any black around him ?

A:No, he's not like that, but he's confused. He's a weak man. This was a bad choice.

J:What's he called?

A:Nixon.

This was a big surprise, because Nixon had not announced candidacy or said anything about running at this time. It was assumed that Robert Kennedy would be elected with little opposition. His success was almost guaranteed.

J:And you say, there's a war going on with Vietnam and Indochina. Can you see any end to that war?

A:It will start to be over. There will begin to be talks that year. And the people want our people home, but they will still be there. And there will still be fighting all through '68. We're going to try to get

out of there, but it's very much involved, more than anyone knows. More than the people of this country know. There's going to be peace talks in this year '68, but it's going to be a long time ahead before all the people leave that country to come home. The other one starts out very small, trivial things. They don't call it a war, but I do. It is a war. All of '68 is in war ... very bad year.

J:And this new man who's going to be president, he's not able to stop the wars?

A:He's a weak man, and they're trying to help him. Pushed him in the least objectionable. He doesn't have much power. He can't do what he wants to do. And he's confused sometimes as to who to listen to. He's going to try very hard, and he has some good help. He wasn't supposed to have been president, though. He was a bad choice.

J:Who was supposed to have been president?

A:The man who was supposed to be looks very different from him. He's smaller ... blond. He should have been president this time.

J:Was he trying to be president then, and this man got it?

A:He held back too long. He should have been, but he was not sure yet if he was ready to be.

We weren't sure if she was talking about Robert Kennedy, or perhaps Gerald Ford. This was never made clear.

J:Do you see anything else big happening? Anything that might affect a lot of people?

A:People hurting other people. A lot of riots. They're going to have

a lot that year.

J:Is there any one riot that is a big one?

A:The biggest one will be ... it looks like in Chicago.

J:What time of the year is that happening?

A:Very hot ... hot summer.

J:Is it a riot with black people?

There were many of them occurring during the 1960s.

A:There's other people involved, too. Some whites, blacks ...

J:The whites are causing the riots?

A:Some of them are causing it.

J:Why do you think they're doing this? Can you see?

A:I think it's to weaken the country. They want to show how strong their forces can be. They're a very selfish people ... use the blacks to their advantage.

J:Are these people of this country?

A:Some... some. They've been here a long time, very infiltrated in our lives.

J:Just making a lot of unrest?

A:Yes. Much turbulence.... Ooo ... I don't like that year. Very few things good in that year. So many people killed uselessly. Nineteen sixty-eight will be disastrous much trouble, very bad year.

We thought she was talking about a race riot in Chicago, because

that seemed the most obvious conclusion. We were all surprised as we sat around the TV set in August of 1968, and watched the riot taking place in the streets outside the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. It became so bad that several thousand national guardsmen and federal reserve troops were called in to help the police. The news media felt that one of the factors that caused it to erupt was that Chicago was experiencing one of the hottest summers on record. As Anita sat with us watching the riot police battling with the rioters, she said it was a very weird feeling. "I've seen all these scenes before," she said.

Then as the election campaigns wore on into summer and fall, it seemed very odd. It was a feeling of anti-climax. All the excitement was gone out of it. There was no suspense. After all, we already knew who would be nominated and who would win the election. And after the voting was counted, and Nixon stood there receiving congratulations, it was a feeling of deja vu. We had already seen it; already experienced it months before.

Nineteen sixty-eight was a very bad year in more ways than one. The assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert Kennedy also occurred during that year. We have been asked several times why she did not see those events and report on them. Maybe she did when she said, "I don't like that year. Very few good things in that year. So many people killed uselessly. Nineteen sixty-eight will be disastrous, much trouble, very bad year."

I have since learned through working further with hypnosis that the subject will often see much more than they relate. Unless they are asked a direct question, they may never mention it. Often the scenes come too quickly.

The session continued.

J:Tell me, in the year 1968, this country was talking about sending something to the moon. Are they going to get there?

A:They make things that go to the moon, but not like they plan on yet. People won't go there yet. Next year.

J:Nineteen sixty-nine?

A:Next year people will get to the moon.

J:Will they get back?

A:Not without ... tragedy. It’s all very dark, not good at all. It's not good.

J:Is this country the one that's sending these people?

A:We will be there, but not this year: 1968. In 1969, we will send men to the moon.

J:And some of them will come back?

A:I don't know how many are going, and I don't know how many come back, but the leader of that is killed. He's going to die.

As we now know, we did land on the moon with the first manned expedition in 1969. We sat in front of our TV sets and watched in awe as another prediction came true. But what about the tragedy? The only ones that we know about were the Apollo craft that burned on the ground killing all on board, and the Russian cosmonauts who died trying to reach the moon. Could there have been other deaths among the astronauts that the government has never made public?

J:So, they'll land on the moon. Do you think they are supposed to do this?

A:No, but it doesn't harm anybody else but them. It wasn't meant for them to do that, but it doesn't hurt anything. They're not going to do what they think they are. They want to have space platforms. They want to control the world. It's not going to be like that for a long time. Someday, a long ways off, there will be things like this in space. They think now they can conquer everything just by getting there, but they have much, much more to learn. Much they don't know. They'll never do what they think they are now.

J:Are they planning on going to other worlds?

A:They want to explore. They think there are things out there.

J:Are there things out there?

A:(She smiled as if she had a secret.) Oh, yes; oh, yes! But not what they think.

J:What are these things that are out there?

A:Well, there are many other planets, each with life on them. But not what they are expecting to find.

J:Are they expecting to find this life in a human form, like they are?

A:No, not really. But they think they will be able to communicate immediately. This is not true. They won't; not for a long time, maybe never. I don't see them ever doing that, like they think.

J:They have things that have been reported around the country that they've seen. What they call “spaceships, flying saucers, and balls of fire”. They say they come from another world, another planet. Have you seen these?

A:(Smiling again.) Of course!

J:What are they?

A:They're space vehicles. They travel in them.

J:Who is in them?

A:Well, that depends on which you mean. There are things that they see. They think they are flying saucers. They call them unidentified objects, that are nothing more than a spirit. Sometimes, they are ships that are from another planet. They are basically very afraid of these things. If they find out something, they don't tell the people about it. Very frightened as to what it might be because their communications don't get through.

J:You say these are spaceships from another planet?

A:Some of them are, yes.

J:Do they have people in them; people like we are?

A:They could be a person if they wanted to be. The ones they have seen this year and the last few years are a form of life that can take different bodies. Different assembly of things, make them look different. They could look like humans.

J:Do you know what planet they come from?

A:I don't know the name. I was told. I can't remember. It's not from this solar system. They're from another one. The one nearest to us.

J:Oh. The nearest solar system to this solar system?

A:Yes. They're here. They're a very curious people. They are at a different stage of development. They observe Earth, their problems. They very seldom interfere. They observe and learn.

They're very curious.

J:Do you think they'll land on Earth and try living here?

A:No, not like you think, not like you think. They have been here for a long time.

J:They have?

A:They have come and gone. They can look like people on Earth. People don't know it when they see them. They don't harm anyone never hurt anyone. They observe; sometimes they come and live for a while. Very hectic place, Earth. They don't like it here. And they go back.

J:Do they try to help the people?

A:No, they very seldom interfere.

J:They're just observing to see what's going on? They're real curious?

A:Yes. They went through a stage very similar to this several thousand years ago.

This was amazing information to receive. Especially since there was little written at that time dealing with UFOs and aliens.

Chapter 13

Kennedy and the Scorpion

The sessions had by now become so routine that we were beginning to be more inventive. We had covered all five of Anita's lives as thoroughly as we could, and we were looking for new and different experiments to try. The following was part of the last session we held. Anita had already shown the ability to look into the future and see specific events. Now, friends made the suggestion that we pick an important event, and have her go to that date and describe the incident as she saw it happening. We thought it would certainly be worth a try.

The event most often suggested was the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, mostly because of the mystery that even now surrounds the incident. These sessions took place in 1968, only five years after the event in 1963. The Warren Commission had completed its investigation and came to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone as the assassin. Although there had been speculation as to other possibilities, the Warren Commission's findings were generally accepted. It was only in later years that other theories have been given any credence. Thus, in 1968, the results of this experiment were quite startling, although by today's standards, they are more believable.

Due to the nature of the experiment, several other people wanted to be present at this session. These were mutual friends who had been following the sessions, and could be counted on to protect

Anita's anonymity. Although we had discussed the subject matter of the experiment, we had not told Anita what we would attempt to do. We thought this would add more validity. We will have to leave it to the readers to decide for themselves if she was looking at the actual event, and if what she saw could be the truth. Perhaps no one will ever really know.

J:June, you have this power to look way ahead in time and see things that are going to happen ?

A: I could tell a lot of things about Al, just by looking at him.

J:Did you ever hear of Dallas, Texas?

A:Before, you mean?

J:Yes, or now. Have you ever heard of Dallas, Texas?

A: No.

J:That's a big city down in Texas. You've heard of Texas, haven't you? That's a big state in the southern part of America.

A:I've heard of Texas. Yeah, cowboys.

J:I want you to concentrate and look ahead to the year 1963, during November, in Dallas, Texas. Something's happening there. Can you see it?

A:It’s a big town, bigger than Chicago. It’s very big. It must be close to half a million or a million people. Big town.

J:Well, this day in November, this is ... ah... (He was trying to remember what day it occurred).

A:Very warm day, isn't it?

J:Yes. It's in the latter part of November, about the 22nd, 23rd.

A:The weather's very different. It's a very warm day.

J:There's a man ... in a car ... driving down the street ...

A: Yes, it’s a parade.

J:A parade?

A: Looks like a parade.

J:That man in the car sitting with the other man, and two women?

A: The open car, yes.

J:Yes. He's the President of the country.

A:(Surprised) Yes! Nice looking ... beautiful woman.

J:Can you see anything happening?

A:(Surprised) He's going to be killed!

J:He is? When?

A:I think he ... this day you're talking about. He's caught in a crossfire of bullets.

At this remark, everyone in the room looked at each other and gasped. Crossfire! This had never been suggested at that time.

J: (Surprised) A crossfire?

A: Yes. He's hit from the front and from the back.

J:Can you see who's doing this firing? Who's shooting?

A: Yes. There's two men. There's a man behind that fence over

there.

J:Can you tell who he is?

A: I don't know his name. He looks different. Maybe he's South American or something. He looks dark.

J:He's a foreign type of man?

A: Yes. He's Spanish speaking ... doesn't speak this language very well.

J:And you say he's behind a fence?

A: Yes, he stood on a car ... and shot.

J:What did he shoot with?

A: (Indignantly) He shot with a gun.

J:I mean, what kind of a gun?

A: It’s meant to have a longer barrel. It looks like it should have been a rifle, but it isn't.

J:It's got a short barrel?

A: Shorter than a rifle.

J:And you say this was behind a fence.

A: Yes, a board fence, high.

J:And how far away from the car with the President is this fence?

A: Well, it’s not very far. It's ... I can't seem to see the distance, but it's not very far. The other man is farther away. He's high in that building.

J:He's in a building? Can you tell me the name of that building? Can you read the name off it or does it have a name on the front of it?

A:I think there's one there. It's a storage building. I think it says (Slowly as though she was reading) Book Depository?

J:Book Depository?

A:Yes, I think so. I'm not sure, but I think so. The building is full of books and supplies, mostly school books.

J:Can you see that man? What does he look like?

A:I don't like him! He's skinny, doesn't have much hair and he's got funny eyes. Round sort of face. That man's crazy!

J:He's crazy?

A:The man is sick in his mind. He's very mixed up. He's pitiful. He's done a lot of things that are bad, but he's thoroughly convinced he's right. Even now, he thinks he's done something wonderful that people are going to praise him for.

J:He does? Can you tell what he's done before?

A:Well, he's confused. He's having a lot of troubles with his wife. She wants to leave him, and he's upset with her. And he's tried everything to be good to her, and she wants a lot more than he can ever give her. He knows this now.

J:You say this man thinks the people are going to praise him for what he did?

A:The people he is working with do.

J:Oh, he's working with some people?

A:Yes.

J:Can you see these people?

A:Vaguely. He's not closely associated. He's tried to get into this group. And they picked him right away for his background. They know he's disturbed. And they've set him up to do this. He's the sacrificial goat, you might say.

J:Well, if he’s doing the shooting, why is that other man also doing the shooting from that car behind the fence?

A:They're not going to take any chances. They have to be very sure. They want very much to kill this man. They can't take any chances.

J:Who are they?

A:What do you mean?

J:Can you describe these people that talked these two men into shooting this person?

A:You mean their appearance, or their organization?

J:Their organization. Their names, if you can see.

A:I'm not sure of the names because he's not had a lot of close contact with them. It's hard to tell if he hasn't had contact. They're Communists.

J:Is that their organization?

A:Yes. They belong to the Communist organization Communist Party.

J:And you say this man up here in this storage building is being sacrificed?

A:Well, they know that he can't get away with this. He can't get out of that building without being seen. People are going to see that gun fired from that building. They know he's going to be caught, but they have convinced him that he can pull this off. He's a very egotistical person. He believes them when they tell him he can do it. He's going to be caught and they know it, but they figure ... better to lose him than not to get it done. He's nothing to them.

J:And... he hasn't been told too much about the organization?

A:He knows very little about it.

J:You say he wasn't close to it?

A:Not in this country. He's been contacted and he's tried to contact them.

J:Did he contact this organization someplace else other than this country?

A:Yes; he was in their country, in Russia. He knows about this group.

J:Okay. Now on this day we're talking about, I want you to look at that same day and tell me where I am. I'm not there in Dallas.

This was a test Johnny had devised on the spur of the moment to see how much accuracy we could possibly attach to the foregoing. Anita had no way of knowing that he was onboard an aircraft carrier (USS Midway) approaching Hawaii at the time of the assassination. They docked in Pearl Harbor the next day.

J:Can you see where I am?

A: (Pause) I'm trying, but I don't see ... I can't see ...

J:You don't see me around anywhere?

A:No. You aren't anywhere near there.

J:No, I'm somewhere else. You'll have to scan all over.

A: (Pause) No, I can't see. I'm sorry.

J:Okay June, I'm going to count to five, and we're coming ahead to 1968.(He brought Anita forward to the present date.)

When Anita was awakened, the first thing she said was that she was confused. When asked what about, she said, "Because you asked me a question I couldn't answer, didn't you?" He said he had asked her where he was on a certain date. She said she had seen the whole continental United States laid out below her like a child's map. She could see the outline and the water lapping around the edges, and the center filled with thousands of people, like so many tiny ants. She went up and down the coast and back and forth across the map very swiftly looking at each face. Then she said, "I couldn't find you. I don't know where you were, but I'll bet my life you were nowhere in the United States. I'm sure of that."

So what appeared like a failure as far as the test was concerned, was really not a failure after all. She just didn't look far enough.

During the time that we were holding the sessions, the nuclear submarine Scorpion disappeared without a trace somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean in May 1968. There was a lot of speculation about what had happened to it. So we thought it would be interesting to see if Anita could discover anything concerning this.

J:June, while you're looking at the year 1968, look at the month of

May, about the middle of that month. Look out to the east at that great ocean.

A:Yes, I see water.

J:Out to the east of the country, there's a ship that goes under the water. It's called a submarine. And it's been over to another country, over across the ocean. It’s coming back to this country. Can you see it? It's a great big ship that goes under the water. It must have, oh, nearly a hundred men on it.

A:One of them's crazy, you know!

J:One of the men on the ship?

A:Yes.

J:Can you see the name painted on the ship?

A:No, I see numbers.

J:What numbers?

A:It's very hard to see. I don't want to go into the water. That man goes crazy, and he does something that damages the ship. Everybody on that ship is going to die. Did you know that?

J:No!

A:They're going to suffocate.

J:Because of that man?

A:Yes. He's a very strange person. He goes berserk, and he goes in a room he isn't supposed to be in. And when the other man is talking to him, he damages some controls. The ship begins to dive, deeper and deeper, and it can't pull out of it.

J:It's in the water; it's going down?

A:Yes. It goes to the bottom. They know they can't get up.

J:They can't get off the bottom?

A:No. He's done something when he did this. It hits the bottom; the ship is damaged, the controls.

J:What does this man look like who goes crazy and does this?

A:He's a tall, red-haired man.

J:Can you see his name on his shirt?

A:No. He doesn't have a name on his shirt. It's just a khaki shirt.

We assumed from this that he must have been either an officer or chief petty officer, since they are the only sailors that wear khaki. The seamen usually wear T-shirts with their names written on them. Upon awakening, Anita was discussing this vision, and she could still visualize some of it. She had the definite feeling that he was not an officer. The feeling was very strong that he was a chief or a chief warrant officer, more likely a chief.

J:These other men aboard the ship, shouldn't they be able to fix the damage to the ship?

A:They can't. It jams the control, and when it hits, it damages the sub even more. They can't. That ship is going to sit right there.

J:And you can see where it's sitting now?

A:I see water all around it. It's a long way from any shore.

J:Can't they talk to the people outside somehow?

A:No, they can't. They tried too long. They tried and tried to fix that, and they're losing power. They're losing all controls on that ship. Nothing's going to ever be seen of that ship until it falls to pieces from the pressure.

J:It will fall to pieces?

A:Yes.

J:Will somebody find pieces of that ship?

A:Not in this year of 1968.

J:It's going to be later on?

A:Much later. They'll identify pieces of it. (Pause) It's very sad.

J:Can't the men get out and float to the top of the water?

A:No; they're very, very deep. There's something about how deep they are; that they can't leave for that reason.

J:They have to stay inside the ship?

A:If they try to get out, they'll die immediately. It's a strange ship. I never saw one like that before. Very well built, wasn't it?

J:Why ... I guess so.

A:It would never have happened if it wasn't for that man. It's a shame. Some higher people than him wanted him off that ship, but they didn't get the paper work through and he made this last trip with them.

J:Oh, somebody wanted to get him off before they went on that trip?

A:He showed signs of being under strain.

J:Well, do those men live down there while it's sitting on the bottom? I mean, the ship's not going to break up right away?

Since no one knew what had happened to the ship, Johnny was thinking there was a chance the men would stay alive for a while and perhaps be rescued.

A:They lose oxygen, and then their power to ... they must make oxygen. They must have air on there some way. But the ship loses its power a little at a time. In about 48 hours, they're all dead.

J:And all because of this man who tampered, or did something to the control?

A:He wanted to kill himself so bad that he killed everybody else with him.

J:Why did he want to do that? Can you tell?

A:He's very troubled, has some financial problems. I think that's it. He's very worried, and his wife worried him. He just wanted to get out of it altogether.

J:Can you see other men around on the ship? I imagine they're all working to fix that trouble, aren't they?

A:Some of them are. Some go all to pieces. They’re afraid they’re never going to get out of there.

J:Do any of the men have shirts with names on them?

We hoped we could get at least one name to verify as someone who was really listed as being onboard. Suddenly Anita appeared to be hot and uncomfortable. She started to sweat.

A:It's very hot on the ship. It's very hot in there.

J:Oh, did you go down on the ship?

A:I looked inside it.

J:Can you see any names on the shirts of the men? Can you tell who any of the men are?

A:The men have just their shorts on, some of them. I don't see any names. It’s very hot. I don't know any of the names.

Of course, it was disappointing that she could not see any names that could be verified, but at this time no one knew the fate of the submarine. We had to wait like everyone else until they could locate it, and find out what had happened. It remained a mystery for several months. There was even speculation that it may have been sunk by a Russian ship. Finally, the Navy located something by sonar that could possibly be the missing vessel. Since it was so deep that humans could not descend, they sent cameras below operated from the surface to try to identify the wreckage. The following article appeared in the Corpus Christi Caller (Texas), on Friday, January 3, 1969:

Cause of Scorpion Loss Probably Was Internal

Washington Underwater photographs of the nuclear submarine USS Scorpion, which sank off the Azores last May with 99 men aboard, have convinced some Navy experts that trouble within the submarine itself led to the tragic accident, Pentagon and congressional sources revealed Thursday.

"Had the Scorpion been hit by a torpedo or scraped by a surface ship while she was near the surface, this would have left identifiable damage," one source said. "But the photos suggest

there was trouble within the Scorpion that dragged her down below crush depth."

It was understood that a special Navy court of inquiry in Norfolk, Va., which has been taking testimony since June, has finished its work.

The court's formal finding and recommendations are being reviewed by Atlantic Fleet Headquarters in Norfolk and are expected to be forwarded to Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations, within the next few days. A public announcement is expected here by the end of the month.

Sources familiar with the court's findings say the exact cause of the loss has not been pinpointed, but that the range of possible causes has been narrowed to four.

These are:

Control failure. If the submarine, which was returning to the United States after a tour in the Mediterranean, was running fast and deep and its diving mechanism suddenly locked in the "dive" position, it would have dived below crush depth before mechanical corrections could be made.

Experts say that if the vessel had been above the 200-foot depth, as is considered likely, there should have been time to correct such a failure. “The crew of subs are drilled on what to do in such a circumstance all the time,” one officer said, "But remember, once it starts going down, it goes fast; a sub is built to dive, after all."

Flooding from small leaks. Witnesses in Norfolk said the Scorpion had minute cracks in her hull and propeller shafts. The deeper the submarine may have gone, the greater would have been the water

pressure against the cracks that could force a sudden breach and a gushing in of water. The vessel was coming in for maintenance work, but was considered in safe condition to operate down to a certain classified depth.

A malfunctioning torpedo within the submarine. From time to time torpedoes become activated accidentally. In such a case, submariners either back the torpedo out of the tube and disarm it, or shoot it out of the tube. If it is a torpedo which is designed to hone in on the hull of another vessel, there is a classified procedure the vessel takes to ensure that the torpedo does not double back on the launching vessel.

Since photos taken by the research ship Mizar show no evidence of an explosion outside the Scorpion, this tends to eliminate the theory that the ship was hit by its own torpedo. But it does not eliminate the possibility that a malfunctioning torpedo might have exploded within the vessel.

Panic. In the event of any of the above problems, one or more members of the crew might have panicked and started pulling the wrong levers. "But this crew was believed to be very well trained and stable, " one source said.

So there isn't much more than can be added. If the Navy could not come to a definite conclusion, who else could? But we wonder, did Anita really see what actually happened on board that ship?

Chapter 14

The Curtain Descends

And so the experiment that began so casually had expanded to encompass many months and had opened up many new horizons. We had been introduced to five fascinating personalities that we would not have met otherwise, and had gone on an adventure we would have not believed possible. In those few short months, many people's attitudes and ways of thinking had been forever changed. We sincerely think it was changed for the better.

Although Anita still wanted to remain anonymous, many friends came to the house during those months to hear the latest chapter, like a continuing story. Many of these people did not know her and this was the way she wanted it. They would listen to the latest tape recording in a state of total wonder and incredulity, and comment on it afterwards. We were all being exposed for the first time to a totally new way of thinking. We were being bombarded by new ideas and concepts like nothing we had been exposed to before. Although some were confused and astounded by having their belief structures threatened and broadened, they had no explanation for the things that came forth during the sessions.

They all offered many suggestions on new things to try, new avenues to explore. The possibilities seemed endless. Maybe we could try looking ahead for certain future events. She had done so well looking backward to the disappearance of the Scorpion and the assassination of President Kennedy, maybe she could look at

other specific historical events and see what really had happened. The death of Adolph Hitler in the bunker in Berlin was one possibility that was mentioned. There were countless others, the thoughts of which were exciting and challenging. It seemed as though we stood on the threshold of all knowledge, limited only by our imaginations. So in the midst of all this, what happened? Why did the experiment suddenly come to a close, to leave the tapes gathering dust on a shelf for 11 years?

It all came to a crashing, grinding halt on a dark night in September 1968. Many coincidences (if there is any such thing) were at work that night to bring everything to a thundering climax that would forever change the course of our lives.

Johnny had been bowling in a league in town and was returning to duty at the base. The bowling machines had been acting up that night and he was leaving later than usual. (Coincidence?) At the same time, a naval officer had been drinking at the "O" (Officer's) Club on the base all day, and had picked that time to decide to leave for his home in town. On numerous other occasions, this man had been in trouble due to drinking, and he was to say later that he did not even remember what happened that night.

The movie on the base was letting out, and a long line of traffic was moving away from the base toward town. The officer decided to try to pass the whole line, and Johnny came face to face with the blinding headlights on a curve, with no way to escape. It resulted in a terrible head-on collision, with Johnny crushed and mangled into the metal of his Volkswagen Van.

The full force was directed at his legs and the main artery in his ankle was severed. He also suffered three brain concussions. By coincidence (?), a medical corpsman was riding in the car directly

behind and was the first on the scene. Only his emergency treatment kept Johnny from bleeding to death immediately. What followed was 45 minutes of unspeakable agony as the emergency teams tried desperately to remove him from the car. The doctor at the scene had come to the conclusion that the only solution was to amputate his legs there in the car to release him. He hesitated because he was afraid the shock would kill him. Johnny had remained conscious in spite of the medications given him, and the morphine seemed to have no effect.

Then, the volunteer fire department decided to try one more method. If it failed, then amputation was the only alternative. They hooked one of their trucks to the front and a car to the back of the van and tried to pull the metal apart. It succeeded and he was hurriedly put aboard a waiting helicopter and started on the way to the Naval Hospital at Corpus Christi, 70 miles away.

During the hectic flight, he lost all the blood in his body, and his heart stopped three times. His blood was a rare type, A negative, and all that was available was type O, the universal donor type. They assumed that by this time it didn't matter anyhow, they had to get something into him. The doctor began to despair because he couldn't get the needles into Johnny's veins. Then, once again by coincidence (?), there was a corpsman aboard who had just returned from Vietnam, and he asked if he might try a procedure he had performed during the war. He did a cut-down directly into the femoral artery and inserted the needle there. He later received a citation for his actions that night.

The helicopter landed on the lawn of the hospital and Johnny was rushed into emergency, where five doctors worked frantically over him. His face was torn apart, he had suffered three brain concussions, had lost all the blood in his body, and his legs were shattered like window glass. The doctors did only emergency procedures. They were sure he could not last through the night.

The base doctor had returned with the helicopter before I was notified and an ambulance was directed to take me down to the hospital in Corpus Christi. The doctor was quite frank, but also kind, as he told me it might already be too late. That Johnny might be dead before I could get there. Even if he could live, he had lost too much blood for too long a time, and he had brain concussions, there would surely be brain damage. He would most assuredly be a vegetable. And both of his legs would almost certainly be amputated. He had too many things stacked against him.

Only someone who has been through an experience like this can possibly know the emotions that went through my mind. Here was a man I had loved for 20 years. He was hurting so terribly, and there was nothing I could do to help. Everything began to take on

a dream-like quality, an unreal aspect, as I rode the 70 miles to the hospital in the ambulance.

The driver and the corpsman were kind and understanding, but they could not know what was going through my mind. I knew deep inside of me that Johnny would not die. I would not allow myself to think for a minute that he might. I suppose this could be called a typical denial of reality in the face of a tragedy. But I knew something they did not know, and I hung to it with all my might.

On one of the tapes we had asked Anita to look ahead at our future and tell us what we would be doing years from now. She had said, "I see you in a southern state, in a change of seasons, but winters are not as severe as in the north. A very beautiful place, not a farm, but with land around you. You are going to live a very long life. I see you when I look at you as a very old man. You have great-grandchildren around you. (Our oldest daughter was only 15 at the time of the accident.) I see goodness around you. You're learning, the lessons are beginning to get through. That's why you're going to live a long time. You'll accomplish much in this lifetime. You will help a lot of people."

What we had experienced during the months we worked on the hypnotic experiment had left a lasting impression. We knew in our hearts that what Anita had reported in trance was true, and we believed it. And, if we believed it, we had to believe it all. So I knew he could not die, not if Anita saw him alive and well so far in the future. So I clung to my secret and it gave me strength I didn't know I possessed.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was shown into a waiting room. I will never forget the sight of those five doctors as they entered the room, each one telling me something different that would kill

Johnny during the night. The injuries were too extensive; too much blood loss; too much shock. The many breaks in his legs had released bone fragments, bone marrow, blood clots and fat clots into his blood-stream. No one had ever lived in this condition before.

I know the doctors were trying to prepare me for the worst, and they must have thought it strange that I was not more emotional. But I held my secret tight inside me. I knew things they could not know. I said, "I'm sorry, but you're wrong, he will not die. You do not know him. If there is a way, he will find it."

The doctors were quiet for a few moments. Then one of them said, “Well, if he has that type of personality, he just might have a chance."

When I saw Johnny in the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), he was almost unrecognizable. His face and head had been hurriedly stitched, and two big corpsmen were holding him down on the bed. His head injuries had made him delirious and violent. He was wild-eyed and obviously in shock. He didn't know who I was. I don't think he even saw me.

I knew there was nothing I could do to help him. So I went to the room they had given me, and I prayed, "There is nothing anybody else can do. He's in your hands, now. Thy will be done." And I fell into a deep sleep, confident he would be better by morning.

The next day dawned gray and raining. Weather to fit the occasion. When I entered the ICU, I saw that the first of the "miracles" had occurred. He had made it through the night. No longer restrained, he lay sleeping. The doctors said it was still touch and go. The next "miracle" happened later when he regained consciousness momentarily. The doctors stood around the bed asking him

questions: Did he know where he was? Did he know who they were? Did he know who I was? Then, with big smiles, they beamed, "He's coherent. His brain is not affected!"

As I sat by his bed through the next days and nights, he would be sleeping and suddenly awaken wild-eyed and scared. Then, when he saw me sitting there, he would go back to sleep, peacefully. The doctors said that every time a piece of bone marrow hit his brain there would be a lapse of memory, so the next weeks were very confusing for him.

"Miracle" number three started happening that first week. His face began to heal with astonishing rapidity. The stitches were removed and the signs of damage began to disappear amazingly fast, leaving only faint traces of scars.

Nurses and corpsmen stopped by the bed to stare at him, so that once he asked me to get him a mirror. Upon gazing at his reflection, he said, “What’s everybody looking at? There's nothing wrong with my face!"

I replied, "That's why they're staring."

I talked with the doctor who had hurriedly stitched up his face that night, and told him, "You really did a good job under difficult conditions."

"Listen," he said, with a confused look on his face. “I don't understand it. I expected to do at least five plastic surgery operations. Now I’m not going to have to do anything!"

Everyone seemed to share the feeling that some strange force was at work here, something unnatural. Nurses told me they had seen people die with injuries not even half as severe as his. Word began

to spread quickly through the hospital about the Miracle Man in ICU. I couldn't help gloating inwardly, for hadn't I felt all along that help would come from a higher source? Secretly gloating, maybe, but also I was extremely grateful that there was a higher source that took care of things.

When it became obvious that he would live after all, they set about trying to save his legs. They decided not to amputate for the time being, and put him into a body cast that reached from his armpits all the way to his toes. This was to be his prison for eight long months.

After the first month in ICU, he was transferred to the hospital ward. Because of the severing of the main artery at the ankle, the circulation did not return to his foot and it turned gangrenous, so that eventually he lost his foot. But that was extremely better than losing both of his legs!

One doctor made me very proud when he told me, "You know, you deserve some of the credit for this. He must have been a very happy man. He didn't want to die."

Johnny spent over a year in that hospital, and was finally discharged from the U.S. Navy as a disabled veteran with 21 years in the service. They said he would probably be in a wheelchair the rest of his life. His legs had been shattered too much to support his weight. But again they were wrong. They underestimated the courage of the man. He walks now with the aid of a brace and crutches.

In the years that followed, there were many adjustments to be made. We retired to live on a pension in Arkansas, to a place that closely matched Anita's prediction.

Some people have said, rather cruelly, that what happened to Johnny was a punishment. A punishment for poking around forbidden corners, for looking into hidden things that he had no business peering into, or knowing about. Reincarnation! Work of the devil!! I cannot, I will not accept that. The God who was shown to us during the hypnotic sessions was good, kind, loving and extremely patient. This type of God was incapable of such a thing. That the accident happened for a reason, I have no doubt. But as a punishment? Never! I find such an explanation unthinkable!

I have wondered in times of reflection if I would have had the strength to handle these horrible events without that brief glimpse into our future. Without this foreknowledge that everything was going to be all right, would I have collapsed under the stress and mental strain of caring for a family and a dying husband? Thus, I know the sessions served many purposes. They provided unknown and startling information to many people who had never thought of such things before. And they also prepared us for events that would surely have swamped us otherwise. For both reasons, the hypnotic sessions that occurred during those few months in 1968 changed our lives forever.

In these days of grave concern about the future, it is no longer considered sacrilegious to question the reason for life. The last taboos are finally being stripped away from the mystery of death and the hereafter.

Maybe, there are other people who started out as skeptics like us. Maybe this account of our adventure into the unknown will reach and help them. For, didn't she say, when we were speaking with the Perfect Spirit, "I will learn and I will help the people on Earth, the family. Only Earth is so troubled that He has asked us to go

back and to help. And we must help the people there. He created them, He knew in creating they would not do as He asked. But He felt compelled, in his kindness, the most beautiful of all planets, to give it people, an animal with knowledge. And He knew they would not use the knowledge right."

So, perhaps in writing this book, I am fulfilling, in my small way, our part of this obligation.

Listening to the tapes, one wonders, "Where did it all come from?" The first, most obvious possibility is, "From the subconscious." But one still must ask, "How did it get in there in the first place?" We don't pretend to know, nor can anyone else. We can only speculate and marvel at the complexity of the human mind.

And so the curtain descends on our adventure, with many, many questions still unanswered.

Epilogue

Many people have asked me what happened to the principal characters in our story. They especially wanted to know what became of Anita. She was still living in Texas when we moved to Arkansas to begin rebuilding our lives. During the regressions, she had looked ahead to see what she would be doing in 1970. She saw herself in a northeastern state where the winters were more severe. She described the place and added, "My husband helped me make this move, but everything isn't even unpacked and he leaves. He flies somewhere in a plane. He left sooner than he thought he'd have to go."

After we were settled, I wrote to Anita in 1970. I believed the prediction so much that I was sure she was no longer in Beeville. I confidently wrote on the envelope, "Please forward." Within a few months I received an answer from Maine. They had been transferred to a place that matched her description. She thought it funny that the other part of the prediction had also come true. Their belongings had just been delivered and she was still surrounded by packing boxes when her husband announced he was being sent away to school for a few months. She would have to handle the organizing of the house by herself. She was very happy to be in the East. She felt very much at home there. We kept in contact until the middle 1970s, but we have not heard from her since.

After years of recuperation and rehabilitation, Johnny came out of the severe depression that accompanies this type of tragedy. He is very active with social groups, ham radio clubs, and veterans' organizations, and he does indeed help many people. His life has gone in an entirely different direction and he has no interest in hypnosis anymore. He still believes in reincarnation and knows that we uncovered a great deal of worth-while information, but his life has changed so much, he no longer wants to pursue hypnotic experiments.

Although the spark kindled by the experience we shared lay dormant for 11 years, it was relit when I began work on this book. My children were all leaving home, getting married or going away to college. They were all leading their own lives, and it became evident that I would have to find something to fill the now empty hours. I suppose what I chose to do would not be the answer for the average wife and mother. My interests were more toward the bizarre. While I put this book together in 1979, I discovered that I enjoyed writing, and this led to writing articles for magazines and newspapers while I tried to get the book to interested publishers. My interest in reincarnation had never really died, it had merely been put on hold for 11 years. It must have always been just hiding beneath the surface. Reliving this experience through transcribing the tapes and writing about the experiment led me to want to explore this field further. If Johnny was no longer interested in this type of research, then I decided that I would have to learn hypnosis and do this work on my own. During the 1960s, the popular technique was using long induction methods and utilizing tests to determine the depth of the trance. I did not like this type, so I searched for simpler methods. I found that quicker induction could be obtained by using visualization techniques. I became a regressionist. This is a term for a hypnotist who specializes in past

life regressions, past life therapy, and reincarnation research. I began to conduct experiments in earnest in 1979, and have worked with psychologists using this as a tool in past life therapy. In the past 30 years, I have regressed and cataloged thousands of cases. In 1986, I became an hypnotic investigator for MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) and have worked on suspected abduction cases. During those years, I have now written fifteen books about my most interesting and unusual cases. I have accumulated such a wealth of materials that there are many more books waiting to be written. We established Ozark Mountain Publishing in 1991 to spread knowledge and information of metaphysics to people all over the world.

Thus, this book is the story of my beginning in this fascinating field. It all began through the work and curiosity of my husband. I was merely an observer holding the microphone for the entranced subject, and making numerous notes. But if it hadn't been for this innocent and naive beginning I would never have been led to seek out the path that has led to numerous journeys down the road to the unknown. Without this strange and unusual event occurring in my life during 1968, 1 would probably be a "normal" housewife and grandmother, and none of these adventures would have ever been recorded. Such are the laws of chance and ... coincidence?

I believe we are never given more than we can handle. The information that we discovered in 1968 was startling in the extreme. Yet, what I have found in my work in the ensuing years has been even more complex. I could never have handled it in the beginning. Thus, it appears that knowledge must be given slowly and subtly, in order for it to be accepted and not found overwhelming. It has been said that once the mind has been expanded by an idea or concept, it can never return to its original

way of thinking. Thus, each stage of my work has caused further expansion. What I discovered in 1968 now seems rather simple and rudimentary. Yet it was part of the whole to get me to the stage I am now. When viewed in this concept, every piece of knowledge is essential and necessary. I hope it will ever be so, and I can continue to grow and explore the unknown, and take my readers with me.

Johnny Cannon spent 25 years in a wheelchair, but was able to walk outside with the aid of a brace and crutches. He drove a special hand-controlled car as he went about helping people all over the county as a Veteran's Service Officer. He died in 1994 and did indeed live to see his great-grandchildren. This book is dedicated to this remarkable man and the tremendous legacy he left behind.

Author Page

Dolores Cannon , a regressive hypnotherapist and psychic researcher who records "Lost" knowledge, was born in 1931 in St. Louis, Missouri. She was educated and lived in St. Louis until her marriage in 1951 to a career Navy man.

She spent the next 20 years traveling all over the world as a typical Navy wife, and raising her family. In 1970 her husband was discharged as a disabled veteran, and they retired to the hills of Arkansas.

She then started her writing career and began selling her articles to various magazines and newspapers. She has been involved with hypnosis since 1968, and exclusively with past-life therapy and regression work since 1979. She has studied the various hypnosis methods and thus developed her own unique technique which enabled her to gain the most efficient release of information from her clients. Dolores is now teaching her unique technique of hypnosis all over the world.

In 1986 she expanded her investigations into the UFO field. She has done on-site studies of suspected UFO landings, and has investigated the Crop Circles in England. The majority of her work in this field has been the accumulation of evidence from suspected abductees through hypnosis.

Dolores is an international speaker who has lectured on all the continents of the world. Her thirteen books are translated into twenty languages. She has spoken to radio and television audiences worldwide. And articles about/by Dolores have appeared in several U.S. and international magazines and newspapers. Dolores was the first American and the first foreigner to receive the "Orpheus Award" in Bulgaria, for the highest advancement in the research of psychic phenomenon. She has received Outstanding Contribution and Lifetime Achievement awards from several hypnosis organizations.

Dolores has a very large family who keep her solidly balanced between the "real" world of her family and the "unseen" world of her work.

If you wish to correspond with Dolores about her work, private sessions or her training classes, please submit to the following address. (Please enclose a self addressed stamped envelope for her reply.) Dolores Cannon, P.O. Box 754, Huntsville, AR, 72740, USA

Or email her at decannon@msn.com or through our Website:www.ozarkmt.com

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